

THE
FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOME

*St. George of England, St. Dennis of France, St. James of Spain,
St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of
Ireland, and St. David of Wales.*

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land : their
Tilts, Jufts, Turnaments, for Ladies : their Combats with En-
ants, Monsters and Dragons : their adventures to several
Nations : their Enchantments in the Holy Land : their
Knight-hoods, Prowels, and Chivalry, in Europe, Asia,
Africa, and Asia : with their Victories against their
Enemies of Christ.

Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being several
Tragedies : and how they came to be called the Champions
OF CHRISTENDOME.

The First Part.

The First Part. LONDON.

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The Howarth his Book 472

1731

Handwritten signature: *James*

History of the good change
of the nation

For the service of the
Nation

Richard Howarth

To all Courteous Readers,
RICHARD JOHNSON
 Witheth encrease of vertuous
 Knowledge.

Courteous Readers, in kindness accept of my Labour,
 and be not like the chattering Cranes, nor Momus
 that will carp at every thing. What the simple say, I care
 not; but the spitefull speak, I pass not: only the censure of
 the conceited I stand unto, that is the mark I aim at: whose
 good liking if I obtain, I have won my race; if not, I faint
 the first attempt, and so lose the quiet of my happy Goal.

Yours in kindness to command,

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The Authors Muse upon the
HISTORY.

THe famous facts, O Mars, deriv'd from thee,
By weary pen, and painful Authors toyl,
Enrol'd we find such feats of Chivalry,
As hath been seldom seen in any soyl.

Thy Ensigns here we find in field displaid,
The Trophies of thy victories erected;
Such deeds of Arms, as none could have affaid,
But Knights whose courage fear hath ne'r dejected.

Such Ladies sav'd such Monsters made to fall,
Such Gyants slain, such Hellish Furies quell'd,
That humane Forces, few or none at all,
In such exploits their lives could safely shield.

But Vertue stirring up their noble minds,
By valiant Conquest to enlarge their fames,
Hath caused them seek adventures forth to find,
Which registreth their never dying names;
Then Fortune, Time, and Fatme agree in this,
That honours gain the greatest glory is.

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The Honourable History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. I.

Of the wonderful and strange Birth of St. George of England: how he was cut out of his Mothers Womb, and after stolen from his Nurse by Walter the Lady of the Woods: Her love to him, and her gifts: and how he enclosed her in a Rock of Stone, and redeemed the Christian Knights out of Prison.

After the angry Greeks had ruined the chief City in Phrygia, and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a heap and desolate wilderness, Dido Queen of Carthage, prompted from his native habitation, with many of his olden Courtiers (like Pilgrims) wandered the world to find some happy Region, where they might erect the Image of their subverted Troy: but before that labour could be accomplished, Aeneas ended his days in the confines of Italy, and left his son Ascanius to govern in his stead: Ascanius dying, left Silvius to rule: Silvius deceasing, left the Noble and adventurous Brutus: called Brute (being the fourth descent from Aeneas:) first made Conquest of the Land of Britain, then inhabited with Panthers, Granes, and a kind of wild people without Government, but by policy he overcame them, and established good Laws: where he found the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by process of time called London. Thus began the Isle of Britain to flourish, not only with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and courageous Knights, whose adventurous and bold attempts in Chivalry, some shall describe, what ambition wanted in security. After this the Land was replenished with

Cities, and diuided into Shires and Countie: Wiltshire, Sarabomes, and Lordship, were the Parliament of high and Noble minds: wherein they liued not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosoms, but merited renown by martial discipline: For the famous City of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian of England was born, and the first that euer sought for forraign adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard: and for his bold and magnanimous deeds at Arms, gave him this Title, The valiant Knight St. George of England, whose golden Banner is not only worn by Nobles, but by Kings, and is memory of his Victories the Kings of England fight under his Banner. Therefore Calliope thou sacred sister of Spenser, guide to my pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true contangulines had recreated him in his Mothers womb, he dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should be the cause of her death: which dream the long concealed and kept secret, until her painful burthen grew so heavy that her Womb was unable to endure it, so finding opportunity to reveal it unto her Lord and Husband, being then Lord High Steward of England, he revealed her Dream after this manner. My Honourable Lord, you know I am by birth the King of Englands Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawful Wife. Yet never was in hope of Child till now, or that by me your name should survive: Therefore I conjure you by the pleasure of your youth, and the dear and natural love you bear to the Infant conceived in my Womb, that either by Art, Wildom, or some other inspiration, you calculate upon my troublesome Dreams, and tell me what they signifie: For these thirty nights past, my silent Slumbers have been greatly hindred by grisuous Dreams: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession in my senses, but methought I was conceived with a dreadful Dragon, which would be the cause of his Parents death: even as Decuba the beauteous Queen of Troy, when Paris was in her Womb, dreamed to be conceived of a Fire brand, which indeed was truly verified: for Paris having ravished the Paragon of Greece, and brought Helena into Troy, in revenge thereof the Grecians turned the Towers of Ilium into blazes of fire. Therefore

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most dear and well beloved Lord, prevent the like danger, that I be not the Mother of such a Viperous Son. These words struck such terror to his heart, that for a time he stood speechless, but having recobared his lost senses, he answered her in this manner:

My most dear and beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can perform, with all convenient speed shall be accomplished, for never shall rest take possession in my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of mine eyes, till I understand the signification of these thy troublefom Dreams. So leaving her in her Chamber, in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholy sadness, he took his journey to the solitary walks of Kalyb, the wife Lady of the Woods, without any company, except another Knight that bore under his arm a white Lamb which they intended to offer unto the Enchantress. So travelling for the space of two days, they came to a thicket beset about with old withered and hollow trees, wherein they were entertained with such dismal croaking of night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, hellowing of Bulls, and roaring of Monsters, that it rather seemed a still-derness of Furies than a worldly habitation: by which they knew it to be the Enchanted Vale of Kalyb, the Lady of the Woods, so passing to the middle of the Thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron, whereon hung a Wrezen Horn for them to sound that would speak with the Sorceress. First, offering their Lamb with great humility before the power of the Cave, then exempting all fear, they wound the Wrezen Horn, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the earth: after which they heard a loud and hollow voice that uttered these words following:

Sir Knight from whence thou cam'st return,
Thou hast a Son most strangely born:
A Dragon that shall split in twain,
Thy Ladies womb with extreame pain:
A Champion bold from thence shall spring,
And pricke many a wondrous thing,
Run therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here say.

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This dark Mistle, or rather mystical Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order, so much amazed them that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to wind the brazen horn the second time: but being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the impatience of Kalyb, he rested satisfied with that answer. Thus he left the Enchanted Cave to the Government of Kalyb, and with all speed dispatched his journey to his native habitation: but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extreme pain and bitter anguish of her laboursome womb, was forced either to the spoil of her infant, or decay of her own life: but regarding more the benefit of her Country, than her own safety, and for the preservation of her Child, she most willingly committed her tender Womb to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the consent of many learned Chyrurgions, this most Noble and magnanimous Lady, was cast into a dead sleep, her Womb cut up with sharp Razors, and the infant taken from the bed of his Creation: Upon his Breast nature had pictured the lively form of a Dragon, upon his right hand a blood red Cross, and on his left Leg a Golden Garter: they named him George, and provided him three Nurses, one to give him suck, another to keep him a sleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many dayes after his nativity, the fell Enchantress Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by Charms and Witchcrafts, stole this infant from the careless Nurses: At which time (though all too late) her Noble Lord and Husband returned, in good hope to hear a joyful delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a Son: but his wished joy was turned into an unlookt for sorrow, for he found not only his Lady dismembred of her womb, but his young Son wanting, without any news of his abode, which woful spectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he stood senseless, like weeping Niobe, but at last brake into these bitter exclamations.

O Heavens! why cover you not the earth with everlasting Night? Why do these accursed eyes behold the Sun? O that the Waves of Denipus might end my dayes; or like an exile, joy in banishment, where I may warble forth my sorrows to the whispering woods, that senseless trees may record my loss, and untamed Beasts, grieve at my want. What Monster hath bereaved me
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of my child? or what Tyrant hath been glutt'd with this Tragedy? O that the wind would be a messenger, and bring me happy news of his abode: if he be drencht in the deepest Seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if he be hid in the caverns of the earth, thither will I dig to see my son: or if he like a feathered Fowl be hovering in the air, yet thither will I flie and embrace him that never yet mine eyes beheld. But why do I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vain, when neither earth nor seas, nor any thing in earth nor seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

Thus complain'd he many months for the loss of his Son, and sent messengers into every circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to return him happy tidings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, cloz'd himself with jewels, and so intended to travel the wild world, either to spend in his journey, or leave his bones in some Foreign Region. Thus leaving his native Country, wand'ring from place to place, till the hairs of his head was grown as white as silver, and his beard like the thistle down, but at last he ended his travel in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a ruined Monastery wall, and died: The Commons of that Country having knowledge of his name (by a jewel he wore in his bosom) engraved it in marble stone right over his Sepulchre, where we leave him sleeping in peace, and turn to his Son remaining with Kalyb the Lady of the Woods in the enchanted Cave.

Now twice seven years were fully finished since Kalyb first had in keeping the noble St. George of England, whose mind many times thirsted after honourable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty, but the fell Enchantress tending him as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy Satyrs to attend his person, so that neither force nor policy could further his intent. She kept him not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his days in slavery, but feeding his fancy with all delights that Art and Nature could afford: for in him she fix'd her chief felicity, and lov'd after his beauty: But he seeking to advance himself by partial discipline and knightly attempts, utterly refused her proffered courtship, and highly disdain'd to affect so wicked a creature. She seeing her love bestow'd in vain, upon a time being in a secret corner of the Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my dear George) how worthily I have ser-

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ved thy love, and how for thy sake I have kept my virginity unstained, yet thou more cruel than the Tygers bred in Libya, rejectest me. Dear Knight fulfil my desires, and at thy pleasure, my charmes shall practise wondrous things, as to move Heaven to rain showers of stones upon thy enemies, to convert the Sun to fire, the Moon to blood, or make a desolation of the whole world.

The noble Knight S. George considered in his mind that love would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her faire promises, he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this Answer.

Most wise and learned Ralph, thou wonder of the world, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may be sole Protector and Governour of this Inchaned Cave, and that thou describe to me my Birth, my Name, and Parentage: Thereto she willingly consented, and began her discourse in this manner. Thou art by Birth, said she, Son to the Lord Albert high Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day, have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, she led him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained as Prisoners, six of the best Knights of the world. These are, said she, six worthy Champions of Christendom; The first is S. Dennis of France, the second S. James of Spain, the third S. Anthony of Italy, the fourth S. Andrew of Scotland, the fifth S. Patrick of Ireland, the sixth S. David of Wales; and thou art born to be the seventh, thy name being S. George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large faire Room, where stood seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever eye beheld. Six of these (said she) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee whose name is Bayard: likewise she led him to another Room, where hung the richest Armour in the world: so choosing out the strongest Cozlet from her Armour, she with her own hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich caparison: then fetching forth a mighty Faulchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (saith she) art thou armed in richer furniture than was Minus the first Monarch of the world: thy Steed is of such force & invincible power, that whilst thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so handy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian

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Lydian steel, that neither weapon can pierce nor Battell-Ax bruise: thy sword which is called *Afcalon*, is made of the Cyclops, that it will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in tunder the strongest steel; for in the Pummel lies such precious vertue, that neither treason, witchcraft, nor any other violence can be offered thee, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the lustful Kalyb was so blinded in her own conceits, that she not onely bestowed the riches of her cace upon him, but gave him power and authoritie through a silver wand which she put in his hand, to towgh her own destruction: for coming by a huge great Rock of Stone, this balliant Knight strook his charming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, & shewed apparently before his eyes, a number of Sucking Babes, which the Enchantress had Murthered by her Witchcraft and Sozceries. O said she this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but screeks and rueful groans of dead mens souls: but if thy ears can endure to hear them, & thy eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way. So the Lady of the Woods, boldly stepping in before, little doubting the pretended policy of St. George, was deceived in her own practices: for no sooner turned she the Rock, but he strook his silver Wand thereon, and immediately it closed, where she bellowed forth exclamations to the senseless stones, without all hope of deliery.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantress Kalyb, and set the other six Champions likewise at liberty, who rendered him all knightly courtesies, and gave him thanks for their safe deliery. So stozing themselves with all things fitting to their desires, took their journeys from their Enchanted Cave, whose proceedings, fortunes, and herolical Adventures shall be shewed in the Chapters following.

CHAP. II.
Kalyb's Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her Will and Testa-
ment, and how she was torn in pieces by Spirits: with other
particulars that happened in the Cave.

BUT after the departure of the seven Champions, Kalyb, being her selfe closed in the Rock of Stone, by the policy of the English Knight, grew into such extreme passion of mind, that she cursed the hour of her creation, & bitterly bewailed all motions of generation, the earth she
trebled

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weari'd with her crys, whereby the very stones seemed to relent, and as it were wept pearled tears, and sweat with anguish of her grief: the blasted Wasse that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her exclamations, the blustering of winds were silent, the murmuring of birds, and solitary dumbness took possession of every creature that abode within the circuits of the Woods, to hear her woful lamentations, which she uttered in this manner. O miserable Ralpb! accursed be thy destiny: for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and darksome den, where neither Sun can lend thee comfort with his bright beams, nor Air extend breathing coolness of thy woful body, for in the deep foundations of the earth thou art for evermore enclosed, that hast been the wonder of time for Magick: I that by art have made my journey to the deepest dungeons of hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearful spirits have trembled at my charms: I that have bound the furies up in beds of Steel, and caused them to attend my pleasure like swarms of Hornets, that overspread the mountains of Egypt, or the flies upon the parched Hills, where the rawny tanned Moors do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternal darkness: Wo to my soul, wo to my Charms and wo to all my Magick Spels, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the brightness of the clear Sun, and cover the earth with everlasting darkness: skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming fire, rore Hell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh Ralpb's woful and pitifull Exclamations.

Thus weari'd she the time away, one while accusing Fortune of tyranny, another while blaming the falshood and treachery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bizzled hair, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Apparels, whereby she seemed more like a Fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this Enchantress Ralpb, but being frustrate of all hopes of recovery, began again to thunder forth these terms of Conjurat[i]on: Come, come, you Princes of the Elements, come, come and tear this Rock in pieces, and let me not be inclosed in this eternal languishment: Appear you shadows of black misty night, Hagol, Cumoth, Helbeza, Zontomo: Come when I call, benite, festinate, Inquarr. At which words the earth

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began to quake, and the very elements trembled, and all the spirits both of Air, of Earth, of Water, and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes came flocking at her call: some from the fire in the likeness of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearful nostrils Sulphur and flaming Brimstone: some from the water in Shape of Fishes, with other deformed creatures that have their abiding in the Seas: some from the Air the purest of the Elements in the likeness of Spirits, and other bright shadows: and other some from the gross earth most ugly, black and dreadful to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had encompassed the wicked Enchantress, hell began to roar such an infernal and harsh melody, that the enchanted Rock burst in twain, and then Kalyb's Charms lost their effect: her Magick no longer endured than the term of an hundred years, the which as then was fully finished and brought to an end: then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, brought as a witness against her, by which she knew and fully persuaded her self that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearful-manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First, welcome (said she) my sad Executors, welcome my grave and everlasting Tomb, for you have digged it in the fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheet wherein to throwd both my body and contemned soul, is a Cauldron of boiling Lead and Brimstone, and the Worms that should consume my Carcass, are fiery forks which toss burning Fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Kalybs woful Testament, and engrave the Legacy she gives in brass Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron.

First, These eyes that now too late weep hapless tears, I give unto the Watry Spirits, for they have wrackt the treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, to satiate their most unsatiable looks: Next I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody obligation of my perpetual banishment from joy, unto those spirits that hover in the Air: my tongue that did conspire against the majesty of heaven I give to those spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthly heart I bequeath to those gross Demons that dwell in the dungeon of the earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deservings. Which strange and fearful Te-

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flament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant, leaped upon the Enchantress; and dismembred her body in a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements, one member to the Air another to the Water, another to the Fire; and another to the Earth, which were carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a bozroz, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds and all creeping Creatures which remained within the compass of those enchanted Woods: the trees which before were wont to flourish with green leaves, withered away and died, the blades of grass perished for want of natural moisture, which the wary clouds denied to flourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the heavens, senseless things perished for the wickedness of Kalyb, whom we leave to her endless torments; and return to the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, whose laudable adventures fame hath enrolled in the Books of Remory.

CHAP. III.

How S. George slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, and redeemed Sabra the Kings Daughter from death; How he was betrayed by Elmidor the black King of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and remained seven years in Prison.

After the seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the City of Coventry for the space of nine moneths, in which time they erected a colly monument to her the Verbe of S. Georges Mother, and so in that time of the year, when the spring had overspread the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like murthering knights, and took their journey to seek for foreign adventures, accounting no dishonour to arise as to spend their days in toilsome archiving no memorable actions. So travelling for the space of thirty days without any adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plain, whereon stood a brazen Pillar, where seven several weapons met, which caused the seven knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a

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contrary way: where we leaue sty of the Champions to their contented Trabels, and wholly discourse upon the fortunate success of our worthy English Knight, who after some few perperous trabel, happily arrived within the territories of Egypt, which Country as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had journeyed fully within the distance of a mile, the silent night approached, and solitary silence took possession of all living things: at last he espied an old woe hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his horse, and to take some repose after his weary journey, till the sun had renewed his morning light, that he might fall to his trabel again: but entering the Cottage, he found an aged Hermit overgrown with years, and almost consumed with grief, with whom in his manner he began to confer.

Father (said he) for so you seem by your gravity, may a Traveller for this night crave entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himself but his horse, or is there some City near at hand, whereunto I may take my journey without danger? The Old man starting at the sudden approach of S. George, replied unto him in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth he) of thy Country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Armes of England) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Country of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distress of this Land, through a dangerous and terrible Dragon, now ranging up and down the Country, which if he be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which he devourerth down his venomous bowels, that day so neglected, will he breath such a stink from his Nostrils, whereof grows a most grievous plague and mortality of all things, which we hath been observed for this four and twenty years, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the Kings Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damocel to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: Therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventurous as to combate with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughters life, he shall in reward have her to his wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that he

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he bowed either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable enterprise: So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans hermitage, till the dearful Cock, being the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the Suns uprise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong habilliments of War, the which being done, he took his journey, guided only by the Old Hermit, to the Valley where the Kings Daughter should be offered up in sacrifice: But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he espied a far off a most fair and beautiful Damosel, attired in pure Arabian silk, going to sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by Sage and modest Matrons: which woful sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardness, that he thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damosel from the Dragons tyranny: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of herself, and returned her back to her Fathers Palace again.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventurous Champion, entered the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the Elements: the bigness of the Dragon was fearful to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glittering as bright as silver, but far more hard than Brass, his belly of the colour of Gold, but bigger than a Tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assailed the surdy Champion with his burning wings, that at the first encounter he had almost kelled him to the ground: but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it splintered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous Tail, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of St. Georges Wits were sore bruised: but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Orange Tree, which tree had such precious vertue, that no venomous Worm durst come within the compass of the branches, nor within seven foot thereof, where this valiant Knight rested himself, until he had recovered his former strength: who no sooner feeling his spirits revived but with an eager courage smote the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht belly, with his trusty

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Sword Alcalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venoms, that it sprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediately through the impoysoned strength of the venoms, his Armour burst in twain, and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swoond, that for a time he lay breathless: but yet having that good memory remaining that he tumbled under the branches of the Orange Tree, in which place the Dragon could proffer him no further violence. The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent vertue, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently be cured of all manner of diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the Noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the Tree, and so espy an Orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was in short time as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then knelled he down, and made his Divine supplication to Heaven, that God would send him (for his dear Sons sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious and terrible Monster: which being done, with a bold courageous heart, he smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Alcalon, with an easie passage, went to the very Hilt through both the Dragon's Heart, Liver, Bone, and Blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore, that it turned the grass, which grew in the Valley, into crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning stench of the Dragon, was now enriched with over-much moisture proceeding from his venomous wounds, where, at last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yielded his vital spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the Noble Knight Sir, George for England, first yielding due honour to Almighty God for the Victory, then with his good sword Alcalon cut off the Dragons Head, and pitcht it upon the trunk of a spear, which at the beginning of the battle he carried against the Dragons scaly back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty steed lay altogether in a swoon without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the juice of an Orange into his mouth: the vertue whereof presently expelled the venomous poison, and recovered his former strength again.

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There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of Marriage) the love of Sabra the Kings Daughter, but neither by policy, means, nor manhood, could he accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to express his treacherous mind intended to rob and spoil Saint George of his Valour, whereby he thought to attain the gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistress, who loved his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolf, though all in baim, barks at the Moon, so this sensual and cowardly Almidor, through many gifts and fair promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley where St. George flew the burning Dragon, and by force bereave him of his conquest. And so when this Magnanimous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from the Valley, expecting to have been entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Wells of Egypt King a joyful sound of Musicke, or to have seen the Streets beset with Bonfires, contrary to his expectation, he was met with Troops of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falsehood and treachery to despoil him of his life and honour: for no sooner had he ridden past the entry of the Valley, but he stayed both the Egyptian Knights brandished their Weapons, and disabled themselves to intercept him in his journey to the Court: by which he knew them to be no trusty friends, but bowd Enemies. So tying his horse to a *Barbican* tree, he intended to try his Fortune on Foot, for fear of disadvantage, they being twelve to one: in this skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, that at one stroke he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the Golden diamond of Heavens had wandred the Zodiac the compass of an hour, some he dismembred of their heads, some had their limbs lopt off, some their bodies cut in twain, and some their entrails trampling down; so that not one was left alive to carry news to Almidor, the black King, which stood (during all the time of this Skirmish) afar off upon a Mountain top, to behold the success of his hired Champions. But when he saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and how the happy fortune of the English Knight had won the honour

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of the day, he accursed his destiny, and accursed the Queen of Chance with cruelty for disappointing his pretended enterprise: but having a heart still fraught with all wicked notions, secretly bowed in his soul, to practise by some other treacherous means Georges utter confusion: so running before to the Court of King Ptolomy, not revealing what had hapned to the twilbe Egyptian Knights, but crying, *Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slain.* Then Ptolomy immediately commanded every street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and imbroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the wheels and other timber-woork of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, Cross-bar'd with pure plates of Gold: likewise an hundred of the Noblest Pers of Egypt, attired in Crimson Velvet, mounted on Milk-white Coursers, with rich Caparisons attended the coming of St. George. Thus were all appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such solemn order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it: for when he first entred the Gates of the City, he heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all that ever he had heard before. Then they most Royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly ball of gold, and after imbedded him in that Ebony Chariot, wherein he was conducted to the Palace of King Ptolomy, where this Noble and Princely minded Champion, surrendered up his Conquest and Victory into the hands of the beauteous Sabra: where she with like Courtesie, and more humility requited his victory: For at the first sight of the English Knight, she was so ravished with his Princely countenance, that for a time she was not able to speak: Yet at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich Pavilion where she unarmed him, and with most precious salves imbalanced his wounds, and with her tears washed away the blood: which being done, she furnished a Table with all manner of delicacies for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Country, Parentage, and Name: after the Banquet was ended he installed him with the honour of Knighthood, and put upon his feet a pair of golden spurs. But Sabra who led upon the Banquet of his love, conducted him to his night's repose, where she lay upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her

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But, till his senses were overcome with a sleep and Ment Sleep, where he left him for that night, after his late dangerous battel. So soon did Auroras radiant blush display the beauty of the East, and the Sun shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first uprising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entered his lodging, was the treacherous Almidor, the black King of Morocco, having in his hand a bowl of Spanish Wine, which he offered to the Noble Champion Sir George of England, but at the receipt thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his finger, waxed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blood, whereat he started, which sudden accident caused the Kings Daughter to suspect some secret poison compounded in the wine, and thereupon so vehemently screeched, that a sudden uprore presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the profered treachery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so dear was the love of the Egyptian King to the black King of Morocco, that no belief of treachery could enter into his mind.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in mind he grew more enraged than a chafed Boar; yet thinking the third should pay for all, he expected a time wherein to wage his wicked purpose, which he brought to pass in this manner.

Many a day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes rebelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts and Turnaments, with other honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extream was the love that beauteous Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this treacherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practices, and many times his ears were witnesses of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the Gorgeous Sun lay lech with the ground, it was his fortune to wander under a Garden Wall, to take the coolness of the Evenings ayre, where unseen of the two Lovers, he heard their amorous discourses as they sat dallying under a bower of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

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My soules delight, my hearts sweet comfort, sweet George of England, said the lobe-sick Sabra, Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the tears of my true heart can never mollifie? how many thousand sighs have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of my love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance? Refuse not her, dear Lord of England, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Country, and inheritance, which is the Crown of Egypt, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide world: O therefore knit that Gordian knot of Wedlock, that none but death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sun shall lose his brightness, and the Moon her splendant beams, the Sea her rydes, and all things under the cope of heaven grow contrary to kind, before Sabra the heir of Egypt prove unconstant to sweet George of England.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that he was almost intangled in the mazes of Love, which before-time only affected Partial Discipline: he yet to try her patience a little more, made her this answer: Lady of Egypt, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my life to free thee from death, but I should link my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion? No, no, Sabra, George of England is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourish, and hath sworn to search the world, so far as ever the lamp of Heaven doth lend his light, before he tie himself in the troublefom state of Marriage; therefore attempt me no more that am a stranger and a wanderer from place to place: but seek to aim at higher States, as the King of Morocco who will attempt to climb to Heaven to gain thy love, and good liking: A which speeches he suddenly replied in this manner:

The King of Morocco is as bloody-minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle than a Lamb; his tongue as ominous as the screeching night Owl, but thine more sweet than the morning Lark: his kind imbracings like the stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant than the creeping Vine. What if thou beest a Knight of a strange Countrey, thy body is more precious to mine eyes, than Kingdoms to my heart. There stay (replied the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan; I honour God in
Haven,

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Heaven, thou earthly shadows here below: therefore if thou wilt obtain my love and liking, thou must forsake thy *Maomet*, and be Christened into our Christian Faith. With all my soul, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithal she burst a Ring in twain, the one half she gave to him in pledge of love, and kept the other half for her self: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the treacherous minded *Almidor* stood listening to their speeches, and fretted inwardly to the very gall, to hear the Mistress of his heart reject his former courtesies: Therefore intending now or never to infringe their plighted hand, went in all hast to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a Secret to unfold, which toucheth nearly the safeguard of your Countrey. It was my chance this evening at shutting up of *Uttans* golden gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing air under your private Garden walk, where I heard (though unseen) a deep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English Knight, for she hath vowed to forsake her gods, and believe as Christians do, and likewise she intends to flie from this her native Countrey, and go with this wandering Traveller, which hath been so much honoured in your Court.

Now by *Maomet* and all our Countrey gods we Egyptians commonly adore (said the King) this damned Christian shall not gain the conquest of my Daughters love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence else-where. Therefore *Almidor* be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my Cousin the Persian Souldan, from whence he shall never return to Egypt again, except his ghost bring news of his bad success unto my Daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter.

The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.

I *Stolomp* King of Egypt, and the Eastern Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is the request upon the League of

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of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the bearer hereof, thy Service, Death: for he is an utter enemy to all Asia and Africa, and a proud contemner of our Religion. Therefore sail not in my request, as thou wilt answer on the Oath, and so in haste farewell.

*Thy kinsman Ptolomy the
King of Egypt.*

Which Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, but St. George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own destruction; to the true deliver whereof, he was sworn by the honour of his Ancestry, and for his patron he left behind him his good Steed, and his trusty sword Alcalon: in the keeping of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his purpoe, and easie Travel one of the Kings Horses.

Thus the innocent Lamb betrayed by the tolly Fox, was sent to the hunger-starved Lyons Den, being suffered not once to give his Lady and Mistress understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary Wilderness, without any adventure worthy the memory, only hearing the dismal cry of Night Ravens chounding in his ears, and the fearful sound of Screech Owls in the crannies of the earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatal accident to be at hand: yet no fear could daunt his Noble mind, nor da ger hinder his intended travel, till he had sight of theouldans Palace, which seemed more like Paradise, than any other earthly Habitation; so as the Prisoner reports, the Walls and Towers of the Palace were of the purest Marble Stone, the Windows of carved Silver Work, enamelled with Indian Pearl, beset with sapphire and Crystal Glass, the outward Walls and buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Gates were all of Brass: about the Palace was a Riben of a great breadth and depth, over the same flow a costly Bridge erected up with sumptuous workmanship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hundred Silver Bells were hung by Art, so that no creature might pass into the Palace, but they gave warning to the Scudans Guard; at the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaster Tower, whereon

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whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his eyes like the richest precious Stones, the brightnes whereof glistered so much, that all the Palace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Saint George entered the Souldans Court, was when the Persians solemnly sacrificed to their gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that he took the Ensigns and Standards whereon the Persian gods were pictured, and trampled them under his feet: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan for succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Whereupon he sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the cause of this sudden uprore, and to bring the Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the mire streets, and the Channels overflowed with streams of their blood: the Pavements of the Pallace were overspread with slaughtered men, and the Walls bespinkled with purple gore: so victoriously he behaved himself against the Enemies of Christ, that ere the Sun had declined the west, he brought to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, & enforced the rest, like frightened sheep, to fly to the Souldan for aid and succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected uprore furnished his Souldiers with Habilliments of War, and came marching from his Pallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendom had been to invade the Territories of Asia. But such was the invincible courage of St. George, that he encountered with them all, and made such a massacre in the Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Pallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murdered Pagans: At last the Larum Bells were caused to be rung, and the Beacons set on fire, whereat the Commons of the Country rose in Arms, and came flocking about the English Champion like swarms of Bees: whereat through his long encounter, and the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yield, and his restless arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus

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Thus he whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the Banks of Acheron, God now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandishing Weapons and sharp edged Fauchions embironed him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (said the Souldan) what Countrey-man soever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbelieving Christian, look for a sentence of severe punishment for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed. First, thy skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy flesh alive. Next, thy flesh with burning Irons seared from thy bones. Lastly, thy curled Limbs drawn in pieces joyn't from joyn't, with untamed Horses. This bloody judgement pronounced by the Souldan, moved St. George to reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and law of Arms, whereto all the Kings of the earth are by Warh ever bound: First, my descent in my native Countrey is of Royal blood, and therefore challenge I a combat: Secondly, an Embassador am I from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should be proffered me: Lastly, the Laws of Asia grant me safe conduct back to Egypt, therefore what I have done, Ptolomy must answer: And thereupon he delivered the Letter Sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, the which was no soon'r broken open and read, but the Souldans eyes sparkled like fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the report of Ptolomy (said the Souldan) a great contemner of our Gods, and a despiser of our Laws; Therefore his pleasure is, that I should end thy days by some inhumane death; the which I swear by Mahomet, and all my Countrey Gods to accomplish: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to a hundred of the Janisaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty days following. Hereupon they disrobed him of his apparel, and attired him in simple and base array: his Arms that late were employed to hold the mighty Target and toss the weighty Barrell Axe, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts: and those hands which were wont to be garnished with costly Ganisters, they bound up in hempen bonds, that the purple blood trickled down from his fingers ends, and so being disposed of all knightly Dignity, they conveyed him to a deep, dark, and desolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sun did never shew his splendid

Beams,

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Seasons, nor never could the comfortable light of Heaven be seen betwixt the day & night, no difference could be made; the Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold, were both alike; his chiefest comforts were to number the Persians he had slain in the conflict, one while pondering in his restless thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembering his Love, and how and deep affection that he bore to the Egyptians Daughter, and how unkindly she took his departure, carving her Picture with the nails of his fingers upon the Walls of the Dungeon: to which senseless substance he would many times thus complain:

O cruel Destinies why is this grievous punishment allotted to me, Justice? Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head? Shall I never recover my former liberty that I may be revenged upon the causes of my imprisonment? frown angry Heavens, upon these bloody misdeed Pagans, these daring miscreants & professed enemies of Christ, and may the plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Coun-
treys, & the miseries of Oedipus upon their Princes: that they may be witness of their Daughters ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning Battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the loss of his liberty, accursing his birth-day, and hour of his creation, wishing that it never might be numbred in the year, but be counted ominous to all ensuing Ages. His sighs exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus sorrow was his company, and despair his chief solicitor, till Hyperion with his golden coach had thirty times rested in Their purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc'd upon the Crystal Stages, which was the very time when as his moans should end, according to the severe & cruel judgement of the Souldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary means he knew not. So expecting every minute to entertain the wished messenger of death, he heard afar off the terrible roaring of two hunger starved Lions, which for the space of four days had been restrained from their food and natural sustenance, only to devour and launch their hunger starved bowels with the body of this thrice
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renowned Champion: which eye of the Lyons so terrified his mind that the hair of his head grew stiff, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soul, so extremely he feared the remorseless stroke of Death, that by violence he burst the Chains in sunder wherewith he was bound, and rent the Curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which he wrapped about his Arms against the assault of the Lyons, for he greatly suspected them to be the messengers of his Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the Dungeon, brought thither by the Janisaries, only to make a full period of the Champions life: but such was the invincible fortitude of St. George, and so politick was his defence, that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open jaws, he ballantly thrust his fistwed arms into their throats (being wrapped about with the hair of his head) whereby they presently choked, and so he pulled out their hearts.

Which spectacle the Souldans Janisaries beholding, were so amazed with fear, that they ran in all haste to the Palace, and certified the Souldan what had happened, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly guarded with armed Souldiers, supposing the English Knight rather to be some Monster, ascended from the deep, than any creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with some divine inspiration, that by the force of Arms had accomplished so many adventurous Stratagems: such a terror assailed the Souldans heart, seeing he had slain two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to be closed up with Bars of Iron, lest he should by policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, or endanger the whole Country of Persia: where he remained in want, penury and great necessity, for the term of seven Months, living only upon Roots & Spice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon. During which time he never tasted the bread of Corn, but of Bran, & Channel water which daily was served him through Iron grates, where now we leave St. George languishing in great misery, & return again into Egypt where we left Sibra the Champions betrayed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer than any Knight in the world.

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Sabra that was the fairest Spaid that ever mortal eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excel in curious Workmanship, her body being straighter than the stately Cedar, her beauty purer than the Paphian Venus: the one with overburthened grief was quite altered, and the other stained with floods of brackish tears that daily trickled down from her fair Cheeks: whereupon late the very Image of discontent, the Spaw of Moe, & the only Mirror of sorrow, she accounted all company loathsome to her sight, and excluded the fellowship of all Ladies, only betaking her self to a solitary Cabinet where she sat sowing many a woeful story upon a crimson coloured Sampler: whereon sometimes she barbed wounded hearts with luke-warm tears that fell from the conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hair which dangled down her Ivory neck, she dizzed up the moisture of her sorrowful tears: then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions & pitiful complaints.

O Love (said she) more sharp than the pricking bryar, with what inequality dost thou torment my wounded heart, not linking my dear Lord in the like affection of mind? O Venus if thou be imperious in the Deity to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandring Lord to return again, or grant that my soul may rise into the Clouds that by the winds it may be blown into his sweet bosom, where now lies my bleeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am be hath rejected me, and shuns my company as the Syrens (else had he not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the world to seek another job. No, no, it cannot be: he bears no such unconstant mind, & I greatly fear, some treachery hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison includes my George from me. If it be so sweet Morpheus, thou God of Golden Dreams, reveal to me my Loves abiding, that in my sleep his shadow may appear, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soul, she committed her watchful eyes to the government of sweet sleep, which being no sooner closed but there appeared as she thought, the shadow and very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steel, nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a crimson Plume of spangled Feathers,

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there, but in obertwoon, and simple Attyze, with pale looks, & lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were, these sad and woful passions :

Sabra, I am betrai'd for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismal night :
From whence I never more shall come to see
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright ;
Remain thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtain,
What ere is lost by Treasons cursed guile :
False Egypts scourge I surely will remain,
And turn to streaming blood Mozocco's smile ;
That damned dogg of Barbary shall rue
The doleful Stratagems that will ensue.

The Persian Towers shall smoak with fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled down :
The Crofs of Christendom shall then aspire
To wear the proud Egyptian triple Crown.
Jerusalem and Juda shall behold
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold.

Thou Maid of Egypt, still continue chaste,
A Tyger seeks thy Virgins name to spill ;
Whilst George of England is in prison plac't,
Thou shalt be forc't to wed against thy will.
But after this shall happen wondrous things,
For from thy womb shall spring three mighty Kings.

This strange and woful speech was no sooner ended but she awaked from her sleep, and presently reached forth her white hands thinking to embrace him : but she caught nothing but brittle Air which caused her to renew her former complaints. O wherefore died I not in this my troublesome dream (said the sorrowful Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those inhumane Monsters which

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which have thus falsly betrayed the bravest Champion under the Cope of Heaven! For his sake will I exclaim against the ingratitude of Egypt, and like ravish'd Iphimel, fill every corner of the Land with Echoes of his wrong: my woes shall exceed the sorrows of Dido Queen of Carthage, mourning for Aeneas. With such like passions tormented she the time away: till twelve Months were fully finished: at last her Father understanding what fervent affection she bore to the English Champion, began in this manner to relate.

Daughter (said the Egyptian King,) I charge thee by the band of nature and the true obedience thou oughtest to bear my age, to banish and exclude all fond affections from thy mind, and not thus to settle thy love upon a wandring Knight that is unconstant and without habitation: thou hast he hath forsaken thee, and returned into his own Country, where he hath wedded a wile of that Land and Nation: therefore I charge thee upon my displeasure to affect and love the black King of Morocco, that rightlully hath deserved thee in Marriage, which shall be shortly honourably holden to the honour of Egypt; and so he departed without any Answer at all: By which Sabra knew he would not be cross in his will & pleasure: therefore she sighed out these lamentable words:

O unkind Father to cross the affection of his Child, & to force love where no liking is: yet shall my mind continue true unto my dear beloved Lord; although my body be forced against nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my Marriage bed, English George shall enjoy my true Virginity, if ever he return again to Egypt; and thereupon she pulled forth a Chain of Gold, & wrought it seven times about her Ivory neck. This (said she) hath been seven daies steeped in Tygers blood, and seven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained such excellent vertue, that so long as I wear it about my neck, no man on earth can enjoy my Virginity: though I be forced to the state of Marriage, and lie seven years in Wedlocks bed, yet by the vertue of this Chain I shall continue a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner ended, but Almidor entered her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a wedding Garment, which was of the purest Median Silk, imbroid with Pearls and rich refined Gold, perfumed with sweet Syrian Potodens: it was

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of the colour of the Lilly when Flora hath bedecked the fields in May with natures Ornaments: glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so stately were her Nuptial Kites solemnized, that Egypt admired the bountie of her Wedding: which for seven days was holden in the Court of Etolomy, and then moved to Tripoly, the chief City in Barbary, where Almidors forced Bixida was Crowned Queen of Morocco: at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Greekish wines, and the streets of Tripoly were beautified with Pageants, & delightful Shows. The Court resounded such melodious harmony as though Apollo with his silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: such Tilts and Tournaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptials of Hecuba the Heavens Queen of Troy: which honourable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, some Paking, some Dancing, some Rebellling, some Tilting, and some Banquetting. Also leaving the Champion of England Saint George, mourning in the Dungeon in Persia as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of Christendom, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his severall way, whose Knights and Noble adventures, if the Muses grant me the bountie of their Calliope's springs, I will most amply discover to the honour of all Christendom.

CHAP. IV.

How St. Dennis the Champion of France lived seven years in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings Daughter of Thessaly, was transformed into a Mulberry Tree, and how they recovered their former shapes by means of Saint Dennis his Hart.

Calling now to mind the long and weary Travels Saint Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandred through many a desolate Grove and wilderness, without any adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of Thessaly (being a Land as then inhabited

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habited only with wild beasts: to wherein he endured such a penury & scarcity of victuals, that he was forced the space of seven years to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the fruits of Trees, till the hairs of his head were like the Eagles feathers, & the nails of his fingers to birds claws: his drink the dew of heaben, the which he licked from the flowers of Meadowes, the Attire he clea-
red his body withall Bay leaves and broad Doeks that grew in the Wood, his Shoes the barks of Trees, whereon he travelled through many a thorny brake: But at last as it was his fortune or cruel destiny (being overpess with the extremity of hunger) to take and feed upon the berries of an enchanted Mulberry Tree, whereby he lost the libely Form and Image of his humane substance, and was transformed into the Shape & likeness of a wild Beast: which strange and sudden transformation, this Noble Champion little mistrusted till he espied his misshapen form in a clear Fountain, which nature had erected in a cool and shady Valley: but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head lately honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, now dishonoured with a pair of Sylvan horns; his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was lately charactered, now covered with a beast-like similitude, & his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now overspread with a hairy hide, in colour like to the fallow Fields; which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the mind of St. Dennis, that it caused him with all speed (having the natural reason of a man still remaining) to repair back to the Mulberry Tree again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which tree the distressed Knight laid his deformed limbs upon the bare ground, and thus woefully began to complain.

What Magick Charms (said he) or other bewitching Spells, remain within this cursed Tree? whose wicked fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted me to a miserable estate; O thou Celestial director of the World and all you pitiful Powers of Heaven, look down with kindly countenance upon my hapless Transformation, and bend your brows to hear my woful lamentation: I was of late a man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countreys Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a prey for Dogs; my glittering Armour is exchange-
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ed into a Hide of Hair, and my brave Array, more base than the lowly Earth: henceforth instead of Princely Pallace, these shady Woods must serve to shroud me in: wherein my Bed of Down must be a heap of Sun-burn'd Moss: my sweet recording Musick the blustering winds, that with tempestuous Gusts, do make the Wildernels to tremble: the company I dayly keep must be the Silvan Satyrs, Dryades, and airy Nymphs, which never appear to worldly eyes, but in twilight, or at the prime of the Moon. The Stars that beautifie the Crystall Vayl of Heaven, shall henceforth serve as Torches to light me to my woful Bed: the scowling Clouds shall be my Canopy: my Clock to count how time runs stealing on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of Toads.

Thus described he his own misery, till the watry tears of calamity gushed out in such abundance from the Conduits of his eyes, and his scorching sighs so violently forced from his bleeding breast, that they seemed as it were to constrain the untamed Bears, and merciless Tygers to relent his moans, and like harmless Lambs sit bleating in the woods, to hear his woful exclamations.

Long and many days continued this Champion of France in the shape of an Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortunate English Champion in Persia: not knowing how to recover his former likeness, and humane instance. So upon a time as he lamented the loss of natures Ornaments, under the branches of that Enchantèd Mulberry Tree, which was the cause of his Transfiguration, he heard a ghastly and terrible groan, which he supposed to be the induction of some admirable accident that would ensue: So taking thence for a time with forebode, he heard a hollow voice breath from the Lark of that Mulberry Tree, these words following.

The Voice in the Mulberry Tree.

Cease now to lament thou famous man of France,
With gentle eare come listen to my moan,
In former times it was my fatal chance
To be the proudest Maid that ere was known

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By birth I was the Daughter of a King,
Though now a breathless Tree and senseless thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,
A Goddess in mine own conceit I was :
What nature lent, too base I thought to be,
But deem'd my self all earthly things to pass :
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My pride condemn'd still the bread of Wheat,
But purer food I daily sought to find,
Refined gold was boyled in my meat,
Such felt conceit my Fancies fond did blind :
For which the Gods above transformed me,
From humane substance to this senseless Tree.

Seven years in shape of Hart thou must remain,
And then the purest Rose by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape again,
And end at last thy woful misery :
When this is done, be sure you cut in twain.
This fatal Tree wherein I do remain.

After the voice had breathed these Speeches from the Mulberry Tree, he stood so much amazed at the strangeness of the words, that for a time his sorrows bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to lose their natural understanding : But yet at last recovering his senses, though not his humane likeness, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

O unhappy creature (said the woful Champion) more miserable than Progne in her Transformation, and more distressed than Aëdon was, whose perfect picture I am made : His misery continued but a short season, for his own dogs the same day tore him in a thousand pieces, & buried his Transformed Carcass in their hungry bowels : mine is appointed by the angry destinies, till seven times the Summer Sun hath pearly replenish his radiant bright.

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brightness, and seven times the Winters Rain bath wash'd
with the Showres of Heaven. Such were the complaints of th^e
Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembering his for-
mer fortunes, how he had spent his days in the honour of his
Country: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Raibity, re-
nowned France, the Nurle and Father of his life: sometimes tread-
ing with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the
print of the words the which the Spulberry Tree had repeated,
and many times numbring the minutes of his long appointed
punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Ten thousand sighs
he daily breathed from his breast, & still when the black and pitchy
mantle of dark night overspread the Azur'd Firmaments, and
drew her Sable Curtains befoze the brightsom windows of the
Heavens, all creatures took their sweet repos'd rest, and com-
mitted their tyred eyes to quyet sleep: All things were silent, ex-
cept the murmuring of the running Waters, whose sounding Musick
was the chiefest comfort this distressed Champion enjoy'd: the
glittering Duxen of night, clad in her crystal Robes thre hun-
dred times a year, was witness of his nightly Lamentations: the
wandring Howlet, that never sings but in the night, late pelling
over his head: the rueful weeping Nightingale with mournful
melody, cheerfully attending on his Person: for during the limi-
tation of his seven years misery, his trusty Steed never forsook
him, but with all love and true diligence attended upon him day
and night, never wandring away, but ever keeping him com-
pany: If the extream heat of Summer grew intolerable, or the
pinching cold of Winter violent, his Horse would be a Shelter to
defend him.

At last, when the term of seven years was fully finished, and
that he should recover his former substance, and humane Shape,
his good Horse which he tendred as the Apple of his eye, clamber-
ed a high and steep Mountain, which nature had beautified with
all kind of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Garden of
Hesperides: from thence he pulled a branch of purple Roses and
brought them betwixt his teeth to his distressed Maker, being
in his former passions of discontent, under the Spulberry Tree.
The which the Champion of France no longer heeded, but he re-
membered that by a purple Rose he should recover his former si-

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multitude; and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed; then casting up his Eyes to the Celestial Throne of Heaven, he conveyed these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the bosom of his sportive Carth, where he fell into such a sound sleep, that all his senses and vital Spirits were without stirring for the space of four and twenty hours. In which time the Windows and Doors of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a shower of Rain, that it washed away his bloody Ford and death-like Shapes: his hoyned head and long visage were turned again into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of his Members, Gifts, received their former shape.

But when the good Champion awoke from his sleep, and perceived the wonderful transformation of the Herbe, in transforming him to his humane likeness: First, he gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon he had lied so long in misery: then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, he stained and almost spoiled with rust: his Burgonet and keen edged Curle-axe besmeared over with dust: Then sadly, pondering in mind, of the Calibut which his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured Mane hanging down his bratony Neck, which before was wont to be plated curiously with artificial knots, and his Forehead which was wont to be beautified with a Satony Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over-grown hay: whereat the good Champion St. Dennis of France so much grieved, that he stroaked down his jetty back, till the hair of his body lay as smooth as Arabian silk: then pulled he out his trusty Fauchion, which in many fierce assaults and dangerous combats had been barbed in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of Time idle, was almost consumed with cankered Rust, but by his labour and industrious pains, he recovered the former beauty and brightness again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his Martial Furniture, and all other Habilliments of War, being brought to their first and proper qualities, the Noble Champion intended to persevere and go forward in the adventure, in cutting down the Pulverys Tree:

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So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish Asch, gave such a stroke at the root thereof, that at one blow he cut it quite in sunder, whereout presently flashed such a mighty Flame of fire, that the Mane from his Horse neck was burned & likewise the hair of his head had been fired, if his Helmet had not preferred him: and no sooner was the flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a naked Virgin (in shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay-tree) fairer than Pygmalions Ibovy Image, or the Northern driven snow, her eyes more clear than the Ice Mountains, her cheeks like Roses dypt in milk, her lips more lovely than the Turkish Rubies, her Alabastrer Arty like Indian Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ibovy Tower, her dainty Breasts a garden where milk-white Doves sat and sung: the rest of her features lineaments a stain to Juno, Pallas, or Venus at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired than her wonderful Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these terms began to utter his mind.

Thou most Divine and singular ornamente of nature, said he, fairer than the feathers of the silver Swan that swim upon Meanders Ciphal Streams, and far more beautiful than Aurora's Morning Countenance, to thee the fairest of all faire, most humbly and only to thy beauty do I here submit my affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knight-hood, and by the tobe of my Country of France (which how I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich America, or the golden Mines of bigger India) whether thou beest an Angel descended from Heaven; or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of Proserpine: whether thou beest some Fairy or Sylvan Nymph, which inhabits in the fatal Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy sins transformed into this Mulberry Tree, I am not therefore judge. Therefore sweet Saint to whom my heart must pay his due devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the bolder presume upon thy Courtesies. At which demand this new-born Virgin with a shamefast look, modest gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to Reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my love, and fortunes are to be comman-

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commanded, and by whom my humane shape and natural form is recovered: First know you magnanimous Champion that I am by Birth the King of Thessalies Daughter, and my Name was called for my beauty proud Eglantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was transformed into this Mulberry Tree, in which green substance I have continued fourteen years. As for my love, thou hast deserved it before all Knights in the world, and to thee do I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease to shine by day, and the Moon by night, and all the Planets forsake their proper nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the courtesie of his Country, and sealed her promises with a loving kiss.

After which, beautiful Eglantine being ashamed of her nakedness, weaved her self a Garment of green Rushes, intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Maidens curious Webs: her crisped Locks of hair continued still of the colour of the Mulberry Tree: whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the Fields were decked with natures Tapestry.

After which she washed her Lillie hands, and Rose-coloured Face in the dew of heaven: which she gathered from a bed of Violets. Thus in green vestments, she intends in company of her true Love, (the valiant Knight of France) to take her journey to her Fathers Court, being as then the King of that Country: where after some few days travel, they arrived safe in the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were according to their wishes, and their entertainments most honourable: for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell into such a deadly swoon through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time his senses were without vital moving, and his heart embraced so kindly her dainty body, and proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that Saint Denis accounted him the mirror of all courtesie, and the pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiff and weary Limbs were bathed in new Spik & white wine, he was conveyed to sweet smelling fire made of Juniper, and the fair Eglantine conducted by

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by the Maidens of Honour to a private Chamber, where she was disrobed of her Silken attyre, and apparelled in a Pall of purple-silk: in which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures hapned to them during the seven years: But first how Saint James the Champion of Spain fell in love with a fair Jew, and how for her sake he continued seven years dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my Muse the gift of Scholarism, and dip my Pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand till I have explained the honourable proceedings of the Knights of England, France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christendom, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

CHAP. V.

How St. James the Champion of Spain, continued seven years dumb for the love of a fair Jew, and how he should have been shot to death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other things which chanced in his travels.

NOW must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of St. James of Spain, the third Champion and Renowned Knight of Christendom, and what hapned unto him in his seven years Trabels through many a strange Countrey by Sea and Land, where his honourable Acts were so dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to expresse, and art to describe: also I am forced for brevities sake, to pass over his fearful and dangerous batel with the burning Drake upon the flaming Mount in Sicily, which terrible combate continued for the space of seven days and seven nights. Likewise I omit his Trabel in Cappadocia, through a wilderness of Monsters: with his passage over the Red Seas, where his Ship was deboured with Monstrous, his Mariners drowned, and himself, his Horse and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nymphs and Mermaids: where after his long Trabels, passed perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the boisterous billows of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy dominions of Juds, unhappy by reason of the long and

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troubleſome miſery he endured for the love of a fair Jew. For coming to the beautiful City Jeruſalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the world, for brave Buildings, Princely Palaces, gorgeous Mountains, and ſtill wondrous Temples) he ſo admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richeſt place that ever his eyes beheld) that he ſtood before the Walls of Jeruſalem, one while gazing upon her golden gates, glistering againſt the Sun's bright countenance, another while beholding her ſtately Pinnacles whoſe lofty peeping tops ſeemed to touch the Clouds ; another while wond'ring at her Towers of Jasper, Jet, & Ebony, her ſtrong and fortified Walls three times double about the City, the glistering Spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the ſaſon and ſimilitude of the Pyramides, the ancient Monuments of Greece, whoſe Battlements were covered with Steel, the Walls burniſht with Silber, and the ground paved with Tin. Thus as this ennobled and famous Knight at arms ſtood beholding the Situation of Jeruſalem, there ſuddenly thund'zed ſuch a peal of Muzance within the City, that it ſeemed in his raviſhed conceit, to ſhake the Wale of Heaben, and to move the deep Foundations of the ſtained Earth : whereat his Horſe gave ſuch a ſudden ſtart, that he leaped ten foot from the place whereon he ſtood. After this he heard the ſound of Drums, and the cheerful Echoes of Brazen Trumpets, by which the Valiant Champion expected ſome honorable Parry, or ſome great Turnament to be at hand, which indeed ſo fell out : for no ſooner did he caſt his bright eyes toward the Eaſt ſide of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horſe come marching through the Gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve Warlike Courſers, bearing in their hands twelve blood-red ſcreamers, whereon was wrought in ſilk the Picture of Adonis wounded with a Woar : after them the King drawn in a Chariot by Spaniſh Jennets, (which are a certain kind of Steeds engend'ed by the wind) the Kings Guard were a 100. naked Horſes, with Turkiſh bows & darts, feathered with Rabens wings : after them marched Geleſine the King of Jeruſalems fair Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn. In her hand a Scepter of Silber, & armed with a breaſt-plate of Gold, artiſtically wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazon Dames clad in green Silk : after them followed a number of

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of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palfries, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Deer, and more swift than the ramest Hart upon the Mountains of Thissaly.

Thus Nebuzaradan Great King of Jerusalem (for he so was called) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of Juda, being a Country very much annoyed with wild beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Boze, and such like; in which exercise, the King appointed as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Arms, (the which he heard repeated by the Shepheard in the Field,) that whosoever slew the first wild beast in the Forest, should have in reward a Coatlet of Steel, so richly ingraven, that it should be worth a thousand speckles of silver. Of which honourable enterprise when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberal bounty the adventurous Knight would be rewarded, his heart was fraught with invincible courage thirsting after glorious attempts, not only for hope of gain, but for the desire of honour, at which his illustrious and undaunted mind aimed at, to eternize his deeds in the memorable records of Fame, and to shine as a Crystal Mirror to all ensuing Times. So closing down his Bebar, and locking on his furniture, he scoured over the Plains betwixt the Hunters of Jerusalem, in pace more swift than the winged winds, till he approached an old unfrequented Forest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boze lying before his secret Den, gnawing upon the mangled joints of some Passenger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the Forest.

This Boze was of wonderful length and bigness, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the courage of the Spanish Knight; for his monstrous head seemed ugly and deformed, his eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tusks more sharp than pikes of Steel, and from his nostrils issued such a violent breath, that it seemed like a tempestuous terrible wind, his Whistles were more hard than seven times melted Brass, and his Tail more loathsome than a wart of Snakes: near to whom, when St. James approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of Humane creatures, and deboured their flesh, he blew his silver Horn, which as then hung at the Pommel of his Saddle, in a Scarfe of green Silk: whereat the furious Monster reuz-

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ed himself, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Spear struck such a violent blow upon the breast of the Horse, that it shivered into twenty pieces: Then drawing his good Fauchion from his side, he gave him a second encounter: but all in vain, for he struck as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtful to the Horse: but at last with staring eyes, (which sparkled like burning Steel) and with open Jaws, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon policy, than to fortitude, and so for advantage shipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Curle-Ar down his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his own desire, he cut off the Horses head, and so presented the honour of the combat to the King of Jerusalem, who as then with his mighty Train of Knights were but now entered the Forest: who having graciously received the gift, and bountifully fulfilled his promises. Demanded the Champions Country, his Religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and born in the Territories of Spain, but presently his patience exchanged into a great fury, and by these words expressed his rankered stomach toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not bold Knight (said the King of Jerusalem) that it is the Law of Juda to harbour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the Land, or end his dayes by some untimely death? Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou die: not all thy Country Treasures, the Wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the Apples which divide the Countreys of Italy and Spain, were turned to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my lawful Heritage, they should not redeem thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Juda, I grant thee this favour by the Law of Arms to chuse thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe judgement so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himself upon his own sword, but that he thought it a more honour to his Country to die in the defence of Christendom.

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So like a true ennobled Knight, fearing neither the threats of the Jews, nor the impartial stroke of the fatal Sisters, he gave this sentence of his own death. First, he requested to be bound to a Pine Tree with his breast laid open naked against the Sun: then to have an hours respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to death by a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his furniture, bound him to a Pine Tree, and laid his breast open, ready to entertain the bloody stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: but such pity, meekness, mercy, & kind lenity lodged in the heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand to be the bloody Executioner of so brave a Man. At last the Tyrannous Nabuzaradan gave strict commandment upon pain of Death that Lovers should be cast betwixt the Maidens of Juda that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, he should be the fatal executioner of the condemned Christian. But by chance the Lot fell to Celestine the Kings own Daughter, being the paragon of beauty, and the fairest Maid then living in Jerusalem, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody weapon could be entertained. Instead of deaths fatal Instrument, she shot towards his breast a deep strained sigh the true messenger of love, and afterwards to heaven, she thus made her humble supplication.

Thou great Commander of Celestial moving powers, convert the cruel motions of my Fathers mind, into a spring of pitiful tears, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soul. O Judah and Jerusalem, within whose bosoms live a Wilderness of Tygers, degenerate from natures kind, more cruel than the hungry Cannibals, and more obdurate than untamed Lyons: what mercileless Tygers can unrip that breast, where lives the image of true Nobility, the very pattern of Knight-hood, and the Map of a noble mind? No, no, before my hand shall be stained with Christians blood, I will like Scylla, against a Nature, tell my Countries safety, or like Medea wander with the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beauteous Celestine the Kings Daughter of Jerusalem, till her sighs stopped the passage of her speech, and her tears stained the natural beauty of her

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His cheeks: her hair which glittered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her self from her costly Garments, and then with a train of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long suit, she not only obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithal his perpetual Banishment from Jerusalem, and from all the borders of Juda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, than the loss of her own life. So this Noble and praise-worthy Celestine returns to the Christian Champion that expected every minute to entertain the sentence of Death, but this expectation fell out contrary: for the good Lady after she had sealed two of thre kisses upon his pale lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the bands that bound his body to the Tree, into many pieces, and then with a flood of salt tears, the motives of true love, she thus revealed h. r mind.

Most Noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewith thy banishment from Juda, which is a Hell of Horror to my soul: for in thy bosom have I built my happiness, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish me, for when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfrey, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore dear Knight, in reward of my love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake wear this Ring, with this Poëie engraven in it, (*Ardeo affectione,*) and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithal a Kiss from her mouth, she departed with a sorrowful sigh in company of her Father and the rest of his Honourable Train, back to the City of Jerusalem, being as then near the setting of the Sun. But now St. James the Champion of Spain, having escaped the danger of Death, and at full liberty to depart from that unhappy nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine, (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: then intending to depart into his own Countrey, but looking back to the Towers of Jerusalem his mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistresse, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence, and be his loves true Champion against all Com-

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Camera. So gathering certain black Berries from the tree he coloured his body all over like a blackamore: but yet considering that his Country speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Jerusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, he took his Journey to the City, where with signs and other motions of dumbness, he declared his intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whose countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural colour of the Moors, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eye beheld: therefore he entailed him with the honour of Knighthood, and appointed him to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters only Champion. Thus when St. James of Spain, saw himself included in that honourable place, his soul was ravished with such exceeding joy, that he thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elysium but the Court of Jerusalem, and no goodness but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving sigh, in the presence of his Lady and Mistress, not knowing how to reveal the secrets of his mind.

So upon a time there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admiral of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of Marriage, but she exempted all their motions of love from her chaste mind, only building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which she supposed to be in his own Country.

At whose melancholy passions her importunate Suitors, the King of Arabia, and the Admiral of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an evening to present her with some rare devised Mask. So chusing out six Consorts for their Courtly pastimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chief, and first Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of Babylon was the second, and her own Champion St. James was the third who was called in the Court by name of the Dumb Knight, in this manner the Mask was performed.

First entered a most excellent Consort of Mask, after them
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the aforesaid Quashers in Cloth of Gold, most curiously imbrodered and denced a course about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly sword at the Hilt whereon hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a Golden Crown: then the Quashers sounded another course, of which the Admiral of Babylon was Leader, who presented her with a Measure of pure silk, of the colour of the Rain-bow, brought in by Diana, Venus, and Juno: which being done the Quashers sounded the third time, in which course St. James (though unknown) was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the three graces, and put upon her head. Afterwards the Christian Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Sisters, took her by the lilly hand, & led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond ring which he gave him at his departure in the woods, the which she presently knew by the Poise, and shortly after had intelligence of his long continued dumbness, his counterfeited colour, his changing of nature, and the great danger he put himself to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed he could possibly make, to break off company and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithful Lober and adventurous Champion: and to conclude, they made some agreement betwixt them, that the same night unknown to any in the Court, she had Jerusalem adieu, and by the light of Cynthia's glistering beams stole from her Fathers Palace, where in company of none but St. James, she took her journey towards the Countrey of Spain. But this Noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he rode his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two Lobers from the fury of the Jews, and arrived safely in Spain, in the City of Sivil, wherein the brave Champion St. James was born: where now we leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the burly burly in Jerusalem for the loss of Celestine, the vain pursuits of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Pors and Habens, the preparing of fresh Horses to follow them, and the mustering of

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Souldiers to pursue them, the frantic passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moan of the Admiral of Babylon for his Mistress, and the woeful lamentation of the Arabian King for his Lady and love: we will return to the adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battel betwixt Sr. Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Gyant Blanderon; and afterwards of his strange entertainment in the Gyants Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what hapned to him in the same Castle.

IT was at the same time of the year, when the earth was newly deckt with her Summers liberty, when the Noble and Heroical minded Champion Sr. Anthony of Italy arrived in Thracia, where he spent his seven years travels to the honour of his Country, the glory of God, and to his own ill lasting memory. For after he had wandred through Woods and Wildernesses, by Hills and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown passages, he arrived at last upon the top of an high and steep Mountain, whereon stood a wonderful huge and strong Castle which was kept by the most mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whose puissant force all Thracia could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with the danger of the whole Country: The Gyants name was Blanderon, his Castle of the purest Marble stone, his Gates of yellow Brass, and over the principal Gate was grahen these Verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquered power,
The Thracian Monarch in subjection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his power:
Seven Damsels fair this monstrous Gyant keeps,
That sing him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sake have lost their lives:

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For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most intestine Gyant still survives:
Let simple passengers take heed in time,
When up this steep Mountain they do clime.

But Knights of worth and men of Noble mind,
If any chance to travel by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sakes will be so kind,
To try their strengths against the Gyants power,
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good successful fight.

After he had read what was written ober the Gate, desire of Fame so encouraged him, and the thirst of honour so emboldened his valiant mind, that he either vowed to redeem those Ladies from their servitude, or die with honour by the fury of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, he struck so vehemently thereon, with the Pummel of his sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap: whereat Blanderon suddenly started up; being fast asleep close by a Fountain side, and came pacing forth of the Gate toithan the tre upon his neck: who at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Curtle-Axe, and with these words gave the noble Champion entertainment.

What fury hath incens'd thy overboldened mind (proud pincock) thus to adventure thy feeble force, against the violence of my strong Arms? I tell thee hadst thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the Mountain Atlas on his shoulders, or the policy of Ulysses by which the City of Troy was ruinated, or the might of Xerxes, whose Multitudes drank up the Rivers as they passed: yet all too feeble, weak and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant Blanderon: thy force I esteem like a blast of wind, and thy stroaks as a few drops of water: Therefore betake thee to thy Weapon, which compare to a Bul-rush, for on this ground will I measure out thy grave, and after cast thy feeble Palfrey with one of my hands, headlong down this steep Mountain.

Thus boasted the vain-glorious Gyant, upon his own strength. During which time, the valorous & hardy Champion had alighted from

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from his bozle where after he had made his humble supplication to the heavens for his good speed, and committed his fortune to the imperial Munn of destiny, he approached within the Spant reach, who with his great Oak so nimble bestir'd him, with such vehement blows, that they seemed to shake the Earth and to rattle against the wall of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps, and had not the polstich Knight continually shipped from the surp of his blows, he had been bzuis'd as small as flesh to y pot, for ebery stroke that the Spant gave, the root of his Oak entred at the least two or thzee inches into the ground. But such was the wisdom and policy of the woorthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his tosapon, till the Spant grew bzeathless, and not able through his long labour to lift the oak above his head, & likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extream height of the Mountain, & the mighty weight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Spants bzows ran into his eyes, and by reason he was so extream fat, he grew so blind, that he could not se to endure combat with him any longer, & as far as he could perceiue would have retired or run back again into his owne Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Spant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his oak fall, & stand gasping for bzeath, which when this noble Mt. beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blows so couragiously, that they battered on the Spants Armour like a storm of winter hail, whereby at last Blanderon was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, & to crabe at his hands some respite of bzeathing: but his demand was in vaine, for the ballant Knight supposed now or neber to obtain the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his wearp arm, but redoubled blow after blow till the Spant for want of bzeath, and through the anguish of his dep gashed wounds, was forced to giue the woold a farewell, and to yeld the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conqueror St. Anthony the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous encounter was finished, and the Spant Blanderon's head dissebered from his body, the Sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extream hot and sultry, the Champions Armour so scalded him, that he was constrained to unbzace his Coisset, and to lay aside his Bургoner, and to cast his body on the cold earth, only to mitigate his oberburthened

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thens heat. But such was the unnatural coolness of the Earth, and so unkind to his over-laboured body, that the melted greatness of his inward parts was cooled suddenly, whereby his body received such unnatural distemper, that the vapours of the earth struck presently to his heart, by which his vital air of life excluded, and his body without sense or moving: where in the mercy of pale Death he lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an hour.

During which time fair Rosalinde (one of the Daughters of the Toracian King being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the Walls, and espied the body of the Giant headless, under whose subjection she had continued in great servitude for the time of seven months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed as she thought panting for breath, the which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Giant Banderon, and the man by whom her deliverer should be recovered: she presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous Champion whom she found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet warm blood in every member, retired back with all speed to the Castle, and fetched a Box of precious Balm, the which the Giant was wont to pour into his wounds after his encounter with any Knight: with which Balm this courteous Lady chased every part of the breathless Champions body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her salt tears, the which like pearls fell from her eyes, another while drying them with tresses of her golden hair, which hung dangling in the wind: then chasing his lifeless body again with a Balm of a contrary nature, but yet no sign of life could she espie in the dead Knight, which caused her to grow desperate of all hope of his recovery. Therefore like a loving, meek, and kind Lady, considering he had lost his life for her sake, she intended to bear him company in death, and with her own hands to finish up her dapes, and to die upon his Breast, as Thisbe dyed upon the Breast of her true Pyramis: therefore as the Swan sings a while before her death, so this sorrowful Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song over the body of the noble Champion.

Muses come mourn with doleful melody,
Kind Sylvan Nymphs that sit in reſie bowers,
With brackiſh tears commix your harmony,

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To waile with me, both minutes, days, and hours,
A heavy, sad and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart awhile before I die.

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain:
Dead is the Knight from whom my careful-cry,
With wounded soul, for ever shall complain.
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

I'll lay my breast upon a silver stream,
And swim in Elysiums Lilly Fields:
There in Ambrosian Trees I'll write a theam,
Of all the woful sighs my sorrow yields.
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

Farewel fair Woods, where sing the Nightingales,
Farewel fair Fields, where feed the light foot Does,
Farewel you Groves, you Hills and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill the cause of all my woes.
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c. &c.

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of stone,
Both Birds, and Beasts, with all things on the ground:
You sentle Trees be assistant to my moan,
That up to heaven my Torrows may resound.
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

Let all the Towns of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of Brass what I have said:
That after ages may remember well,
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c. &c. &c.

This woful dittie was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady
unsheathed the Champions sword, which was as yet all bespattered
with the Spaurd blood, and being at the very point to execute her
intended Tragedy, & the sharp edged weapon directly against her

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Aboyz breast, she heard the distressed Knight gibe a grisbous and terrible groan, toherat she stopped her remorseless hand, and with moze discretion tendred her own safety: for by this time the Balm toherewith she anointed his body, by wonderful operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and deadly sighs, he raised up his stiff limbs from the cold Earth, toher like one cast into a trance, for a time he gazed up and down the Mountaine, but at last having recovered his lost senses espied the Thracian Damsel standing by, not able to speak one word, her joy so abounded: but after some continuance of time he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successful victory; & she the cause of his recovery and her intended Tragedy. Where after maup kind salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night she lodged his weary limbs in an easie bed, stuffed with Turtle feathers, and softest thistle down: the Chamber where he lay, had as many Windows as there were Months in the year, and as many Doors as there were quarters in a year, and to describe the curious Architecture, and the artificial workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a work without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battel, without mistrusting of Treason, or Rebellious cogitations, till golden Phoebus had him good morrow. Then rising out of his stothful bed, he attired himself, not in his wonted Habillments of war, but in purple garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to oberbiew the rarities of the Castle: but the Lady Rosalinde all the morning was busted in looking to his horse, preparing delicates for his repast, & in making a fire against his uprising, where after he had refreshed his weary steps with a dainty Banquet, & caroused down two or three botols of Czechish wine, he after by the counsel of Rosalinde, stripped the Gpant from his Iron furniture and left his naked body upon a craggy Rock, to be deuoured of hungry Rabens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the Castle to the addenturous Champion: first she led him to a Leaden Tower, where hung a hundred well appoyed Corsets, with other martial furniture, which were the spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain; after that, she brought him to a Stable wherein stood a hundred

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perimpered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh, against it was directly placed the Giants own lodging, his bed was of Iron corded with mighty bars of Steel, the Testers covering of carved Brass, the Curtains were of leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderful substance of the colour of the Element: after this she led him to a broad pond of water, more clear than quicksilver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as crystal, whereon swam six milk-white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their necks.

O here (said the Thracian Lady) begins the Hell of all my grief. At which words a pearly shower of tears ran from the conduit of her eyes, that for a time they stayed the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a set of sorrowful sighs, she began in this manner to tell her sorrowful story:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River, (quoth the Lady Rosalinde) be my natural Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governour of this unhappy Country, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemn hunting to be holden through the Land, in which honourable time, my self, in company of my six Sisters was present. So in the middle of our sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in chase after a mighty she Lyon, the Heavens suddenly began to lour, the Firmaments overcast, and a general darkness overspread the face of the whole Earth: then presently rose such a storm of lightning and thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly troops of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poor Ladies forced to seek for shelter under the bottom of this high and steepy Mountain: where when this cruel Gyant Blanderop, espied us, as he walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain, and fetch'd us a under his arm up into the Castle, where ever since we have lived in great servitude, and for the wonderful transformation of my six Sisters, thus it came to pass as followeth.

Upon a time the Giant being over-charged with wine, grew enamoured upon our beauties, and desired much to enjoy the pleasures

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ture of our Virginities, our excellent gifts of nature so inflamed his mind with lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfy his sinful desires, he took my six sisters one by one into his lodging, thinking to deflower them, but their earnest prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their chastities by a most strange and wonderful miracle, and turned their comely bodies into the shape of milk-white Swans, even in the same form as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Giant saw that his intent was cross, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate self, he restrained his filthy lust, not violating my honour with any stain of infamy, but kept me ever since a most pure virgin, only with sweet inspiring music to bring him to his sleep.

Thus have you heard (most Noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy fortunes, and the wonderful transfiguration of my six Sisters, whose loss to this day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and with that word she made an end of her Tragical discourse, not able to utter the rest for weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then with like sorrow, embraced her about the slender waste, and thus kindly began to comfort her: *Most dear and kind Lady, within whose countenance I see how virtue is incarnized and in whose mind lies true magnanimity, let these few words suffice to comfort thy sorrowful cogitations. First think that the heavens are most beneficial unto thee in preserving thy chastity from the Giants insatiate desires: then for thy deliverance by my means from thy slavish servitude: thirdly and lastly, that thou remaining in thy natural shape and likeness, may live to be the means of thy Sisters transfiguration: Therefore dry up these Crystal pearled tears, and bid thy long continued sorrows adieu. for grief is companion with despair, and despair a procurer of infamous death.*

Thus the woful Thracian Lady was comforted by the Noble Christian Champion, where after a few kind greetings they intended to travel to her Fathers Court, there to relate what happened her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Giants confusion and her own safe deliverance by the illustrious prowess of the Christian Knight. So taking the keys of the Castle, which were of a wonderful weight, they locked up the gates, and paced hand in hand

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hand down the steep Mountain, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles: but by that time they had a sight of the Palace, the Sun was wandred to the under world, and the light of heaven late muffled up in clouds of pitch, the which not a little discontented the weary Travelers: but at last coming to her Fathers gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bells ringing the Funeral knell of some noble State: the cause of which solemn ringing they demanded of the Porter: who in this manner expressed the truth of the matter unto them.

Fair Lady and most renowned Knight (said the Porter) for so you seem, both by your speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this ringing is for the loss of the Kings seven Daughters, the number of which Bells be seven, called after the names of the seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their doleful melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, until joyful news be heard of their safe return.

Then now their tasks beended, (said the noble minded Rosalinde) for we bring happy news of the seven Princesses abiding. At which words the Porter being ravish'd with joy, in all haste ran to the Steeple, and caused the Bells to cease, whereat the King of Thrace being at his Royal Supper, and hearing the Bells to cease their wonted melody, suddenly started up from his Princely seat, and like a man amazed ran to the Palace gate, where as he found his Daughter Rosalinde in company of a strange Knight: which when he beheld, his joy so exceeded, that he sounded in his Daughters bosome, but being recovered to his former senses, he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their entertainments were so honourable and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and overlong to describe: but their joy continued but a short season, for it was presently dash'd with Rosalindes Tragical Discourse: for the good Old King when he heard of his Daughters transformations, and how they lived in the shape of milk-white Swans, he rent his locks of silver hair, which time had died with the pledge of wisdom: his rich Embroider'd Garments he tore in many pieces, a clad his aged limbs in a dismal black, and sable mantle, as discontented then as the woful King of Troy, when he beheld his own Son dragg'd by the hair of the head up and down the streets: also he commanded that his

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his Knights & aduenturous Champions, instead of glistering Armour, should wear the Woods of Death, more black in hue than Winters darkest nights, and all the Courly Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, instead of Aken bestiments, be commanded to wear both heavy sad and melancholy Ornaments, and euen as unto a solemn funeral, to attend him to the Spants Cadle; and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry destinies, many a bitter sigh and tear, in remembrance of his transformed Daughters; which decree of the sorrowful Thracian King was performed with all conuenient speed: for the next morning no sooner had Phœbus cast his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but he apparelled himself in mourning Garments, and in company of his melancholy train, set forward to his woful Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the Noble minded Rosalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behind, and not so suddenly to begin new Trabels: whereunto quickly the King condescended, considering their late journey the evening before: so taking the Castle keys from the Champion, he had his Palace adieu, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowful journey, where we leave him in a world of discontented passions, and a while discourse what hapned to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sun had thrice measured the World with his restless Steps, and thrice his Sister Luna wandred to the West, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued rest, and thought it a great Dishonour and a Scandal to his valiant mind, to remain where nought but Chamber sports were resident, & desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the doleful murmuring of Tragedies, or where the joyful sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: therefore he took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a dump for want of her Father, to whom this Noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret intent.

My most devoted Lady and Mistress (said the Champion) a second Dido for thy love, a stain to Venus for thy beauty, Penelope compare for constancy, and for chastity the wonder of all Maids: the faithful love that hitherto I have found since my arrival, for ever shall be shined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the cope of heaven, thou shalt live and die my loves true Goddess:

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deſs : and for thy ſake I'll ſtand as Champion againſt all Knight in the World : But to impair the honour of my Knighthood ; and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the laps of Ladies I will not ; though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can ſound a ſiſce Alarum in the field ; honour calls me forth dear Roſalinde ; and ſame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies ruſting in the idle Court of **Thrace**. Therefore I am conſtrained (though moſt unwillingly) to leave the comfortable ſight of thy beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer travel ; but I proteſt whereſoever I come, or in what Region ſoever I be harboured, there will I maintain to the loſs of my life, that both thy love, conſtancy, beauty, and chaſtity, ſurpaſſeth all Dames alive : and with this promiſe, my moſt Divine Roſalinde, I bid thee farewel. But before the honourable minded Champion could finiſh what he purpoſed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extreame grief, not able to endure to keep ſilent any longer, but with tears falling from her eyes : brake off his ſpeech in this manner :

Sir Knight (ſaid ſhe) by whom my liberty hath been obtain'd : the Name of Lady and Miſtreſs wherewith you entitle me, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call me Hand-Maid, or ſervile ſlave, for on thy Noble perſon will I evermore attend : It is not **Thrace** can harbour me when thou art abſent, and before I do forſake thy company and kind fellowſhip, Heaven ſhall be no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth : but if thou proveſt unconſtant, as **Aſtrus** did to **Scilla**, who for his ſake ſtole her Father's Purple Hat, whereof depended the ſafety of his Country, or like wandring **Aeneas** forſake the Queen of **Carthage** : theſe tender and ſoft hands of mine ſhall never be unclasp'd, but hang upon thy Horſe bridle, till my body like **Aſtræus** Son be daſh'd in lunder againſt hard ſtinty ſtone : Therefore forſake me not dear Knight of **Chriſtendom**. If ever **Camilla** proved to her **Stratus**, or **Aſſione** to her **Cerr**, Roſalinde will be aſtrue to thee : ſo with this plighted promiſe ſhe caught him faſt about his neck, from whence ſhe would not uncloſe her hands till he had vowed by the honour of true Chivalry, to make her ſole companion, and only partner in his travels : and ſo in this order it was accompliſhed :

They being both agreed, ſhe was moſt trimly attired like a Page in green Sarcenet, her hair bound up moſt cunningly with a

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hisk list artificially wrought with curious knots, that she might appear without suspicion: or blemish of honour: Her Kirtan was a Turkish blade, and her Poppard of the finest fashion, which she wore at her back tyed with an Orange tawny coloured scarf, beautified with Tassels of unknown silk, her Buskins of the finest thers kids skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian Steel, in which when the noble and beautiful Lady was attired she seemed in stature like the God of Love, when he sat dandled upon Dido's Lap, or rather Ganimede, Loves Minion, or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white skin to entrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to be brief, all things being in readiness for their departure from Thrace, this famous worthy knight mounted on his eager Steed, and the magnanimous Rofalinde on her gentle Palfrey, in pace more easie than y winged winds, or a Cock-boat floating upon Crystal streams, they both bad adieu to the Country of Thracia, and committed their journey to the Queen of Chance: Therefore smite Heavens, and guide them with a most happy star, until they arrive where their souls do most desire. The bravest & boldest knight that ever wandered by the way, and the most loveliest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whole travels my Muse must leave them for a season, & speak of y Thracian Journeers, which by this time had watered the Earth with abundance of their Ceremonious tears, & made y Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

How St. Andrew the Champion of Scotland travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, and how he was set at liberty by a going Fire, after his journey into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladies to their natural shapes, that had lived seven years in the likeness of milk-white Swans, with other accidents that beset the most Noble Champion.

NOW of the honourable adventures of St. Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose seven years travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from y braten Wilderness, as I have heard in y beginning of y History, he travelled through many

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many a strange and unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the year he shews his bright flame beames, but continual darkness over-spreads the whole Country, and there lives a kind of people, that have heads like dogs, that in extremity of hunger do devour one another, from which people this Noble Champion was strangely deliv'ed, where after he had wand'ed some certain daies, neither seeing the gladsome brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moon, but only guided by duskie Planets of the Elements, he hapned to a Tale of walking Spirits, which he supposed to be the very dungeon of burning Acheron, there he heard the blowing unken fires, broyling of Furnaces, rattling of Armour, trampling of Horses, ginging of Chains, lumbzing of Iron, roaring of Spirits and such like horrid noises, that it made the Scottish Champion almost at his wits end. But yet having an undaunted courage exempting all fear, he humbly made his supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of terror, & so presently as the Champion knieled down upon the barren ground, (whereon grew neither herb, flower, grasse nor any other green thing) he beheld a certain flame of fire, walking up & down before him, where it he grew in such an extasie of fears, that he stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: but yet recalling his senses, he remembered himself, how he had read in former times, of a going fire, called Ignis fatuus the fire of destiny: by some, Will with the Wise, as Will with the Lanthorn: & likewise, by some simple Country people, The fair Maid of Ireland, which commonly used to lead wand'ring travellers out of their ways: the like imaginations entered the Champions mind. So encouraging himself with his own conceits, and cheering up his dull senses late oppressed with extreme fear, he directly followed the going fire, which so justly went before him, that by that time the guider of the night had climbed twelve degrees in the Zodiack, he was safely delivered from the Tale of walking Spirits, by the direction of the going fire.

Now began the Sun to dance about the Firmament, which he had not seen in many months before, whereat his dull senses much rejoiced, being long covered before with dark iels, & every day he was as pleasurable, as though he had walked in a Garden bedeckt with all kind of fragrant flowers.

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At last, without any further molestation, he arrived within the Territories of Thracia, a Country as you have heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the beauty of many faire Woods, & Forests through which he travelled with small rest, and less stay, till he came to the foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle, wherein the woful King of Thracia in company of his sorrowful Daughters, did lamented the unhappy destinies of his six Daughters turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their Neckes; when the valiant Champion St. Andrew beheld the lofty situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange adventure to befall him in the said Castle, so preparing his Sword in readynesse, and buckling on his Armour, which was a Coat of Silver Mail for lightness in travel he climbed the Mountain, whereupon he espied the Gyant lying upon a craggy Rock, with his Limbs and members all rent and torn, by the fury of hunger-starved Fowls; which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty stature and bigness of the Gyant; where leaving his petrified body to the winds, he approached the gates: where after he had read the superscription over the same, without any interruption, entered the Castle, whence he expected a fierce encounter by some knight that should have defended the same, but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange nobility, and hidden secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their ceremonious Mourning, which in this or it was daily performed, first upon Sundays, which in that Country is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians attended themselves after the manner of Bechus Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet Arabian Frankincense, upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sun as chief governour of that day thinking thereby to appease the angry destinies, and to recover the unhappy Ladies to their former shapes: upon Mondays dappled clad in Garments after the Sylvanes, a colour like to waves the Sea, they offered up their tears to the Moon, being the goddess and Mistress of that day: upon Tuesdaies like Soldiers trailing their Banners in the dust, & drums sounding sad and doleful melody, and sign of discontent, they committed their proceeding to the pleasure of Mars, being ruler and guider of that day;

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upon Wednesday like Scholars, unto Mercury : upon Thursday like Potentates, to Love ; upon Friday like lovers with sweet sounding Dulcick to Venus ; and upon Saturday like manual professors, to the angry and discontented Saturn.

Thus the woful Thracian King, and his sorrowful Subjects, consumed seven Moneths away, one while accursing Fortune of her spight, another while the heavens of injustice : the one for his childrens Transformation, the other for their long limited punishments. But at last when the Scottish Champion hears what bitter moan the Thracian made about the River, he demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observ'd such Ceremonies, contemplating the Majesty of Jehovah, and only worshipping but outward and vain Gods, to whom the King after a few sad tears strained from the circuits of his aged eyes, Replied in this manner.

Most Noble Knight. for so you see by your gesture and other outward appearance, (saith the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continual grief, prepare your ears to hear a Tragick and woful tale, whereat methinks I see the Elements begin to mourn, and cover their azure countenance with sable Clouds : These milk-white Swans you see, whose necks are beaurished with golden Crowns, are my six natural daughters, transformed into this Swan-like substance, by the appointment of the Gods : for of late this Castle was kept by a cruel Giant named Blanderor, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their chastitie, presented his lustful desires, and transformed their beautiful bodies to these milk-white Swans : and now seven years the chearful Spring hath renewed the earth with a Summers liberty, and seaven the nipping winter frosts have breaved the Trees of leaf and bud, since first my Daughters lost their Allegian shapes : seaven Summers have they swam upon this Coastal Stream, where in stead of rich attire, and imbrodered Tassellings they smoothe silver coloured Feathers adorn their comely bodies : Princely Palaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea Nymphs, to dance their measures up and down, are now exhaled into cold streams of water : wherein their chiefest melody, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their joyfull pleasure to hear the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Birds Bird.

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Thus I ake you heard (most worthy Knight) The woeful Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the remnant of my daies heavily, complaining of their long appointed punishments, about the banks of this unhappie River. Which sad discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish Knight (having a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and a tongue waſht in the Fountain of Eloquence) thus replied, to the comfort and great rejoycing of the company,

Most Noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavy and dolorous discourse hath constrained my heart to wonderful passion, and compelled my very soul to rue your Daughters miserie. But yet a greater grief and deeper sorrow than that hath taken possession of my breast, whereof my eyes have been witness, and my ears unhappie bearers of your misbelief, I mean your unchristian Faith: For I have seen since my first arrivall in this same Castle, your prophane and vain worship of strange and false Gods, as of Phebus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poetical names, which the Majesty of high Jehovah utterly contemns. But Magnificent Governour of Thracia, if you seek to recover your daughters by humble prayer, & to obtain your souls content by true tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true humility believe in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, & chief Commander of the rowling Elements, in whose quarrel this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee, great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion; by birth a Knight of Scotland, bearing my Countries Arms upon my breast (for indeed thereon he bore a Silber Cross, set in blue silk) and therefore in the honour of Christendom, I challenge forth the proudest Knight at Arms, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the rest fantastical and vain Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men droopt from the clouds, but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their Country, and utter scandal of all Knightly dignity: they with a general consent craved leave of the King that the challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded.

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demanded. So both time and place was appointed, which was the next morning following by the Kings commandment, upon a large and plain Meadow close by the Rivers side, whereon the six Swans were swimming, whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his Rely Camlet, and the Thracian Knight accepted thereof, every one departed for that night, the challenger to the East side of the Castle to his lodging, and the defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, who by the break of day were waked by a Herald of Arms: but all the passed night, our Scottish Champion never entered in one motion of rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling up his Armour, Lacing on his Burgonet, and making prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the conquest and victory, till the mornings beauty, chased away the darkness of the night, and now as it were the windows of the day full opened, but the valiant and Noble minded Champion of Christendom entered the List, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords, was present to behold the Combat: and so after S. Andrew had twice or thrice traced his horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Lance, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Point was thus written in silver Letters, This day a Martyr or a Conqueror: Then entered a Knight in exceeding bright Armour mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northern Snow, whose caparison was of the colour of the Elements, betwixt whom was a fierce encounter: but the Thracian had the foil, & with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entered another Knight in Armour varnished with green varnish, his Steed of the colour of an Iron gray: who likewise had the repulse by the worthy Christian. Thirdly, entered a Knight in a black Coat, mounted upon a big-boned Dapple, covered with a bale of fable silk, in his hand he bore a Lance nailed round about with plates of steel: which Knight amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the world, except it were those Giants that descended from a monstrous Linage: but no sooner encountered these brave Champions but their Lances splintered in sunder, & flew so violently into the air, that it much amazed the beholders, then they alighted from their Steeds, and so valiantly bestirred them with their keen Falchions, that the fiery sparkles flew so fierce from these Noble Champions

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fiery Helmeets, as from an Iron Arbil: But the combat endured not very long, before the most hardy Scottish Knight essayed an advantage, wherein he might shew his martial fortitude: whereupon he struck such a mighty blow upon the Thracians Burgonet, that it cleaved his head just down to his shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his seat, and with a wrathful countenance threatened the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, & curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his blood we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a cruel death: and so in company of a hundred armed Knights, he encompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to murder him. But when the valliant Knight St. Andrew saw how he was suppress by treachery, and indironed with mighty troops, he called to Heaven for succour, and animated himself by these words of encouragement: Now for the honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conqueror: and therewithal he so valliantly behaved himself with his Curtle-Ar, that he made Lanes of murdered men, and felled them down by multitudes, like as the Harbest men doth mow down ears of ripened corn, whereby they fell before his face like leaves from Trees, when the Summers pride declines her glory. So at the last after much bloodshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yield to the Scottish Champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his pagan Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the Thracian King bowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon he kist the Champions Sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth feathers which were as white as Lillies, exchanged to natural fairness, and that their black Bills and Sender neks were converted to their first created beauty (where for eternal fairness the Queen of Love might build her Paradise) he had adieu to his grief and long continued sorrowing, promising ever after to continue a true Christian for the Scottish Champions sake: by whom and by whose Divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former features: so taking the Christian Knight in company

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pany of six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes. where first the Thracian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with white-wine, new milk, and rose water, and so after some dainty repast, conveyed to his night's repose. The Ladies being the joyfillest creatures under heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but passed the night in their Father's company, (whose mind was ravished with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messenger had them good morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readyness, they departed the Castle, not like mourners to a deare funeral, but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Palace, with streaming Banners in the wind, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyful melody, and with sweet inspiring Music, caused the Air to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entered the Palace (which was in distance from the Spanish Castle, some ten miles) but their Triumphs turned into exceeding sorrow so; Rosalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected news so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the triumphs for that time were deferred, and Messengers dispatched in pursuit of the adventurous Italian, and lovely Rosalinde.

Likewise when Sir Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was imprisoned with him under the wicked Enchantress Rilyb, as you have in the first beginning of the History, his heart thirled for his most honourable company, and his eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquaintance with his intimate: likewise when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion; whom they affected dearer than any Knight in the world, they seized themselves with sufficient treasure, and by stealth took their journey from their Father's Palace, intending either to find out the victorious and approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some foreign Region.

The rumour of whose departure no sooner came to the King's ears, but he purposed the like travel, either to obtain the sight of

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his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the circuit of the Sun. So arming himself in homely Ruffet, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebony staff in his hand ript with silver, took his journey all unknown from his Palace, whose sudden and secret departure struck such an extream and intolerable heaviness in the Court, that the Palace gates were sealed up with sable Mourning cloath: the Thracian Lords exempted all pleasure, & like Rocks of Sheep straped up and set on without Shepherds, the Ladies and Courtly Gentles sat sighing in their private Chambers: where too will leave them for this time, and speak of the success of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their adventures proceedings.

CHAP. VIII.

How St. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, redeemed the six Thracian Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody minded Satyrs, and of their purposed Travail in pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

BUt now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Arms, Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland, must I speak, whose adventures accidents were so nobly performed, that if my pen were made of steel, should I wear it to the stumps to declare his Proverbs, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazzen Pillar from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind aspect, and sent him such a Star to be his guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor no vain delights, but to the Throne of fame, where honour sat enstall'd upon a seat of Gold. Whither travelled the Warlike Champion of Ireland, whose illustrious battels the Northern Isles have Chronicled in leaves of Brass: therefore Ireland he proud, for from the bowels did spring a Champion, whose proverbs made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the Earth with streams of Pagans blood: witness whereof, the Isle of Rhodes the key and strength of Christiandom, was recovered from the Turks, by his Martial and invincible Proverbs; where his dangerous Battels, fierce encounters, bloody skirmishes, and long assaults would serve to

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All a mighty volume, all which I pass o'er and wholly discourse
of things appertaining to this Bishop. For after the wars of
Rhodes were fully ended, St. Patrick (accounting idle ease the
nurse of cowardise) had Rhodes farewell, being then strongly fortifi-
ed with Christian souldiers, and took his journey through many
an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased to the Queen of
Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wilderness inhabited
only by wild Satyrs, and a people of inhumane qualities, giving
their wicked minds only to murder, Lust, and Rap: wherein the
Noble Champion travelled up and down many a weary step, not
knowing how to quaff his hunger, but by his own industry in
killing of Wenison, & pressing out the blood between two flat stones,
and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sun, his lodging was in the
hollow trunk of a blasted tree, which nightly preserved him from
the dropping showers of Heaven, his chief companions were their
resounding Echoes, which commonly answered the Champions
words.

In this manner lived St. Patrick the Irish Knight in the woods,
not knowing how to set himself at liberty, but wandring up and
down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious workmanship
of some excellent Gardener, it was his chance at last to come into
a dismal thorny thicket, beset about with baleful Spittes, a place
of horror, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies,
whose bitter lamentations seemed to pierce the clouds, and to
crave succour of the hands of God, which unexpected cries not a
little daunted the Irish Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his
Weapon in readiness, against some sudden encounter: So couch-
ing himself close under the root of an old withered oak (which had
not flourished with green leaves many a year) he espied after a
slew of bloody minded Satyrs, haling by the hair six whining
Ladies, through many a thorny brake and brier, whereby the
beauty of their crimson cheeks was all besprent with purple gore,
and their eyes, (whichin whose clear Glasses one might behold the
God of Love dancing) all to be rent and torn by the fangs of the
Satyrs, whereby they could not see the light of heaven, nor the
place of their unfortunate misings: which fearful spectacle forced such
a terror in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made
out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the fury of
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the merciless Satyr, who were in number about some thirte, every one having a club upon his back, which they had made with roots of young Oaks and Pine Trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute mind, let drive at the surliest Satyr, whose Armour of defence was made of Bulls hide, which was dyed so hard against the Sun that the Champions Curle-Ar prevailed not: after which the fell Satyr encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppressed him with down-right blows, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughs of a spreading Tree, his life had been forced to give the world a speedy farewell. But such was his nimbleness and active policy, that ere long he wheeled his sharp pointed Sallet from in one of the Satyr's breasts: which woful sight caused all the rest to flee from his presence, and left the fair Ladies to the pleasure and disposal of the most Noble and courageous Christian Champion:

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himself in the chitling, being almost winded through the long encounter, and bloodish skirmish, he demanded the cause of the Ladies Trabels, and by what means they hapned into the hands of those merciless Satyrs, who cruelly and tyrannically attempted the rulle and rackets spoyle of their unpotted Virginities. To which courteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep-seitch sigh or two, (being strained from the bottom of her most sorrowful heart) in the behalf of herself and the other distressed Ladies, replied in this order:

Know brave minded Knight that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thrac, whose lives have been unhappy ever since our births: for first we did endure a long imprisonment under the hands of a cruel Giant, and after the Heavens to preserve our chastities from the wicked desire of the said Giant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained seven years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named St. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom we have travelled many a weary step, never cross by any violence until it was our angry fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderness, where your eyes have been true witnesses of our misfortunes. Which sad discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

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The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved friend; for whose company and wished sight, I will go more weary miles; than there be Trees in this vast wilderness, and number my steps with the sands hidden in the Seas: Therefore most excellent Ladies, true ornaments of beauty, be sad companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable friend, the Champion of Scotland, for some of those brave Knights whom I have not seen these seven Summers.

These words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, & with as much willingness consented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their weariness, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret virtues of some Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their journeys anew under the conduct of this worthy Champion St. Patrick, where, after some daies travel they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their fortunes to the Fatal Sisters, and setting their faces towards the East, they merrily journeyed together. In whose fortunate travels we to leave them and speak of the seventh Christian Champion, whose adventurous exploits and knightly honours deserve a golden pen, dipt in Ink of true fame to discourse at large.

CHAP. IX.

How St. David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ozmondine, wherein by Magick art he slept seven years.

Sicut David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the Wizard Pillar, whereas the other Champions of Christendom divided themselves severally to seek forrain adventures, he archbided many memorable things, as well in Christendom, as in those Nations that acknowledged no true God: which for this time I omit, and only discourse what happened unto him among the Tartarians, for being in the Emperours of Tartaries Court (a Place very much honoured with valourous Knights, highly graced with a Train of beautiful Ladies) where the Emperour upon a time ordained a solemn

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Solemn Joust and Turnament to be holden in honour of his Birth-day: whither resorted at the time appointed, (from all the borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honourable and Princely exercise, the noble Knight St. David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Morocco Steed, betrapped in a rich Carapace, wrought by the curious work of Indian Women, upon whose shield was set a golden Griffin rampant in a field of blew. Against him came the Count Palatine, Son and heir apparent to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with habiliments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists, before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Turnement. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himself to encounter with the Christian Knight, (being appointed chief Champion for the day) who likewise prepared himself, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heralds appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Echoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second race the Champions ran, St. David had the worst, & was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to lean backward almost beside his Saddle, whereat the Trumpets began to sound in sign of victorie: but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismay'd, but with a courage (within whose eye sat knightly revenge) ran the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both horse and man, whereby the Counts body was so extremely bruised with the fall of his horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vital spirits pressed from the mansions of his breast, so that he was forced to give the world a farewell.

This fatal overthrow of the Count Palatine, shamed the whole company but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sons but him, caused the Lists to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the murdered Count to be brought by four Squires into his Palace, where after he was dispoiled of his furniture, and the Christian Knight received in honour of his victorie, the woful Emperour bathed his Sons body with tears which drop-

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And like crystal pearls from the congealed blood, and after many sighs he breathed forth this woeful lamentation.

Now are my triumphs turned to everlasting woes, from a Comical Pastime, to a direful and bloody Tragedy; O most unkind Fortune, never constant but in change! why is my life deferred to see the downfal of my dear Son, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body, into her hungry bowels? is this the use of Christians? for true honour to repay dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stain his deadly hands withal, but the Royal blood of my dear Son, in whose revenge the face of the Heavens is stained with blood, and cries for vengeance to the Majesty of mighty Jove. The dreadful furies, the direful daughters of dark night, and all the baleful company of burning Acheron, whose loins be girt with Serpents, and hair behanged with wreaths of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Country Tartary of so precious a jewel as my dear Son, the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowess did surpass all the Knights of our Country.

Thus sorrowed the woeful Emperour for the death of his Noble Son: sometimes making the Echoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements; another while forcing his bitter curses to sink to the deep foundations of Acheron: one while intending to be redenged on St. David the Christian Champion, then presently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Arms, and a great dishonour to his Country, by violence to oppress a strange Knight, whose actions had ever been guided by true honour, but yet at last this firm resolution entered into his mind.

There was adjoining upon the borders of Tartary, an enchanted Garden, kept by Magick art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter; the government of this Garden was a notable and famous Sorcerer, named Ormondine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion St. David, thereby to revenge the Count Palatines death. So the Emperour after some few dayes passed, and the obsequies of his Son being no longer performed, but he caused the Christian Knight to be brought into his presence,

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presence, to whom he committed this heavy task, and to ere
Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since
thy arrival in our Territories; how highly I have honoured thee,
not only in granting liberty of life, but making thee chief Cham-
pion of Tartary, which high honour thou hast repaid with great
ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my dear SONS
Tragedy: for which unhappy deed thou rightly hast deserved
death. But yet know accursed Chastan, that mercy harboureth
in Princely minds, and where honour sits enthronized, there justice
is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou
wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden and bring thither the
Magicians head, I grant thee not only life, but therewithal the
Crown of Tartary after my decease: because I see thou hast a mind
furnished with all Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Mag-
nanimity.

This heavy task, and strange adventure, not a little pleased the
Noble Champion of Wales, whose mind ever thirsted after woz-
thy adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this
manner Replied:

Most high and Magnificent Emperour, (said the Champion)
were this task which you enjoyn me to, as wonderful as the la-
bours of Hercules, or as fearful as the enterprise which Jason made
for the golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and return
with Triumph to Tartary, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Ba-
bylon, when he had conquered part of the wide World. Which
wozds were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his
Oath of Knight-hood, and by the love he bore unto his native
Country, never to follow other adventure, till he had performed
his promise, which was to bring the Magician Omindines head
into Tartary: whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble
Knight St. David hoping never to see him return, but rather to
hear of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the valiant Chastan Champion, being bound to his
promise within three dayes prepared all necessaries in readinesse
for his departure: and so travelled Westward, till he appeared
the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation wherof some-
what daunted his valiant courage: for it was encompassed with a

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Hedge of withered Thorns and Briers, which seemed continually to burn: upon the top thereof sat a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likeness of Night-Owls which wondred at the presence of St. David, some in the Shape of Prognos transformations, foretelling his unfortunate success, and some like Rabbits, that with their harsh throats rang forth hateful knells of woful Tragedies: the Element which covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to be over-spread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot flames of fire, as though the skies had ben filled with blazing Comets: which fearful spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of Hell, struck such a terror into the Champions heart, that twice he was in mind to return without performing the adventure, but for his Oath and honour of Knight-hood, which he had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his hope on the cold earth, being the first Nurse and Mother of his life, he made his humble petition to God, that his mind might never be oppressed with Cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint fears, till he had performed what the Thracian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the ground, and with cheerful looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the enterprise, and to foretell a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight St. David with a ballant courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stones over-spread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his judgement that ever his eyes beheld, for the Steel-work was engraven very curiously, beset with Jasper and Sapphire Stones: the Pommel was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich America brought forth: about the Pommel, was engraven in Letters of Gold, these Verses following.

My Magick spell's remain most firmly bound,
The worlds strange wonders unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise Omondus must fall.

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These verses drave such a conceited imagination into the Champions mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight, by whom the Magromancer should be conquered: There-fore without any further adboisement, he put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormondine: but no sooner did he attempt that vain enterprise, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy sleep, wher by he was forced to let go his hold, & to fall flat upon the barren ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art and his weak senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Magromancer by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate success: who sent from the Enchanted Garden four Spirits, in the similitude and likeness of our beautiful Damfels, which waggd the poor wofle Champion in a sheet of fire Arabian silk, and convey-
ed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a soft bed, more soft then the Down of Culvers: where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormondine, continually kept him sleeping for the rearm of seven years: one while singing with sweet sugared songs, more sweet and delightful then the Syrens Melode: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the sweetness of Arions Harp, which made the Dolphins in the Sea dance at the sound of his sweet inspiring melody: or like the Harmony of Orpheus, when he journeyed down into Hell, where the Devils rejoiced to hear his admired Notes, and on Earth, Trees and Stones leaped when he did but touch the silver strings of his Tragic Harp.

Thus was St. Davids adventure cross with a wonderful bad success, whose aspes travels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavy sleep, which endured un-til seven years were fully finished, where the wile leach St. David to the mercy of the Magromancer Ormondine, & return to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion St. George, where we left him imprisoned in the Souldans Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Christian Champions should

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should meet together again, seeing they be separated into so many borders of the world: First, St. Denis the Champion of France, remaineth now in the Court of Thrasyly with his Lady Eglantine: St. James the Champion of Spain, in the City of Sicily with Celestine the fair Lady of Jerusalem: St. Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the world, in the company of the Thracian Maiden, attyzed in a Pages apparel: St. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after the Italian: St. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland: St. David of Wales sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adjoining to the Kingdom of Tartary: and St. George the Famous Champion of England, imprisoned in Persia: of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I must a while discourse, till the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely achievements.

CHAP. X.

How St. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that hapned to the English Knight, with the Tragical Tale of the Negromancer Ormondine.

NOW seven times had frosty winter covered both herbs and flowers with snow, and beung the Earth with crystal Ricles: seven times had Lady Ver beautified every field with Natures Ornaments: and seven times had withered Autumn robbed the Earth of spring flowers, since the unfortunate St. George beheld the cheerful light of heaven, but liued obscurely in a dismal Dungeon, by the Shouldean of Persia's commandment, as you heard before in the beginning of the book: his unhappy fortune so discontented his restless thoughts, that a thousand times a year he wisht an end of his life, & a thousand times he cursed the day of his creation: his sighs in number did counterball a heap of sand, whose top might seem to reach vnto the which he daily breasted forth against the walls of the Prison, many times making his humble supplications to the heavens, to redem him from the bale of misery, & many times seeking occasion desperately to abridge his days, & so triumph in his own Tragedy.

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But at last, when seven years were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune, to find in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with Rust, wherewith, with long labour he digged himself a passage through the ground, till he ascended just in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the heavens he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glittering beams he had not seen in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, and to say her wandring course, till he most happily found means to get without the compass of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the Noble Knight being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, and listened where he might hear the voice of People, at the last he heard the Grooms of the Souldans Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Archibement. Whereupon the Noble Champion St. George taking the Iron Engine, wherewith he redeemed himself out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he knew all the Grooms in the Souldans Stable: which being done, he took the strongest Palfrey, and the richest Furniture, with other necessities appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great company to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter open the Gates, for St. George of England is escaped, and hath Murthered the Grooms, in whose pursuit the City is in Arms. Which words the simple Persian beliebed for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his sudden escape.

But by that the purple spotted morning had parted with her gray, and the Suns bright countenance appeared on the Mountain tops, St. George had ridden 20 miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was lighted in the Souldans Palace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Gracia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursuit.

By this time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that

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that he could travel no further, but was constrained to sustain himself with certain wild Cherries instead of Bread, and some Oranges instead of drink, and such faint food as grew by the way as he travelled, where the necessity and want of victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breath forth this pitiful complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharp than the Grook of death, thou art the extreamest punishment that ever man endured; If I were now King of Armenia, and chief Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one siber of brown Bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the Air might be choakt with mists, whereby feathered soul for want of breath might fall, and yield me some succour in this my Famine, and extream penury: or that the Oceans would out-spread their branched Arms, and gather these Sun-burnt Valleys with their treasures, to satisfy my hunger, but O now I see, both Heav'n and Earth, hills and dales, seas and seas, fish and fowls, birds and beasts, and all things under the cope of Heav'n, conspire my utter overthrow: better had it been if I had ended my days in Persia, than here to be famished in the broad world, where all things by nature's appointment are ordained for mans use. Now instead of Courty delicacies, I am forced to eat the Fruits of Trees, and instead of rich Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with morning dew, which nightly falls upon the blades of Grass.

Thus complained St. George, till glistering Phoebus had mounted the top of Heav'n, and drawn the misty vapors from the ground, whereby he might behold the prospects of Grecia, and which way to travel most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Tower, standing upon a Chalky cliff, distant from him some three miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not so far for adventures, but to rest himself after his journey, and to get such victuals as therein he could find to suffice his want.

So setting forward with a speedy pace, the Heavens seemed to smile, and the Birds to sing chirping peals of melody, as though they did prognosticate a fortunate event. The way he found to plain, and the journey so easie, that within half an hour he approached before the said Tower: where upon the Wall stood a most
beast.

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beautiful woman, attired after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her looks being like the Queen of Troy, when she beheld her Palace on fire. The valiant knight Sir George, after he had alighted from his horse, he gave her this courteous salutation.

Lady (said he) for so you seem by your outward appearance. If ever you desired a Traveller, or granted succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one means meat now almost famish. To whom the Lady after a curt'frown of thow, answered in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth she) Passife thee with all speed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Spant, and believeth in Mahomer, and if he once do but understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the gold of higher India, nor the riches of wealthy Babylon can preserve thy life. Not by the honour of my Knight-hood replied Sir George, and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more strong than mighty Hercules, that bore Mountains on his back: here will I either obtain my Dinner or die by his accursed hand.

These words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Spant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to satisfy his hunger in despite of his will: whereat the furious Spant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound sleep, for it was the middle of the day: he took a bar of Iron in his hand, and came down to the Tower Gate. His stature was in height six paces, his head bearded like a Boar, a foot there was betwixt each brow, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of steel, in all his proportion more like a Devil than a man. Which desizmed Ponder so daunted the courage of Sir George, that he prepared himself to death: not through fear of the monstrous Spant, but for hunger & sickness of body: but here God provided for him, and so restored to him his decayed strength, that he endured battle until the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Spant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ran down from his monstrous brows, whereat Sir George got the advantage, and wounded the Spant so cruelly under the throat ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the ground, and so gave end to his life.

After which happy death of the Spants slaughter, the invincible Champion Sir George first gave the honour of his victory unto God in

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in whose power all his fortune consisted. Then entering the Tower, where the Lady presented him with all manner of delicacies and pure wines: but the English Knight, suspecting treachery to be hidden in her proffered courtesie, caused her first to taste of every dish: likewise of his wine, lest some violent person should be therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholesome as nature required, he sufficed his hunger, rested his weary body, and refreshed his Thirst.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady he committed his fortune to a new travel: where his rehid spirits never entertained longer rest, but to the refreshing of himself & his horse, so travelled he through part of Grecia, the confines of Phrygia, and into the borders of Tarrary, within whose Territories he had not long journaled, but he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, where St. David the Champion of Wales had so long slept by Magick art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he stopped Ormondine's sword enclosed in the Enchanted Wood: where after he had read the superstitious written about the Hummel, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a thread of untwisted silk: but when he beheld the glistering brightness of the blade, & the wonderful richness of the Hummel, he accounted the prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more rich than Midas golden Floure: But by that time St. George had circumspically lookt into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismal voice thunder in the Skies, a terrible and mighty rumbling in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Walls rent into pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth Ormondine the Magician with his hair flaring on his head, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legs trembling, and all the rest of his body discomposed, as though Legions of spirits had encompassed him about: he came directly to the moorth English knight that remained still by the Enchanted Wood, from whence he had pulled the Magicians Sword: where after the Necromancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true honor sat enthronized

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nized, & bestowed his poztly Personage, the Image of true Knight-
hood; the which seemed in the Magicians eyes to be the rarest wozt
that ever nature framed: First he took the most ballant and mag-
nantious Champion St. George of England, by the steele Can-
let, and with great humilitie kissed it, then proffering him the cour-
tesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously;
he afterwards conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the
Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by the four
Virgins singing delightful songs, and after setting him a Chair of
Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderful things.

Renowned Knight at Arms (said the Negromancer) I came
to see thee Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendom
in this to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my tale,
for never after this must my tongue speak again: The Knight
which thou saw here wozt in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian
Champion as thou art, sprung from the ancient seed of Trojans
Warriours, who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted
Sword, but my Magick spells to prevaile, that he was intercep-
ted in the enterprise, & forced ever since to remain sleeping in this
Cave: but now the hour is almost come of his recovery, which by
the must be accomplished: thou art that adventurous Champion,
whose invincible hand must finish up my detested life: and send my
slinging soul to draw the fatal Chariot upon the banks of burning
Acheron: for my time was limited to remain no longer in this
Enchanted Garden, but till that from the Fozt should come a
Knight that should pull this sword from the Enchanted Rock,
which thou happily hast now performed; therefore I know my
time is Fozt, and my hour of destiny at hand. What I report,
wilt thou hearken to, for the time will come when this discourse
shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things:
First, that thou take to wife a pure Maid: Next, that thou erect
a Monument over thy Fathers Grave: and Lastly, that thou contin-
ue a professed Foe to the enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing arms
in the honour & praise of thy Country. These things being truly
and fully observed, thou shalt attain such honour, that all King-
doms of Christendom shall admire thy dignity: what I speak is
upon no vain imagination, sprung from a freneticke brain, but pro-
nounced by the mystical and deep art of Negromancy.

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These words were no sooner ended, but the most honourable fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to describe his passed fortunes, and by what means he came to be Governour of the Enchanted Garden.

To tell the discourse of my own life (Replied Ormondine) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance of which will rend my very soul: but yet most noble Knight to fulfil thy request, I will force my tongue to declare what my heart denies to utter: Therefore prepare thine ear to entertain the wofullest tale that ever tongue delivered. And so after Sir George had sat a while silent, expecting his discourse, the Magician spoke as followeth.

The woful and Tragical discourse, pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, of the misery of his Children.

I was in former time, (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the King and only commander of Scythia, my name Ormondine, graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom nature had not only made beautiful, but replenisht them with all gifts that art could devise: the elder whose name was Castria, the fairest Maid that ever Scythia brought forth, her eyes like flaming torches, so dazzled her beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they conjured them to admire her beauty: amongst a number of Knights that were ensnared in her love, there was one Floridon, Son to the King of Armenia, equal to her in all ornaments of Nature, a lovelier couple never trod on earth, or graced any Princes Court in the whole world.

This Floridon so fervently burned in affection with the admired Castria, that he lusted after her Virginitie, and practised both by policy and fair promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his own destruction: for upon a time when y manes of dark night had closed in the light of Heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this Floridon entered Castria's lodging, furthered by the Chamber-maid, to her hard hap, he cropped the bud of sweet Virginitie, and left such a pain within her womb, that before many daies were expired her shame began to appear, and the dejected Lady was constrained to reveal her mind to Floridon: who in the mean time had betrothed himself to my younger Daughter, whose name was Marcilla, no less beautiful

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beautified with natures gift than her elder Sister, but when this unconstant Floridon perceived that her belly began to grow big with the burthen of his unhappie seed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her dish, calling her Trumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himself never to have committed any such infamous deed, protesting he eber scorned to link in womans bands, and counted Chamber lobe a deadly sting, and a deep infection to the honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind speeches drove Castria into such extream passion of mind, that she with a shamefull look and blusfull cheeks, after this manner revealed her sorrows unto him :

What knows not Floridon (quoth the Lady) her, whom his Lust hath stained with dishonour ? See, see, unconstant Knight, the pledge of faithles Vows, behold the Womb where springs thy lively Image ; behold this mark which stains my Fathers ancient house, and sets a shameface't blush upon my cheeks, alwayes when I behold the company of chaste Virgins : dear Floridon shadow this my shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a by-word to the World, nor that this my Babe in time to come, be termed a base-born Child : remember what plighted Promises, what Vows and Protestations past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, and be not like the furious Tygers that repay love with despite.

At which words Floridon with a wrathfull countenance, replied in these words :

Exigentous and shameles creature (quoth he) with what brazen face darest thou out-brave me thus ? I tell thee Castria my love was eber set to follow Arms, to hear the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet dance, like Priams Son, before the lustful eyes of Menelaus Wife : Therefore be gone, disturbing Trumpet, go sing thy harsh melody in company of Night-Birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous shame.

Which reproachfull speeches being no sooner ended, but Floridon departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind look : whereat the distressed Lady being oppressed with intolerable grief, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last, recovering her senses, she began anew to complain.

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I that was wont (quoth she) to walk with troops of Maids much
now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and seek some
secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewail my lost
Virginitie: If I return unto my Father he will refuse me, if to my
friends, they will be ashamed of me, if to Strangers, they will
scorn me: if to my Floridon, Oh he denypeth me, and accounts my
sight as ominous as the baleful Crocodiles. O that I might in the
shape of a Bird, or like the ravished Philomela, fill every Wood and
Wilderness with my dishonour, for now I am neither chaste Virginitie
nor honest wife, but a shameless Strumpet, and the world is
scorn: whereat methinks, I see how vertuous and chaste Maidens
point and term me a vicious Dame. O unconstant Floridon, thou
didst promise to shadow this fault with Marriage, but now how
I see are vain: thou hast forsaken me, and tyed thy faith unto my
Sister Marcilla, who must enjoy thy love, because she continues
chaste without any spot of dishonour. Oh, too to thee unconstant
Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived me, and thy glosing tongue
enticed me to commit that sin, which all the Ocean streams can
never wash away: why stand I relating thus in vain? the deed is
done, and Floridon will triumph in the spoil of my Virginitie, while
he lies dallying in my Sisters Arms: Nay, first the fatal lights of
funerals shall mask about his Marriage bed, and his bridal blaze
I'll quench with blood: for I will go unto their Marriage Cham-
ber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Womb be-
fore she shall enjoy the interest of my Bed: rage heart, instead of
love delight in murder, let vengeance be ever in thy thoughts
till thou hast quencht with blood the fires of dishonourable love.

Thus complained the woful Castris, robing up and down the
Court of Scythia, until the Mistress of the Night had spent five
months: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of Flori-
don, and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof proved an end-
less terror to her heart, and of more intolerable burthen, than the
pains of her Womb: the which she girded in so extremely for fear
of suspicion, and partly under colour to bring about her intended
tragedy, which was in this bloody and execrable manner accom-
plished and brought about.

The day at last came, whereon Floridon and Marcilla should tie
that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Princes and Potentates of

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Scythia were all present to see Hymens Holy Rites : in which Honourable assembly, none were more buſie than Caſtria, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no ſooner performed, and the day ſpent in pleaſures ſitting the honour of ſo great and mighty a train, but Caſtria requested the uſe of the Country, which was this, that the firſt night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin ſhould lie with the Bride, which honourable taſk was committed to Caſtria : who provided againſt the hour appointed a ſilber Bodkin, and hid it ſecretly in the treamels of her hair, wherewith ſhe intended to proſecute revenge. The Brides lodging Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, leſt the noiſe of the people ſhould hinder her quiet ſleep.

But at laſt when the hour of her wiſhes approached, that the Bride ſhould take leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new Married Floridon in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet reſt, little miſtruſting the bloody purpoſe of her Sisters mind.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her deſires. The Ladies and Gentlewomen were no ſooner departed, and ſilence taken poſſeſſion of the whole Court, but Caſtria with her own hand locked the Chamber Door, and ſecretly conveyed the Keys under the beds head, not perceived by the betrayed Marcilla : which poor Lady after ſome ſpeeches departed to bed ; where in ſhe was no ſooner laid, but a heavy ſleep overmaſtered her ſenſes, wherewith her tongue was forced to bid her Sister good-night, who as then ſat diſcontented by her bad ſide, watching the time wherein ſhe might conveniently act the bloody Tragedy : upon a Court-Cupboard ſtood two burning Tapers, that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit ſeemed to burn blue : which fatal ſpectacle encouraged her to a more ſpeedy performance : and by the light of the two lamps ſhe unbrazed her Veſtures, and ſtrippt her ſelf into her milk-white Smock, having not ſo much upon her head, as a Coul to hold up her golden hair : after this ſhe took her ſilber Bodkin, that beſore ſhe had ſecretly hidde in her hair, and with a wrathful countenance, (upon whose brow ſat the image of pale death) ſhe came to her new Married Sister, being then overcome with a heavy ſumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender breaſt : who immediately at the ſtroke thereof ſtarted

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started from her sleep, and gave such a piteifull shriek, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far from the hearing of company, except her bloody minded Sister, whose hand was ready to redouble her fury, with a second stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the Sheets and ornaments of her bed stained with purple goze, and from her breast ran streams of crimson blood, which like to a fountain trickled from her bosome, she breathed forth this cruel exclamation against the cruel p of Castria.

O Sister (quoth she) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody mind ! what fury hath incens'd thee thus to commit my Tragedy ? In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my tongue off-nded thee ? What cause hath been occasion, that thy remorseless hand against nature, hath converted my ioyful Nuptials to a woful Funeral ? This is the cause (Replied Castria, and therewithal shew'd her Tomb, grown big through the burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my hands in thy detested blood.

See, see, Marcilla (said she) the unhappy bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath toun his fied by which my Virgins honour is for ever stained, this is the spot which thy heart blood must wash away, and this is the shame that nothing but death shall finish : therefore a sweet revenge, and a perfect murder likewise will I commit upon my self, whereby my loathed soul in company of my unborn babe shall wander with my Ghost along the Syrgan Lakes.

Which words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own breast, whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together : but now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing towards death, she wofully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw near (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you i broydered Girls, you lovely Ladies, and flourishing Dames of Scythia, behold her woful end, whose glories mounted to the Elements, behold my Marriage bed, here beautified with Tapestry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave attie to Earthly Mould, and my Princely Palaces, to Elyzium shades, being appointed for those Dames that lived and dyed true Virgins, for now I feel the pains of Death closing my livers windows, and my heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come Floridon,

come,

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come instead of Arms, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosom I may breath thy murdered Ghost. World fare thou well, I was too proud of my enticing pleasures: thy Princely pomp and all thy glistring Ornament s, I must for ever bid adieu. Father, farewell, withal my masking Train of Courty Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen: my Death I know will make thy Palace deaths gloomy Regiment: and last of all, farewell my noble Floridon, for thy sweet sake Marcilla here is murdered.

At the end of which words, the Dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale death seized upon her lifeless body, but Castria through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertain the stroke of her fatal Sisters, who also complained in this manner: Hearken to me you loving Girls, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endless grief, dismal and false love breeds in constant minds, the thought whereof is so intolerable to my soul, that it exceeds the torments of Danaus daughters, which continually fill toster in bottomless Tubs in Hell. Oh that my ears had neber listned to his sugared speeches, nor neber known what Courty pleasures meant, where beauty likes a bait for ebery lustful eye: but rather to have libed a Country Life, where sweet content is harboured, and beauty shrouded under true humilitie, then had not Floridon bereaved me of my sweet virginity, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruel murder: But Oh! I feel my soul passing into Elyzium shades were Cressus shadow and Didoes Ghost have their abdings: thither doth my spirit flie, to be entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murdered: Thus Castria not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grieuous sigh and so had adieu to the world.

Now when the morning Sun had chased away the darksome night, Floridon who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber door, with a consort of Skillful Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the walls, and Floridons morning salutations were spent in vain: for death so kept the two Princesses eers, that no resound of thanks at all re-answered his words, which caused Floridon to depart, thinking them to be asleep, and to return within an hour after, who without any company came to the Chamber-door, where he again found

all

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all silent: at which suspecting some future event, he burst open the Door, where being no sooner entered, but he found the two Ladies, weltring in their own goze: which woful spectacle presently so bereaved him of his wits, that like a franticke man he raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complained.

O Immortal powers open the woful gates of Heaben, and in your justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath spured two of the best Ladies that ever nature framed, rebibe sweet Dames of Scythia, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest wretch that ever spake with a tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my life and libe, or if my heart might dwell within your breasts, this hand shall equally divide it: but words I see are vain, and my proffer cannot purchase life nor recover your breathing spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall untwine my fatal twist, and bereave my bloody breast of life, whereby my happy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfes, through burning Lakes, and through the torring shades of dreadfull Cocytus: gape, gape, sweet earth, and in thy womb make all our Tombs together.

Which woful Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his forowful breast, but he finished his dayes, by the stroke of that same accursed bodkin that was the bloody instrument of the two Sisters death, the which he found still remaining in the remorseless hand of Castia.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of these of the most goodliest Personages that ever nature framed: but now with diligent ears listen to the unfortunate discourse of mine own misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the flying news of my murdered Princesses to my ears, but I grew into such a discontented passion that I abandoned myself from company of people, and sat for seven months in a solitary passion, lamenting the loss of my Children, like weeping Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time the report of Floridons unhappy Tragedy was brought to his Fathers ears, being the sole King of Armenia: whose grief so exceeded the bounds of reason, that with all convenient speed he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make, and in revenge of his sons murder, entered my Territories, and with

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which his well approved Warriours subdued my Provinces, slough-
ted my Souldiers, conquered my Captains, flew my Commons,
burnt my Cities, and left my Country all Rages desolate, where,
when I beheld my Country over-spread with Plagues, Fire, and
Blood, three intestine plagues, wherewith Heavens scourgeth the
sins of the wicked, I was forced to safeguard my life, to forsake
my native habitation, Kings Government, only committing my
Fortune (like a banisht exile) to wander in unknown passages,
where care was my chief companion, and discontent my only
solliciter: at last it was my destiny to arrive in this unhappy
place, which I supposed to be the walks of despair, where I had
not remained many dayes in my melancholy passions, but me-
thought the many jaws of deep Avernus opened, from whence
ascended a most fearful Devil, that inticed me to bequeath my
fortune to his disposing, and he would defend me from the fury of
the whole world: to which I presently condescended upon some
assurance, then presently he placed before my face this Enchanted
sword, so surely closed in stone, that it should never be pulled out,
but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that task was per-
formed, I should be exempt from all danger, although all the
Kingdoms of the Earth assailed me: which task (most adventurous
Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the hour of
my death approaching, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This discourse pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine,
was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion St. George
heard such a roaring in the skies, & such a lumbzing in the earth,
that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his
eyes off he, he saw the Enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Cham-
pion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein he had re-
mained seven years: who like one risen from a swoond, for a time
stood speechless, not able to utter one word, till he beheld the Noble
Champion of England, that sedately gazed upon the Negromancer:
who at the banishment of the Enchantment, presently gave a most
terrible groan and dyed.

The two Champions after many courteous embracings and kind
greetings, reheated each to other the strange adventures they had
passed. Sir David told how he was bound by the oath of Knight-
hood, to perform the adventure of Ormondine: whereupon Saint
George

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George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Negro-mancers Head into the hands of St. David, the which he presently dismembered from his body. But here must my weary Muse leave St. David travelling with Ormondines head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to St. George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

CHAP. XI.

How St. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmoore King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of the Lyon, and what hapned to him in the same adventure.

Saint George, after the recovery of Saint David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his journey toward Christendom, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Country England, upon whose Chalky Cliffs he had not trod in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his journey to a fortunate success, he travelled through many a dangerous Country: where the people were not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of wickedness, but the soil greatly annoyed with wild beasts, through which he could not well travel without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen People, if occasion should serve, and in the other hand a bright blaze of fire, to defend him from the fury of wild beasts, if by violence they assailed him.

Thus in extreame danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion St. George till he arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Country he purposed for a time to remain, and to seek for some Noble achievement, whereby his fame might be increased, and his honoured name ring through all the Kingdoms of the world: and being encouraged with this princely agitation, the Noble Champion of England, climbed to the top of a huge Mountain: where he unlocked his beaver, which before had not been
lifted

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issed up in many a day, and beheld the wide and spacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adozned with many goodly Palaces. But amongst the number of the Towers, and Cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in Situation and brave buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefeest City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place St. George intended to travel, not to furnish himself with any needful thing, but to accomplish some honourable adventure, whereby his worthy deeds might be eternalized in the Books of memory. So after he had descended from the top of the steep Mountain and had-travelled in a low Valley about some two or three miles, he approached an old and almost ruined Hermitage over-grown with Moss, and other weeds, before the Entry of which Hermitage sat an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightness upon the Hermits face, that his white Beard seemed to glister like silver, and his Head to exceed the whiteness of the Northern Asicles: to whom after St. George had given that due reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he-travelled to, and under what King the Countrey was Governed: To whom the courteous Hermit thus Replied:

Most Noble Knight, for so I guess you are, by your furniture and outward appearance, you are now in the Confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Government of Almidor, the black King of Morocco, in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many gallant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the Noble Champion of England suddenly started as though he had intelligence of some baseful news, which deeply discontented his Princely mind: his heart was presently incensed with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extremely thirsted after Almidors Tragedy, that he could scarce answer again to the Hermits words: But bridling his fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner:

Grave Father (said he) through the Treachery of that accursed King, I endured seven years imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extream misery; but if I had my good sword

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Sword Askalon, and my trusty Palfrey which I left in the Egyptian Court, where remains my betruied Lobe, the Kings Daughter of Egypt, I would be abenged upon the head of Almidor, werz his Guards moze strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes dzank Kibers dzp. **Why** said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings daughter of Egypt, is Queen of Barbary, and since her Ruptials were solemnly perfozmed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Country England (replied S. George) the place of my Natibity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall neber close, this undaunted heart neber entertain one thought of peace, noz this unconquered hand receiue one minutes rest, untill I habe obtained a sight of the sweet Princess for whose sake I habe endured so long imprisonment & therefoze dear Father be thus kind to a Traveller, as to exchange thy clothing for this my rich Furniture and lusty Steed, which I bzought from the Souldan of Persi, for in the habit of a Palmer I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspicion: otherwize I must needs be constrained by violence with my trusty Fauchion, to make way into her Princely Palace: where I know she is attended on most carefullly, by a many Gallant and Courageous Knights: therefoze courteously delibere me thy Permits Colours, and I will giue to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Box of costly Jewels: which when the grabe Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possible make, exchanged apparel, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with St. Georges furniture, and S. George in the Palmers apparel towards the City of Tripoly, who no sooner came to the sumptuous buildings of the Court, but he espied a hundzed poze Palmers kneeling at the Gate. to whom S. George spake in this manner, not with lofty and Heroical speeches, befeeming a Princely Champion, but with meek and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My dear bzerhzen (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, oz what expect you from his honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Alms, which the Queen once a day hath giben this seven years, for the sake of an English Knight named S. George, whom she affecteth above all the Knights in the world: but when will this be giben, said S. George?

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In the afternoon (replyed the Palmers) until which time upon our bended knees we hourly pray for the good fortune of that most Noble English Knight. Which speeches so pleased the Valiant minded Champion St. George, that he thought every minute a whole year till the golden Sun had past away the middle part of Heaven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, St. George of England, one while remembering the extreme misery he endured in Persia, for her sake, whereat he let fall many Crystal tears from his eyes; another while thinking upon the terrible Battel he had with the burning Dragon in Egypt, where he redeemed her from the fatal jaws of death: at last it was his chance to walk about the Court, beholding the sumptuous buildings, and the curious engraven works by the atchievement of man, beheld upon the glistering windows: where he heard to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly voice of his beloved Sabra, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Palace, where she warbled forth this sorrowful dittie upon her Xboze lute.

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,

Die all desires of Princely Royalty,

Die all desires and worldly treasures,

Die all desires of stately Majesty:

Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,

For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,

O that my tongue might evermore complain,

O that my soul might in his bosom sleep,

For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in pain:

In woe I sing with brinish tears besprent,

Out-worn with grief, consum'd with discontent.

In time my sighs will dim the Heavens fair light,

Which hourly flie from my tormented breast,

Except Saint George that Noble English Knight,

With

seven Champions of Christendom.

With safe return abandon my unrest :
Then careful crys shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping tears, for smiling joy.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And Crown'd me Queen my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despite of them shall flourish still,
Bear witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For Georges sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowful Dittie being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his ears to entertain her sweet tuned melody the second time: but it was in vain, whereat he grew in more perplexed passions, than Aeneas, when he had lost his beloved Creusa amongst the Army of the Gæcians: sometimes wishing the day to banish in a moment, that the hour of her benevolence might approach, other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, and long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thisbes, her chastity to Diana's; and her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent he the time away; till the glorious Sun began to decline the Western parts of the earth, when the Palaces Lights receiv'd her wonted benevolence: Against which time, the English Champion placed himself in the midst of them, that expected the wished hour of her coming, who at the time appointed came to the Palace Gate, attired in mourning Vesture like Polyxena King Priams Daughter, when she went to sacrifice, her hair after a careless manner hung waivering in the wind, almost changed from yellow burnisht brightness, to the colour of silver, through her long continued sorrow and grief of heart. Her eyes seemed to have wept seas of tears, and her wonted beauty (to whose fairness all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yield obedience) was now stain'd with the pearled dew that trickled down her cheeks: where after the sorrowful Queen had justly number'd the Palaces, and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of Saint George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from white

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white to red, as though the Lilly and the Rose had strove for superiority: but yet colouring her cogitations under a smooth brow, first delivered her Hints to the Palmers, then taking S. George aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both in Princely countenance and courteous behaviour, that thrice honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven years: his name is St. George, his fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Country to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled on steel Helm: therefore for his sake will I grace thee with the chiefest honour in this Court, instead of thy Rustie Gaberdin I will cloath thee in purple silk, and instead of thy Ebon staff thy hand shall wield the richest Sword, that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion S. George replied in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Achievements and magnanimous Adventures of that honoured English Knight, which you so dearly affected, bruited through many Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady he hath endured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looked to return, but to spend the remnant of his days in lasting misery: at which the Queen let fall from her eyes such a Show of pearled tears, and sent such a number of strained sighs from her grieved heart, that her sorrow seemed to exceed the Queens of Carthage, when she had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowful moans to smiling joy: and so casting off his Palmers weed, acknowledged himself to the Queen, and therewithal shewed the half King whereon was engraven this Verse, Ardeo Affectione: which King in former time, (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to be kept in remembrance of their plighted Faiths.

Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous Sabra, and her joy so exceeded the bounds of reason, that she could not speak one word, but was constrained through her new conceived pleasure, to breath a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosom, who like a true ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving kiss, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their souls, Sabra how she continued for his love

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Iobe a pure Virgin, though the secret vertue of a golden Chain
stept in Tiggers blood, the which she wore seven times double about
her Boyz neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her
Husbands stables, where stood his approb'd Palfrey, which she
for seven years had fed with her own hands: who no sooner espied
y return of his Master, but betwas more proud of his presence, than
Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully re-
turned in triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princess Sabra) that thou
mayest seal up the quittance of our former lobes: therefore with all
convenient speed take thy approb'd Palfrey, and thy trusty Sword
Askalon which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with
all celerity conuey me from this unhappie Country: for the King
my Husband with all his aduenturous Knights, are now rode
forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if thou
stay till his return, it is not a hundreo of the hardiest Knights in the
world can bear me from this accursed Palace. At which word Saint
George having a mind graced with all excellent vertues, Replyed
in this manner:

Thou knowest my diuine Mistress, that for thy love I would
endure as many dangers, as Jason suffered in the Isle of Colchis, so
I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginity, For how is it
possible thou canst remain a pure Maid, when thou hast been a Crown-
ed Queen these seven years, and every night hast entertained a King
into thy Bed?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou
canst say or do, send me back hither again unto my foe, whose
Bed I count more loathsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight
more ominous than the Crocodile. As for the Morocco Crown,
which by force of friends was set upon my head, I wish that it
might be turned into a blaze of quenchless fire, so it might not
endanger my body: and for the name of Queen I account it a blem-
ish title; for I had rather be the English Lady, than the greatest
Empress in the world.

At which speeches St. George willingly condescended, and with
all speed purposed to go into England: and therewithal sealed an
assurance with as sweet a kiss, as Paris gave to Iobely. Helena
when she consented to forsake her Native Country, and
to

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to trabel from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. So losing no time, lest delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her self with sufficient treasure, and speedily delibered to St. George his trusty Sword, which she had kept seven years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his approved Steed, who no sooner received her proffered gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian Monarchy, but presently he saddled his horse, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the mean time, Sabra through fair speeches and promises, obtained the good will of an Egiptian, that was appointed for her Guard in the Kings absence, to accompany them in their trabel, and to serbe as a trusty guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady stood ready at the Champions commandment: who no sooner had furnished himself with habiliments of War, belonging to so dangerous a journey, but he set his belov'd Spurrise upon a gentle Palfrey, which always kneeled down till she had ascended the Saddle, and likewise her Cushion was mounted upon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture, with costly Jewels and other Treasure was bozn.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the guide of fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing enemies, which at the Kings return from hunting followed again to every Port and Haven, that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the confines of Christendom: but kind destiny so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories of Europe, they were cast upon the fruitful Banks of Græcia: in which Country we must tell what hapned to the three Travellers, and omit the vain pursuit of the Morocco Knights, the warthful melancholy of the King, and the bzuzed rumour that was amongst the Commons of the Queens departure, who caused the larum bells to be rung out, and the Beacons set on fire, as though the Camp had entred their Country.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, Report what unlucky crosses hapned to these three Travellers in the Confines of Græcia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for when they had journeyed some three or four leagues ober many a lousy hill, they came nigh unto a mighty and vast wilderness, through which the ways seemed

seven Champions of Christendom.

To long and the sun-beams so exceedingly scorched, that Sibra lost
 for weariness in Trabel, and the extreme heat of the day, was con-
 strained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oak, whose branches
 had not been lost in many a year: where she had not long remained,
 but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that was
 but a little before as fair as any Ladies in the world, began to
 change for want of a little drink: whereat the most famous
 Champion St. George half dead with very grief, comforted her as
 well as he could, after this manner:

Faint not my dear Lady (said he) here is that good Sword that
 once preserved thee from the burning Dragon; and before thou shalt
 die for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the
 Wilderness; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy
 hungry stomach, or make my Tomb in the bowels of some monstrous
 Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company
 of thy faithful Eunuch, till I return either with the flesh of some
 wild Deer, or else some flying Bird to refresh thy spirits for a new
 Travel.

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy
 of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderness till he
 espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which company he singled out
 the fairest, and like a tripping Sartyr, coursed her to death: then
 with a keen edged Sword cut out the goodliest Panche of Venison
 that ever hunters eye beheld; which gift he supposed to be most
 welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his ab-
 sence to the two weary travellers abiding under the Tree: where
 after St. George's departure, they had not long sitten discour-
 sing; one while of their long journey, another while of their
 safe delivery from the Blackamoz King, spending the stealing
 time away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out
 of a thicket two huge and monstrous Lyons, which came directly
 pacing towards the two travellers: which fearful spectacle when
 Sibra beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extreme fear of
 death, wholly committed her soul into the hands of God, and her
 body almost famished for Food to suffice the hunger of the two
 furious Lyons: who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered
 not so much as to lay their wrathful Paws upon the smallest
 part of her Garment, but with eager mood assailed the Eunuch

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until they had huried his body in the empty haules of their hungry Bowels: then with their Teeth largely imbrued with blood, rent the Eunuches dead into small pieces: which being done, they came to the Lady which sat quaking half dead with fear, and like two Lambs couched their heads upon her lap, where with her hands he stroked down their bristled hairs, nor daring almost to breathe, till a heavy sleep had over-mastered their furious senses, by which time the Princely minded Champion Sir. George returned with a piece of Menison upon the point of his Sword: who at that unexpected sight stood in a maze, whether it was best to rise for safeguard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last the love of his Lady encouraged him to a forwardness, whom he beheld quaking before the dismal gates of Death: So laying down his Menison, like a victorious Champion heebed his appoobed Fauchion most furiously in the bowels of one of the Lyons. Sabra kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him: which adventure being performed, he first thanked heaven for the victory, and then in this kind manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity: for it is the nature of a Lyon, be he never so furious, not to hurt the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens lap. Therefore, divine Reason, thou art the Worlds chief wonder for Love and Chastity, whose honoured vertues shall ring as far as Phebus sends his light, and whose constancy I will maintain in every Land where I come, to be the trust under the Circuit of the Sun: At which words he cast his eyes aside and beheld the bloody spectacle of the Eunuches Tragedy, which by Sabras too sensibly discoursed, to the great grief of Sir. George, where he stood as heebed for a doleful knell to bewail his untimely death: but having a Noble mind not subject to vain sorrows, where all hope of life is past, crased his grief, and prepared the Menison in readiness for his Ladies rest, which in this order was dressed. He had in his Border a fire-lack, where with he struck fire and kindled it with Sun-burnt Moss, and encreased the flame with other dry wood which he gathered in the wilderness: against which they roasted the Menison, & sufficed themselves to their own contentments. After which joyful repast, these two Princely Persons

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the honourable services, and delicious Cheer that beautified the Emperours Raptials, with the rarely Pass and Courty Dances performed by many Noble Personages; and chiefly discourse of the insigntly Achievements of the seven Champions of Chastity, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deserved a golden Pen to relate: for after some few days spent in Chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaimed a solemn Jousting to be holden for the space of seven days, in the honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chief Champions the seven Christian Knights; whose names as then were not known by any one except their own attendants.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin the Emperour caused a wonderful large frame of Timber-work to be erected: whereon the Emperour and his Lady might stand for the better view of the Lists, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters most nobly performed in the honour of their Mistresses: likewise in the compass of the Lists were pitched seven Tents of seven several colours, whereon the seven Champions might remain, till the sound of the Silver Trumpets summoned them to appear.

Thus every thing prepared in readiness, sitting so great a Nobility, the Princess and Ladies placed in their seats, the Emperour with his new married Empress inhabited on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred Armed Knights, the Kings Heraulds solemnly proclaimed the Turnaments, which in this most Royal manner began.

The first day, St. Dennis of France was appointed chief Champion against all comers, who was called by the title of the golden Knight; who at the sound of the Trumpets entered the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Parigold, upon the top an artificial Sun framed, that seemed to beautifie the whole assembly: his horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rode a Page in purple silk, bearing upon his cross the golden Floure de lices, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royal manner entered St. Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole company, he prepared himself in readiness to begin the Turnament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were fol-

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led by the French Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all the beholders: but to be brief, he so worthily behaved himself, and with such fortitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the best knight in the world.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the dark evening caused y^e knights to break off company, and repair to their night's repose. And the next morning no sooner did Phoebus shew his splendid brightness but the King of Herald's under the Emperour, with a noise of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the second days exercises. The chief Champion appointed for that day, was the victorious knight Sir James of Spain: which after the Emperour and Emperess had seated themselves with a stately train of beautiful Ladies, entered the lists upon a Spanish Jennet betrayed with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours Throne, his Tent was pitched, which was of the colour of Quick-silver, whereon was portrayed many fine devices: before the Tent attended four Squires, bearing four several Devices in their hands, whereon were curiously painted the four Elements: likewise he had the title of the Silver Knight, who behaved himself no less worthily of all Princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. The third day Sir Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the colour of the Sun, his hauberk furnished with costly habiliments, his Armour after the Barbarian manner, his shield plated round about with steel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a field of blue, which signified the ancient Arms of Rome: likewise he had the title of the Azure Knight, whose matchless Chivalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian knights, to the great rejoicing of his Lady Rosalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter that still remained in Prison, whereto (for the dear love she bore to Sir Anthony) disquieted he stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be related. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the halcyon and worthy knight Sir Andrew of Scotland obtained the honour, as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a ship swimming upon the waves of the sea, surrounded about with Dolphins, Tritons, & many strange creatures

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Warlike & upon the top of the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson Silk a corner Cross, which seemed to be his Countie's Arms: he was called the red Knight, because his horse was covered with a bloody hail, his worthy achievements obtained such labour in the Emperours eyes, that he chose him his Silver Spurrer, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, where after his Noble Conquests he enjoyed a short repose. The fifth day St. Patrick of Ireland, a chief Champion entered the Lists upon an Irish Hobby, covered with a hail of green, attended on by six hundred Knights, every one bearing upon his shoulder a blooming Iris, the Tent resembled a Summers Tower, at the entry whereof stood the pillars of Flora, beautified with a breath of sweet smelling Roses: he was named the green Knight, whose worthy exploits so daunted the defendants, that before the Tournament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the sixth day, the Heroical and noble minded Champion of Wales obtained such labour as the Emperours found that he himself was chief Challenger, who entered the Lists upon a Tartarian Horse covered with a hail of black, to signify a black and Tragical day should befall to those Graecian Knights that durst appohe his invincible fortitude; his Tent was pitched in the manner and form of a Castle, on the sixth day of the Lists, before the entry whereof hung a golden shield, whereon was finely engraven a Father with a sword, and a golden Helmet, which signified the ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely achievements not only obtained due commendation at the Emperours hands, but of the whole assembly of the Graecian Knights, whereunto they applauded him to be the most noble Knight that ever inhabited France, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entered in the Graecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these honourable Tournaments, our most Noble predecessour the Ambus and Mostant Knight of Arms, Sir George of England, an chief Challenger, entered the Lists upon a Saharoloured Horse, deckt with hairs of burnt orange, his face beautified with a gorgeous Mask of Purple, and Ruby, of which were set many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Indian Steel fasted fast together with Silver plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, and Jasper Stones,

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Gones: before his Breast-plate hung a Silver Table in a damask Scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field bearing three golden Crowns upon his head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Peggers: where in his beloved Lady and Mistress Sabra sat invested upon a Silver Globe, to behold the Heroical encounters of her most Noble, and magnanimous Champion St. George of England: his Tent was as white as the Romans Fearbers, glistering against the Sun, supported by four joyntless Elephants framed of the purest Brass, about his Helmet he tyed a wreath of Virgins hair, where hung his Ladies Globe which he wore to maintain her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth: these costly Habilliments ravished the beholders with such unspeakable pleasure, that they stood gazing at his furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his victorious encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Lamer of that seven headed Monster that clambred to the Elements, offering to pull Jupiter from his Throne. His Armed never gave encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled horse and man to the ground, where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Tournaments dured for that day, from the Suns rising, till the cole-black evening star appeared, in which time he conquered the hundred of the valiant Knights then living in Asia, and ordered a thousand Lances, to the wonderful admiration of the beholders.

Thus were the seven days brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, in reward of whose Noble achievements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly valued knightly proceedings, gave them a Golden Tree with seven branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Toward which the Prize they conveyed to St. Georges Pavilion, where in dividing the branches the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so rejoiced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of meeting, the joyfuller day that ever they beheld. But now after the Tournaments were fully ended, the Knights rested themselves some few daies, recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of pleasure, not appearing in glistering Armour before the King, nor wearing the

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loud sounding Drums and silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their ears, no pleasant Banquets to radish their senses, nor no curious Dances to please their eyes. Sabra he was the Mistress of the rebels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in fairness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty night, and when she danced, she seemed like Thetis tripping on the silver sands, with whom the Sun did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins & in former time lived in the shape of Swans, which were as beautiful Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Emperors, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous conceits: other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banquetting, Rebellling, Dancing, and such like pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certain netow of open Wars proclaimed against all Christendom, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperours Palace, a hundred Heraulds of a hundred several Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdoms, by these words.

We the high and mighty Emperours of Asia and Africa, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by general consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdomes of Christendom, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First, the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Palace, by an English Champion: Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Almidor the black King of Mozambique in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: the great Governour of Abyssinia, in re-
venge

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venge of his Daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Jerusalem, in revenge of his Daughter taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his Son Count Palatine, slain by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: The Arabian Monarch, in revenge of his vain Travel after his seven Daughters now in keeping of certain Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all Kingdoms from the further parts of Pesters Johns Dominions to the borders of the Red Seas, have set down their hands and seals to be siders in this bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination, and thereupon gave speedy commandment to muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to join with the Pagans; to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendom: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane judgement pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the Pagan entertainment: so after due considerations the Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies who chose rather to live in their Husbands bosomes, than with their misbelieving Parents: where after some few days they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugal, in which Haven they holwed by the honour of true Knighthood, to meet again within six months ensuing, there to conspyn all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: St. George into England, St. Dennis into France, St. James into Spain, St. Anthony into Italy, St. Andrew into Scotland, St. Patrick into Ireland, St. David into Wales: whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many years before: where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired: but to speak of the mustering up of Soldiers in every Christian Kingdom, and what strength arrived at the appointed time in the Bay of Portugal, shall be discoursed in the sequel of this History, and how troublesome Wars overspread the whole earth, where the Heroical deeds of these noble Champions shall be largely described: Also the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Towns and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-wealths: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the heavens will mourn, to see the

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fusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murdered Infants, the heaps of slaughtered Damfels trampled to pieces by Souldiers Hoyle, & the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend Age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow & kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroical Champions.

CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troos in the Bay of Portugal: the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to the Souldiers.

AFTER the seven Champions of Christendom arrived in their native Countries, and by true reports had blazed abroad to every Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of Africa and Asia had mustered up their forces to the Invasion of Europe: all Christian Kings then at ventry of the Champions appointed mighty Armies of well appointed Souldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Likewise by the whole consent of Christendom, the noble and fortunate Champion of England S. George, was appointed chief General, and principal Leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were Elected for his Council, and ablest Assistants in all attempts that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or furtherance of their Fortunate proceedings.

This honourable War so fired the hearts of many youthful Gentlemen and so encouraged the minds of every common Souldier, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these honourable Wars: and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a General, as the renowned Champion of England, and to spend their blood in the just quarrel of their native Country. To be brief, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with Troops of Souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyful sound of thundring Drums, and the Echoes of Silver Trump-

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Crumpets summoned them to Arms; that followed with as much willingness as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the Trojan birthplace of Troy; for by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the bosoms of their kind Mistresses; the forward Captains taken their Courtly pastimes, and the willing Soldiers had adieu to their friends and acquaintance, the Spring had covered the earth with a new Liver: which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugal, there to join their several Troops into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adieu to their native Countries, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hoist up Sables, where after a short time, the wind with a calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugal.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the Noble Champion St. George, with an hundred thousand courageous English, Soldiers, whose forwardness betokened a fortunate success, and their willing minds a joyful victory. His Army set in battle array, seemed to counterball the number of the Macedonian Soldiers, where with worthy Alexander conquered the western World: his Horsemen being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Coats: their Lances bound about with Plates of steel, their Swords covered with Mail three times double: their Colours were the sanguine Cross, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Footmen, whose conquering gray Coat was in former times hath terrified the circled earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Gambellans, with caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine cross, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bows of the strongest Pew, and their arrows of the soundest ash, with forged heads of steel, and their Spears bound on with green dray and twisted with iron: his spearmen being in number ten thousand, their Quarters of the thickest boge, with Firelocks wrought by curious workmanship, put of such wonderful lightness that they required no rest at all to ease their right aiming Armes. His caliver men likewise ten thousand, of the smallest number, but not less as courageous minds, as the tallest Soldiers in his Army. His Pike men likewise ten thousand, of the tallest of the tallest, clad all in bright shining of light Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring pioneers if occasion served, to undermine any Colon or Castle, to trench

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Fortes of Beances, or to make a passage through Hills and Mountains, as worthy Hannibal did, when as he made a way for his Soldiers through the high Alps, that divide the Countreys of Italy and Spain.

The next that arriv'd within the Bay of Portugal, was the Princeps of Wales, Sir David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of the best Britains, furnished with all habiliments of War, to so bravely to perform a service, to the high renown of his Country; and to the glory of his Progeny: their Armour in richness norbing inferior to the English mens: their Colours were a golden cross, supported by a Silver Griffin: which Scutcheon signified the ancient Armes of Wales: for no sooner had S. George a sight of the valiant Britains, but he caused his Muskettiers presently to entertain them with a Volley of shot, to express their happy and joyful welcome to those, which speedily they performed so courageously with such a rattling noise, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, and the Earth made Echo to their thundering melody. But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smook of the Breathing Powder, and that S. George might at pleasure discern the Noble and Magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milk-white Palfrey in Silver Armour, guarded with a train of Knights in purple Vestures, but he greeted Saint David with kind courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, St. David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitch'd some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arriv'd on the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was Sir Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, arriv'd after a strange and wonderful manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild beasts, but yet more impenetrable than the strongest Armour of Proof: they bore in their hands mighty darts, tipped at the end with psiching Steel, which the courageous and valiant Irish Soldiers by the agility of their Arms, could throw a full flight shot, and with forcible strength, would strike three or four inches into an Oak; and with such a certain aim, they would not miss the breadth of a foot.

These adventurous and hardy Soldiers no sooner arriv'd on the shore,

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More, but the English Musquetiers gave them a Princely entertainment, & presently conducted the Noble minded Champion, St. Patrick, to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding Royalty, laying down plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect directions which way they were best to march, and such like devices, for their own safeties, and the benefit of Christendom.

The next that Landed on the Banks of Portugal, was St. Andrew, the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well approved Souldiers: his Horsemen, the bold adventurous Gallowses, clad all in quilted Jackets with Lances of the Turkish Fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Banners the Arms of Scotland, which was a cogner Cross supported by a naked Virgin: his Pikemen the stiff and hardy men of Orkady, which continually lie upon freezing Mountains, the Isle Rocks & the Snowie Wallies: his Foot the light footed Palidoniars, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimbleness in running, obergoe the swift footed Stag. These bold adventurous Scottish men in all forwardness, deserved as much honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other Nations before: therefore he commanded his Foot on their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted St. Andrew to the English Tent, where after he had given S. George the Courtesie of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that arrived was St. Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of fourscore thousand brave Italian Souldiers, mounted on Warlike Coursers; every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a streamer of matchless Silk, with the Arms of Italy thereon set in gold, every footman furnished with approved furniture in as Rarely manner as the Englishmen, who at their Landing received as Royal an entertainment, as the other Nations, and likewise S. Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights. The next that arrived was St. Dennis the victorious Champion of France, with a band of fourscore thousand. After him marched Dukes of twelve several Dukedoms, then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper cost,
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and charges maintained two thousand Souldiers, in these Chyrtian Wars: their entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of the Chyrtian Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was the magnanimous Knight Saint James of Spain, with a band likewise of fourscore thousand; with him he brought from the Spanish Mines ten Tun of refined Gold, only to maintain Souldiers in the defence of Chyrtendom, who no sooner Landed with his Troops, but the six Champions gave him the honourable welcome of a Souldier, and obtained a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose number justly surmounted five hundred thousand; which Legions they consigned into one Camp Royal, and after placed their Wings & Squadrons Battell-wise, chiefly by the direction of S. George, being then chief General by the consent of the Chyrtian Kings: who after he had over-bietted the Chyrtian Armies, his countenance seemed to prognosticate a Crowned Victory, and to forget a fatal overthrow to the misbelieving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their booped willingness, pronounced this Princely Oratton.

Ye men of Europe (saide) and my Country-men, whose conquering fortunes never yet have feared the enemies of Chyrt, you see we have forsook our native Lands, and committed our destinies to the Luett of Chance, not to fight in any unjust quarrel, but in the true cause of Israels Anointed, not against nature to climb to the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Giants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Inbasion of Chyrtendom, the ruine of Europe, & the intended overthrow of all Chyrtian Provinces: the bloody minded Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grass, that grow upon the flourishing downs of Italy, & the stars of Heaven in the coldest winters night, protesting to fill our Countries with Seas of blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into flames of quenchless fire: Therefore dear Country-men, lye not to see our Chyrtian Virgins spoiled by lustful rape, nor dragged along our Streets like guiltless Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor lye to see our harmelese babes, with bruised brains dasht against y^e hard stony stones, nor lye to see our unclasse age, whose hairs resemble silver spines, lye bleeding on the marble Pavements: But lye true Chyrtian Souldiers fight in the quarrel of your Countries. What though

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though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know
will fight for Christendom & cast them down before our faces, like
drops of April Showers. Be not dismayd to see them in ordered ranks,
nor fear when you behold the Streamers hohering in the waiving
wind, when as their steeled Pikes like to a thorny Forrest with over-
spread whole Countreys: thousands of them I know will have no
heart to fight but file with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before
the greedy Wolfe. I am the Leader of your noble minds, that ne-
ver sought in vain, nor never entered Battell but returned with
conquest. Then every one with me build upon this Princely resolu-
tion: For Christendom we fight, For Christendom we live and die.
This Souldier like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole
Army with a general voice cried, to Arms, to Arms, with victorious
George of England: which Noble resolution of the Souldiers, so re-
joyced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other
Christian Knights with such a forwardness of mind, that they gave
speedy commandment to remove their Tents, & to march with safe
journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King
of Morocco had residence: in which trael we must leave for a while
the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pa-
gan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdom of Hun-
gary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a General:
which civil mutiny caused much effusion of blood, to the great hurt
both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

CHAP. XV.

Of the dissention and discord that hapned amongst the Army of the
Pagans in Hungary; the Battell betwixt the Christians and the Moors
in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was ad-
den to death in the Cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone.

THe ireful Pagans after they had leebied their Martial
forces both by Sea & Land, repaired to their general
place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of
Christendom: for no sooner could winter with his
chill frost from the earth, & Flora took possession of his place, but the
Kingdom of Hungary suffered exceeding penury through the num-
berless Armies of accursed Infidels, being their appointed place
of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreies besides

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Africa and Asia, then was the richest and plentifullest of Victuals to maintain a Camp of men: yet was it mightily over-press and greatly burdened with multitudes, not only with want of necessities to relieue Souldiers, but with extreame cruelty of those bloody minded Spicreants, that through a civil discorde which hapned amongst them about the Election of a General they converted their union to a most inhumane slaughter, & their triumphant victorie to a dismal bloody Tragedy: soz no sooner attribed their Legions upon the Plains of Algiers, being in length a hundred one and twenty Leagues: but the King of Hungary caused their Muster Rolls to be publickly read, and justly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrel of Africa and Asia, under the conduct of our three great Gods, Mahomet, Argamanant and Apollo, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this Renowned Kingdom of Hungary, and Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentifulled with all manner of Riches.

First we have from the Emperour of Constantinople two hundred thousand Turks. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and Fifty thousand. From the Emperour of Martary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Ierusalem, four hundred thousand. Of Moors one hundred and twenty thousand. Of Cole-black Negroes, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred and thirty thousand and odd. Of Armentians, one hundred and Fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Syracussians, Fifteen thousand six hundred. Of Hungarians, three thousand and six hundred. Of Sicilians, seven thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and Five thousand. Of Partians, one thousand and three hundred. Of Phrygians seven thousand and three hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Chalcians, fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Pretter John, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedomes, whose number I omit soz this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of Armed Souldiers arrived in Hungary, that might in one Moneth have destroyed Chriſtendom,

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had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own practices : for no sooner had the Heralds proclaimed through the Camp what a number of Nations joined in Arms together, but the Soldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the election of a General : some loved to follow none but the King of Jerusalem : some Ptolomy the Egyptian King : and some the Souldan of Persia, either to persevere in their own wills, or to lose their lives in the same quarrel.

Thus in this manner, parts were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by the Leaders and Commanders of Bands, whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wills to their Soldiers pleasure. This civil broil so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of Morocco with his Tower Moors, and cole-black Negroes : likewise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Jerusalem, every one departed to their own Countries, cursing the time they attempted first to gain an enterprize. The rest not minding to pocket up abuses, fell from bawling boasts to down-right blows, whereby grew such sharp and bloody War, that it cost more Soldiers lives, than the civil Purging at the destruction of Jerusalem. Which battel by the ireful Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of thre daies, in which encounters, the murdered Infidels, like scattered Corn, overspread the fields of Hungary : the fruitful Valleys lay drowned in purple gore : the fields of Corn consumed with flames of fire : their Towns and Cities ruined with wasting War ; wherein the Fathers were sad witnesses of their Childrens slaughters and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend haire, more white than tyed silver, besmeared with clotted blood : there might the Mothers see the harmeless Babes born up and down the Streets upon Soldiers Lances : there might they see the sicken Dynaments & rich Attire in pools of blood lie swimming up and down : there might they see the brains of honest Dames and pure Virgins dash against hard Rinty Stones : there might they see their Courts and Palaces by Soldiers burned to the Ground ; there might they see how Counsellors in their Scarlet Gowns lay burning in the fire : there might they see how Kings

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and Queens were arm in arm consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see how melted gold in choaked Sinks lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the woofullest news that ever Christians ears heard told. In this long and bloody War, one sucking Child was not left alive to report the Story to ensuing ages, no not a Souldier to carry Arms throughout the Kingdom of Hungary, so justly was the vengeance of God throned upon the heads of these misbelieving Infidels, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true anointed Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Army of Pagans had ruined the borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy been Christendoms defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own civil Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of those unchristian people let us for ever bury in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendom, who had entered the Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered troops of Moors and Negros returned from Hungary, and by fire and sword had waiked many of his chiefest Towns and Forts, whereby the Country was much weakened, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds within their hearts continually, pittied, harboured, boughsased to grant mercy to those that yielded their lives to y pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when St. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakened Troops, he presently prepared his Souldiers in readiness to give the Moors a bloody Banquet, which was the next Mornning by break of day performed, to the high Honour of Christendom: but the night before, the Moors knowing the Country better than the Christians, got the advantage both of Wind and Sun: whereat St. George being somewhat dismayed, but yet not discouraged, emboldened his Souldiers, with many heroical speeches, proffering them frankly the enemies spoils, and so with the Suns uprising entered Battel, where the Moors fell before the Christians Swords, as ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this conflict, the seven Champions still in the forefront of the Battel, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negroes than a hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies,

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Armies. At last Fortune intending to make S. George's Proverbs to shine brighter than the rest, singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion was a long and dangerous fight: but S. George so courageously behaved himself with his trusty sword, that Almidor was constrained to yield to his mercy. The Army of the Moors seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever happened in Barbary.

Thus after the Battel ended, and the joyful sound of Victorie rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies spoils, and marched by St. Georges directions to the City of Tipoly, bring then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City after they had rested some days, & refreshed themselves with wholesome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

First, he commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boiling Lead and Brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Pers in Barbary, therein to be consumed, flesh, blood, and bones: which was duly performed within seven days following. The Brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of S. George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market-place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty hours: whereby the boiling Lead and Brimstone seemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readiness, and the Christian Champions present to behold the woful spectacle, the damned Black-a-more King came to the place of Execution in a shirt of fine Indian silk, his hands pinioned together with a Chain of gold, & his face covered with a Damask scarf, his attendants and chief conductors twelve Moors Pers, clad in sable Cloaks of Lascary, carrying before him the wheel of Fortune, with the Picture of an Emperor climbing up, with his Motto, *on his breast*, I will be King in spite of Fortune: upon the top of the wheel the Picture of a Monarch haunting, with his Motto, *on his breast*; I am a King in spite of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the

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Which, the Picture of perfect Image of a deposed Potentate, sitting with his head down-wards, with this Epitaph on his breast I have been a King while pleased Fortune: which plainly signified the chance of War, and of inconstant destiny: his Guard was a hundred Christian Soldiers, holding Fortune in disdain: after them attended a hundred of Morocco Virgins in black Ornaments, their hair bound up with silver Wreaths, and covered with Wreaths of black Silk, signifying the sorrows of their Country for the loss of their Sovereign. In this mournful manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the toppling Cauldron, which when he came near his heart waxed cold, and his tongue deposed of utterance for a time, at last he brake forth into these earnest Protestations, professing more for his life, than the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

O Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendom (quoth he) let my life be ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive ten Tons of Tryed gold, five hundred webs of woven silk, the which our Indian Maids shall sit and spin with silver Wheels: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall be yearly paid thee by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall be yearly chosen forth and brought thee home to England, to make that blessed Country the richest Land within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diadem, with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords like bridled horses, draw thee daily in a silver Chariot up and down the circled earths till Death give end to our lives Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight of Arms, let these salt tears that trickle from the conduits of my eyes obtain one grant of comfort from thy hands, for on my benighted knees I beg for life, that never before this time did kneel to mortal man.

Thou speakest in vain (replied Saint George) not the Treasures hidden in the deep Seas, nor all the golden Mines of rich India, shall redeem thy life: thou knowest accursed Homicide, the wicked practices in the Egyptian Court where thou professedst to wrongfully to bereave me of my life through thy treache-

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12, I endured a long imprisonment in Persia, where for seven years I drank foul Channell water and sufficed my hunger with bread of Bran Deal : my food was loathsome flesh of Rats and Spice, and my resting place a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor the cheerful light of Heavens lent me comfort during my long continued misery : for which inhumane dealing and professed injuries the heavens enforce me to a speedy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this Brazen Cauldron filled with boiling Lead and Brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast, and boiled till thy detested limbs be consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquor : therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent stroke of death, and willingly bid all thy kingly dignities farewell : but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwells there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence : though thy Treasons deserves no pity but severe punishment, yet upon these considerations I will grant thee liberty of life : First, that thou wilt forsake thy gods, Tarmagant and Apollo, which be the vain imagination of men, and believe in our true and everliving God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in hand this long War. Secondly thou shalt give commandment, that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christianized in the Faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of Barbary, Morocco, and India, swear true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Arms, but in the true quarrel of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy life shall be preserved, and thy Liberty obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, than the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

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Great Potentate of Europe (replied Almidor) by whose mightines fortune sits fettered in the Chains of power, my Golden Diadem, and Regal Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my Country Gods, I will endure a hundred deaths: and before my Conscience be reformed to a new faith, the Earth shall be no Earth, the Sea no Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatened torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God the supposed King of the Jews, and basely born under an Oxe's Stall? No, no, accursed Christians, you offspring of Cain, you generation of Ishmael, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy shower of vengeance to rain from Heaven upon your wicked Nations: your bloody practices have pierc'd the Battlements of Iob, and your tyrannies beaten open the Gates of mighty Sodom, who hath provided whips of burning wire to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshippers: now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewell: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdom: the curse of Cain upon your Children, the famine of Jerusalem upon your friends, and the misery of Medius upon your selves.

This wicked resolution & baleful curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of St. George was so highly moved, that he gave present commandment to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldron; which instantaneously they performed to the terror of all the beholders: To see this awful spectacle, the Battlements of the Temple were so thronged with people, the houses covered with women and children, the Streets filled with armed Soldiers, that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there were some particular Persons, that at the sight of Almidors death fell down and brake their necks: but the general number, as well of Pagans as Christians cryed with cheerful voices, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude. Which joyful bearing so delighted the seven Champions of Christendom, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wine, the Streets to be beautified with Bonfires and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed throughout the City, which after continued for the space of seven dayes, in

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in more magnificent Regality, than the Banquet at Babylon when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the worlds conquest.

The Champions Liberty procured such faithful love in the hearts of the Morocco Pers, that with a general consent they chose St. George for their Lawful King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an imperial Pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Chrised in the faith of Christ.

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, than to have the whole Worlds honour at command: for it was the chiefest point of his knivible War, to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the bounds of Christendom: after his Coronation was so solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Palace, where he took true allegiance of the Morocco Lords, by plighted Oath to be true to his Crown, after this he established the Christian Law to the benefit of the whole Countrey: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Chrised in the new Faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: for some not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remain in the idle bathers of peace, summoned them to persevere in the Noble Achievements, and to muster up a new their Doubt-ers, whose Armour cankered ease had almost stain'd with rust: therefore St. George committed the Government of his Countrey to four of the principal Pers of Morocco, & marched towards the Countrey of Egypt, where lied treacherous Prolimy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdom of England: In which Journey and happy arrival in Egypt, he will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speak of the faithless Infidels in Barbary, after the departure of the Christians, whose former Honours they highly regarded: For no sooner had St. George with his Martial Troops hidden their Countrey again, but the faithless Pers reconciled themselves to their former Gods,

and

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and purposed a speedy revenge for the death of A'midor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many Souldiers wounded in the late battle, Likewise a number oppressed with sickness, which the Christian Champions had left behind for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbarous Moors committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawn upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the City, & there put them into a large and old Masterp, which they presently set on fire, & most inhumanely burned the Christian Souldiers, & after converted the place into a filthy leasial: many women and succourless Childzen they dragged up and down the Streets, till their brains were dasht against the stones, and the blood had covered the earth with a purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and wholly discourse of the woful and bloody murder of an English Merchant and his wife, in the same City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even merciless Tygers to relent, and those eyes to shed springs of tears that never wept before. The bloody minded Negroes violating both Oath and promise before plighted to S. George, by violence set upon the Merchants House, where first they made a Massacre of his Servants, and before his face cast their dead bodies to hunger starved Dogs: then coming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with hempen cords, to the strongest post in the house, and after took his Childzen, being seven of the goodliest Boves that ever nature framed, whom they likewise tyed round about him: then one of the Moors being crueller than the rest, proffered to deflower the Merchants Wife before his face but she in chastity like Camma, chusing rather an honourable death than an infamous life, spit in the Negroes face, and most bitterly rebiled him, yielcing neither to his force nor his bloody threats: but snatching a knife from his girdle, bowed to sheath it in her bosom, before she would lose her precious gem of honour, that once being gone could not be recovered for all the worlds Treasure.

This resolution of the English Merchants Wife, caused the stern Negro to exord in civelty: but the principal of that wicked company being a bloody and merciless Tyrant, stabbed one of the filly Childzen before the Mothers face.

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Now Subborn Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yeld to my desires, and preserve the lives of the other six Childzen? Ortherwise shalt thou behold them butchered in the same manner. To sell my Honour for the lives of my Childzen (replied she) will be an offence to God, and a continual corosion to my Husbands heart if we live together: Therefore accursed Monster, prosecute your tyranny: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings shall content my chaste mind, nor once enforce my thoughts to give any consent thereunto.

These words being no sooner ended, but the lustful Moor took another of her Childzen, and stabbed before her Husbands face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entreat his Wife to consent to the wicked Negroes determinations; but he being as resolute as his Vertuous Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogs of Barbary, more worse in quality than bloody Tygers, and more merciless than wicked Cannibals, think you that the Murder of our Childzen shall enforce our hearts to yeld to your lustful desires? No no, persevere in your tyrannies: If I had a hundred Childzen, twice the number of King Priams, yet would I lose them all, before I will endure to see my Wifes dishonour: Childzen may be gotten again, but her honour never recovered.

These words pricked the Negroes to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that ever was practised under the Celestial Globe of Heaven: First they beached their Popticks in the breasts of all the Merchants Childzen, whose guiltless blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson colour, then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all asunder, and caused seven Pies to be made of their flesh, and after served in a Banquet to their woful Parents, whom the merciless Moors set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his Wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Childzen or starve for want of other sustenance.

This woful spectacle struck such a grief into the English Merchants heart, that he could scarce endure to speak for weeping: his Wife when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the Table as it were looking to Heaven for revenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation:



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Which Wages, would you had been strangled in my Womb at your first conception, then should not these accursed Infidels have triumpht thus in your unhappy Tragedies; nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this luckless day: whereon I pray that never Sun may shine again, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole world for Heav'n I hope (poor Wages) will rain a Showre of vengeance on their heads, that have caused this our untimely death: and with this prayer I now bid the world farewell.

At which words her grief so exceeded the bounds of reason, that it stayed the passage of her breath, whereby she was forced to yield her soul to the Paradiſe of peace. She being no sooner dead, but the sorrowful Merchant likewise bitterly exclaimed against the injustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous Moors, accounting his Destiny more hapless than the Thracian Kings, that buried his Childzen in his own bowels: and the cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of Nero, that caused his Mothers Womb to be opened that he might behold the place of his conception: but when the Merchant had sufficiently bewailed the Murder of his Childzen, the death of his wife, and his own misery, he yielded his soul to the furious stroke of death. The end of whose long languishments, when the wicked Moors had intelligence of, they caused their dead bodies to be carried to the top of a high Mountain, and there left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sun consumed them like the mornings dew, and by the wonderful workmanship of Heaven, in the same place sprung a Tower of Roses to signify the unspotted honour of the Merchant and his virtuous Wife; which Miracle we leave to the wonder of the Moors, and speak of the Christian Champions proceedings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdom of Egypt.

CHAP.
The Christian Champions proceedings in the Kingdom of Egypt.

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CHAP. XI.

How the Christians arriv'd in Egypt, and what happened to them there. The Tragedy of the lustful Earl o. Cobentry. How Sabza was bound to a Stake to be burned: and how Sr. George redeemed her: Lastly, how the Egyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.

During the time of the bloody murder wrought by the Barbarous Moors upon the English Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arriv'd upon the Territories of Egypt, where they supposed to have adventured their lives upon the Chance of War: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations: found the Gates of every City set open, and every Village and Town unpeopled, for the Commons at the report of the Christians Arrival, secretly hid their Treasure in Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells, and such like obscure places, and a general fear and extreme terror assailed the Egyptians, as well the Parts of the Land, as the simple Country people: many fled into Woods and Wildernesses, and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees: many digg'd Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remain in safety: and many fled to high Mountains, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Grass of the Ground: to greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Christians, that they expected nothing but the ruine of their Country, with the loss of their own lives, and the murder of their Wives and Children.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Country desolate of people, suspected some deep policy of the Egyptians, thinking them to have mustered their warlike forces to

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bid them Battell: therefore S George gave commandment through the whole Camp, that not a man upon pain of death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly with their weapons ready yest to encounter Battell, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: which special charge the Christian Souldiers duly obserbed, looking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoil of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Countrey of Egypt, till they approached the sight of King Prolomies Court: which when the Noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers.

Behold (said he) you invincible Captains of Christendom, ponder cursed Towers where wicked Prolomy keeps his Court; these Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramides of Greece, yet should they be subverted and laid as level with the ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Prolomie his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent me into Persia, where for seven years I lived in great extremity in a dismal Dungeon, where the Sun did never give me light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the buildings of his Palace set on fire, and converted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia, now overspread with sinking weeds and lorthsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendom, and all that love George of England your chosen General, draw forth your warlike weapons, and like the angry Greeks, overturn those glistering Battlements: leave not one stone upon another, but lay it as level with the ground, as the Harbest Reapers do fields of ripened Corn; let your wrathful furies fall upon these Towers like drops of April Showers, or like storms of winters Hail, that it may be bruited through the whole world, what just vengeance did light upon the Pride of Egypt: leave (I say) as you love your General, when you have subverted the Palace, not one man alive, no not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer vengeance for the wickedness of their King: This is my Decree, brave knights

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Knights of Christendom, therefore march forthward : Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which words the Souldiers gave a general shout, in sign of their willing minds. Then began the fliken streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums cheerfully to sound forthward, the silver Trumpets recorded Echoes of Victorie : the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would stand upon no ground, but leapt and danced with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the Horse of the Macedonian Alexander alwayes before any notable Victorie ; yea, every thing gave an evident sign of good success, as well senseless things as living creatures.

With this resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptians, and the woeful ruine and destruction of Ptolomies sumptuous Palace. But when the Souldiers approached the Gates with wrathful Weapons, ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attyred in black and mournful Ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive Branches : next them the bravest Souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken Weapons, shivered Lances, and torn Ancients : likewise followed thousands of Women and Children, with Cyprus Wreaths about their Heads, and in their hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Christians. That they should not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew mercy to unhappy Egypt : This unexpected sight, or rather admirable wonder, caused Saint George to sound a retreat, and gave commandment through the Christian Army, to withhold their former bowed vengeance from the Egyptians till he understood what they required : which charge being given and duly observed, Saint George with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Country.

You unconquered knights of Christendom, whose worthy Victories and Noble Atchievements the whole world admires, let him that

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that never kaeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to any Potentate on earth: let him, I say, the most unfortunate wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my self, but for my Country: my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murdered infants will call to Heaven for revenge: and our slaughtered Widows sink down to Hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my soul, and the curse of Hell upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be merciful to Egypt. The former wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee like a guiltless Lamb into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incensed by the flattery of that accursed Blackmore King, whose soul for ever be scourged with whips of wire, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serve for a just revenge, here is my naked Breast, let my heart blood stain some Christians Sword, that you may bear the bloody witness of my death into Christendom, or let me be torn into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Seeds, as was Hippolytus Son of Theseus in his charmed Chariot.

Most mighty Controllers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore, for he is the true and living God, ours false and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially St. George, who having a heart beautified with a well-spring of pity, not only granted mercy to the whole Country, but bought Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that he would perform what he had promised, which was to forsake his false gods, and believe in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindness of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomy with joy, and the whole Land, both Peas and Commons more rejoiced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The news of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for fear into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own Dwel-

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Doellings, and caused Bonafires to be made in every City, Town and Village: the Bells of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a week; in every place was seen Banqueting, Dancing, and Masking: Sorow was banished, Wars forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his own charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty it exceeded that which the Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the Conquest of Menelaus Queen. The Banqueting house was built with Cypress wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone; so that neither Steel nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Roof: as for the variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were tedious to repeat: But to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitors that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Wements, wrought with the purest Silk the Indian Virgins spun upon their Silver Wheels; at every course the Servitors brought in a consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes strained forth such admired harmony, that it surpassed Arions Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the shore, or the sweetness of Orpheus Silver Harp, which made both Stones & Trees to dance; or the melody of Apollos inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne. These pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected news to St. George, that changed his joy into extreame sorow: for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his woful case.

Fair Englands Champion (saith he) instead of Arms get Swallows wings, and fly to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady, for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murdering her Earl of Coventry whose lustful desires would have stained her honour with Infamy, & made her the scorn of venous Women. Yet this mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve months a Champi-

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on may be found, that for her sake will venture his life, if it be his fortune to overcome the Challenger of her dearth, she shall live ; but if it be his fatal destiny to be conquered, then must she suffer the heavy judgement before pronounced ; therefore as you love the life of your chaste and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her life in hazzard to be lost.

This woful discourse struck such a terror to St. Georges heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers face, as though they had been distract of their wits, not able to speak one word ; but at last St. George recovered his former sense, and breathed forth this sorrowful Lamentation.

O England, O unkind England, have I adventured my life in thy defence, and for thy defence have lain in the field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a pearching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you have taken your quiet sleeps on beds of down, and will you repay me with this discourteise, or rather undeserved wrong, to adjure her spotless body to consuming fire ? whose blood if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in Englands quarrel more, nor never account my self her Champion, but I will rend my warlike colours into a thousand pices, the which I wear on my Burgoner, (I mean the Crimson Cross of England) and wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye ? Is it possible that England will be so ungrateful to her friend ? can that Renowned Country harbour such a lustful Monster, to seek to dishonour her, within whose heart the fountain of V true springs ? Or can that noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my life entertain so vile a Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose chastity and true Honour hath caused tameless Lyons to sleep in her lap ?

In this sorrowful manner wearied St. George the time away until the Egyptian King, whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from his complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sibra's proffered violence, and how she murdered the lustful Earl of Coventry ; to whom after a bitter fight of two the Messenger thus replied, in this manner :

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Most Noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your ears to entertain the most full tale that ever English Knight discoursed, and your eyes to weep Seas of brackish tears. I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But seeing I am compelled through the love and duty I owe to the Noble Champions of Christendom to express it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an evening, when the Sun had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventry, to take the pleasures of the sweet fields, and flowing meadows, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Liberty: but as she walked up and down, sometimes taking pleasure to hear the chirping Birds how they strained their silver notes; other times taking delight to see how nature had covered both Hills and Vales with sundry sorts of Flowers: then walking to see the Crystal running Rivers, the murmuring Musick of whose streams exceeded the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the Chain of Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnisht brightness, to a dim paleness: Her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her ears to glow, and every joint to tremble with fear. This strange accident caused her speedily to hasten homeward: but by the way she met the Earl of Coventry walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evening Air, with such a train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgibe her, thinking that fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some injury; so that upon her cheeks fear had set a Vermilion die, whereby her beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed: their meeting was sweet: he shewed the humility of a virtuous Lady, and he the courtesy of a kind Gentleman: she departed homewards, and he into the fields, he thinking all danger past, but he practised in his mind her wrongs and downfal: for the dart of Love had shot from her beau-

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ious cheeks into his heart, not true love but lust : so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her chastity, such extreme passion bewitched his mind, that he caused his servants every one to depart : and then like a discontented man he wandered up and down the fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry waies to obtain his desire : for without he enjoyed her love, he was likely to live in endless languishment : but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortal powers, why have you transported her from an Earthly Lady to a Heavenly Angel : Sabra is no worldly Creature, but a divine substance : her beauty is a stain unto the Queen of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty than Juno's grace : her twinkling eyes that glister like the flaming Stars, and her beauteous cheeks more pleasant than Roses dypt in milk, have pierc'd my heart with the piques of Love, and her Love I will enjoy, or lose my life. O! but there is a bar which thwarteth kind affections, and hinders my desires. Saint George, I mean, is her true and Lawful Husband, the Honour of whose bed she will not violate for all the Kingdomes of the World. Tush, faint-hearted fool that I am, Sabra is beautiful, and therefore to be tempted : she is a Woman and therefore easie to be won, her Husband he is sporting in the fields of Mars, then why may not she take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus? I will use my flattering glosses, many kind speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that bud, which but to taste, I would give my whole Lands and Revenues : I will tell her, Saint George is a wanderer, and one that will never return, whereas I am a mighty Peer in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustful Earl used, to flatter himself in this vain conceit. At last the scowling night with pitchy Clouds began to over-spread the brightsom Heavens, whereby he was forced to repair homewards, and to smother up his Love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restless dreams : sometimes he thought he had his Lovely Spirit in his arms, dallying like the Paphian Queen upon her Pinions knees : but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added new grief to his

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his love-sick passions : then by and by he thought he saw how the wrathful Champion with his dreadful bloody Fauchion, came to revenge his Ladies rabsiment : wherewith the troubled Earl started from his bed, and with a loud voice cried to his Chamberlain for help, saying, that Saint George was come to murder him : which sudden outcry not only awaked the Chamberlain but the whole house, which generally came to hear him company : they set up Campbyze Tapers to gibe light, and made him Musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fantasies from his mind : but no sooner ceased the Musick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondzing in his mind which way he might obtain his purpose : wherewith a dismal Night Raven beat her wings against his Chamber window, and with a harsh voice gave him warning of a sad success. Then presently began the Tapers to burn blue, as though a Troop of gaily Spirits did encompass his Lodging, which was an evident sign that some strange and unhappy Murd'rer should worthily follow. All which could nothing withhold the lustful Earl from his wicked enterprise, nor convert his mind from the spoils of sweet a Lady. In this manner spent he the night away, till the Sun's bright countenance summoned him from his restless bed : from whence being no sooner risen but he sent for the Steward of his house, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principal Ladies in Coventry : what bountiful cheer was provided, I think it needless to repeat : but to be short, at the time and hour appointed, the invited Ladies repaired : the Banquet was brought in by the Earl's servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earl himself : who after many welcomes given, began thus to move the Ladies to delight.

I think my house most highly honoured (said he) that you have boughsided to grace it with your presence : for me thinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Stars beautifie the ball of Heaven : but amongst the number of you all you have a Cynthia, a glittering Silver Moon, that for brightness exceeds all the rest : for she is fairer than the Queen of Cyprus, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sat upon her knee, wiser than the Prophetess of Troy : of Personage more comely than the Grecian Dame,

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and of more Majesty than the Queen of Love : so that all the Muses with their Ivory pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature.

This commendation caused a general smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earls appointment, with most excellent Musick : other some that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last the Earl requested one of them to choose out his Beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Cozants : likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that Courtly pastime : at which request all of them were silent, and silence is commonly a sign of consent ; therefore he emboldened himself the more to make his desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesie, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashful look accepted his courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring melody, the lustful Earl led her a first course about the Hall, in as great Majesty as Mayors did the Queen of Paphos to gain her Love, and he followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights : and so when the first course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extream passion of mind, which were in these speeches expressed.

Most Divine and Peerless Paragon (said he) thou only wonder of the World, for beauty and excellent ornaments of Nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more brighter than the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love have pierced my heart, and those thy Crimson Cheeks, as lovely as Aurora's countenance, when she draws the Curtains of her purple bed to entertain her wandring Lover, those Cheeks I say have wounded me with Love : therefore except thou grant

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me kind comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my life in sorrow, care and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have settled my love where it is unlawful, in a bosom where Kings may sleep and surfeit with delight, thy breast I mean, most divine Mistress, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my ransom is a constant mind: thou art my Venus, I will be thy Mars; thou art my Helen, I will be thy Patroclus; thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troilus; thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young years in solitary Widowhood? he is unconstant like Aeneas, and thou more hapless than Dido. He marcheth up and down the World in Glistening Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Dear Sabra, live not to consume thy youth in singleness (for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty to wrinkled frowns.)

To which words, Sabra would have presently made Answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course: which being ended she replied in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for your bounteous Banquet, courteous entertainment, I give thee humble thanks of a poor Lady, but for your suit and unlawful desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Glosses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling shower of Rain. Your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will like Ulysses, stop my ears, and bury all your flattering inticements in the Lake of forgetfulness. Think you that I will stain my Marriage-Bed with the least spittle of Infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas? Surely the Gorgeous Sun shall lose his light by day, the silver Moon by night, the Skies shall fall, the earth shall sink, and every thing shall change from kind and nature, before I will falsifie my faith, be prove disloyal to my beloved George: attempt no more my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortress of my good name with the Gunshot of your flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your lustful desires. What if my Lord said. Husband

prove.

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prove disloyal and chose out other loves in forraign Lands? yet will I prove as constant to him as Penelope to her Ulysses: and if it be his pleasure never to return, but spend his dayes amongst strange Ladies, yet will I live in single solitariness like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournful Swan that swims upon Alexanders silver streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging billows; so will I spend away my lingring dayes in grief and die:

This Resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earl that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third Course, he began a new to assault her unspotted chastity, in these terms.

Why my dear Mistress have you a heart more hard than Flint, that the tears of my true love can never mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been sure unto by many worthy dames. I am a man that can command Countreys: yet can I not command thy stubborn heart. Divine Dabza, if thou wilt grant me thy love, and yield to my desire. I'll have thee clad in silken Robes, and damask Vestures, imboit with Indian Pearls, and rich refined gold, perfumed with Camphire, Bys, and Syrian sweet perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to Hetia, tripping on the Silver Sands, shall usually attend thy person: by night a hundred Eunuches with their strained Instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber: If this procureth not thy sweet content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made with Gold, wherein thou shalt be drawn by sable spotted Steeds, along the Fields and gallant Pastures adjoyning to our City Walls, whereas the Evening Air shall breath a coldness, far more sweet than Balm upon thy cheeks, and make thy beauty glister like the Purple Pillar of Hyperton, when he leaves Aurora blushing in her bed, whereby the Heavens and all the powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy Beauty, and quite forget their usual courses: All this, my dear, Divine, and dainty Mistress, is at thy command, and more, so that I may enjoy thy love and favour: which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my life in Woods

and

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and Desert places, Tygers and untamed Beasts being my chief companions.

These vain promises caused the beautiful Sabra to blush with bashfulness, and to give him this sharp answer: Think you my Lord, with Golden promises to obtain the precious Gem, the which I will not lose for Europes Treasury? henceforth be silent in that enterprise, and never atter this attempt to practise my dishonour, which if you do I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all places with rumour of thy wilful lust: A troop of modest Maidens I will procure to haunt thee up and down the streets, to wonder at thee like an Owl, that never comes abroad but in the darkest night: this I am resolved to do, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad countenance: whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that he was as far from yielding to his desires, as is the aged man to be young again, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for Sybane Swans to inhabit. In such like imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his grief under a smiling countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he courteously caused his servants to conduct homewards with Torch lights, because it began to be very dark. After their departure he accursed his own fortune, a like a Lyon wanting food, raged up and down his Chamber, and filling every corner with bitter exclamations, rending his Garments from his back, tearing his hair, beating his breast, and using all the violence he could against himself.

In this manner spent he away the night, suffering no sleep to close the windows of his body: his melancholy and extrem passion so discontented his mind, that he purposed to give end to his sorrows by some untimely death: so when the morning appeared, he made his repair to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Air. The place was very melancholy, and far from the noise of people: where after he had spent some certain time in exclaiming against the unkindness of Sabra, he pulled his Panyard from his back, and

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and prepared his breast to entertain the stroke of death : but before
the pretended Tragedy, with his dagger he engraved these Verses
following, upon the bark of a Walnut Tree.

O heart more hard than bloody Tygers fell,
O ears more deaf than senseless troubled Seas :
O cruel foe, thy rigour doth excel,
for thee I die, thy anger to appease :
But time will come, when thou shalt find me slain,
Then thy repentance will encrease thy pain.

I here engrave my Will and Testament,
that my sad grief thou maist behold and see,
How that my woful heart is torn and rent,
and gor'd with bloody blade for love of thee :
Whom thou disdain'st as now the end doth try,
That thus distressed doth suffer me to die,

Oh Gods of Love if so there any be,
and you of Love that feel the deadly pain,
O *Sabza* thou that thus afflictest me,
hear these my words which from my heart I strain :
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,
Here I declare the cause of this my death.

You mountain Nymphs which in the Desarts reign,
leave off your chase from savage Beasts awhile,
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with pain,
address your ears to hear my doleful stile :
No strength nor Art can work me any weal,
Sith the unkind and Tyrant like doth deal.

You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,
and gracious Damfels which in evenings fair
Your Closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,
and on your shoulders spread your golden hair,
Record with me that *Sabza* is unkind,
Within whose breast remains a double mind.

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Ye Savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
 Remain in peace that you may sorrows hear,
 And be not moved at my misery,
 though too extreame my passions do appear:
 England farewell, and Cobentry adieu,
 But Sabza, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the bark of a Walnut Tree, but with a grissly look and wrathful countenance he lift up his hand, intending to strike the Poyntard up to the Hilt in his breast: but at the same instant he beheld Sabra entering the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose sight hindred his purpose, and caused other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked deed, the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after she had walked to the farthest side of the melancholy Orchard, he rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waste, thus frightfully threatned her.

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denials: first I will wrap this Dagger in thy locks of hair, and nail it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, I'll cut thy tongue out of thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor discry thy bloody ravisher: Likewise with this Poyntard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffred disgrace. Therefore except thou wilt yield to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy Marriage bed, I will by force and violence inflict these vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in denials, for if thou beest the gorgeous Sun shall not glide the compass of an hour, before I obtain my long desired purpose: and thereupon he stepped to the Orchard door, and withal expedition locked it, and put the key in his Pocket. When returned he like the hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb: or like the chased Roze when he is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helpless Lady,

inten.

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Intending her present Rape, and foul dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aid or succour to be void, fell into a dead swoond, being not able to move for the space of a quarter of an hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead senses, to their former vital moving, she began in this pitiful manner to defend her assailed chastity, from the wicked Earl that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatening most cruelly her final confusion.

My Lord of Coventry. I said she, with weeping tears and kneeling upon the bare ground, O virtuous banished your breast, have you a mind more tyrannous than the Tygers of Persia, that nothing may suffice to satisfy your lustful desires but the stain of mine honour, and the conquest of my chastity? If it be my beauty that hath incited you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosy, whereby to make me odious in your eyes: If it be my rich and costly garments that make me beautiful and to entangle you, henceforth I will attire my body in poor and simple Array, and for evermore dwell in country Caves and Cottages, so that I may preserve my chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abase your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make me times wonder, and pointing stock, and scorn of virtuous Ladies, then will the Heavens revenge my wrongs, to whom I will incessantly make my petitions: the Birds in the Air after their kind will evermore exclaim against your wickedness: the Sylvane Beasts that abide in Woods and Deserts, will breath forth clamours of your wickedness: the creeping Worms that live within the crevices of the earth, will give dumb signs and tokens of your wickedness: the running Rivers will murmur at your wickedness: the Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with every senseless thing, will sound some motions of your wickedness. Return, return, my Noble Lord, unto your former virtues: banish such fond desires out of your mind: stain not the honour of your house with such black scandals and disgrace: bear this in mind before you do attempt so vile a sin: What became of Helen's Ravishment, but the Destruction of renowned Troy? What of the Roman Lucretia's Rape, but the Banishment of Tarquin? and what of Progne's foul dishonour by her sisters Husband, the lustful King of Thracia? but the bloody Banquet

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Banquet of his young Son Atys, whose tender body they served to his Table baked in a Pie? At which speeches the cruel Earl wrapped his hands within her locks of Hair, which was coated with a costly Caul of Gold, and in this manner presently replied unto her.

What telled thou me of Poets Tales (said he) of Progneus Rape, and Tereus bloody Banquet: thy Wobishment shall be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which if thou yield not willingly, I will obtain by force and violence: therefore prepare thy self either to entertain the sentence pronounced, or yield thy body to my pleasure. This unrecanting and bowd resolution of the Earl, added grief upon grief, and heaped Mountains of sorrows upon her soul: twice did the hapless Lady cast her eyes to Heaven, in hope the Gods would pity her distress, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the fure of the wicked Homicide: but at last when she saw that neither tears, prayers, nor wishes could prevaile, she gave an outward sign of consentment upon some conditions, under colour to devise a present means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver her self from his lustful assaults. There is no condition said the Earl, but I would yield unto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make me chief commander of thy love.

First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to sit some certain hours upon this bed of Violets, and bewail the loss of my good name, which shortly shall be yielded up to your pleasure: then shall you lie and dally in my lap, thereby to make my affections, yet freezing cold, to flame with burning brands of love: that being done, you shall receive your wished desires. Those words caused the Earl to convert his furious wrath into smiling joy, and casting down his Dagger, he gave her a courteous kiss, which she in his conceit graciously accepted: whereby his mind was brought into such a vain opinion, that he thought no heaven but in her presence, no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her love: then caused he Sibra to sit down upon a bed of Violets, beset about with divers sorts of flowers, whose lap he made his Pillow, whereupon he laid his head, intending as he thought to increase desire: But as women in extremity have the quickest wits; so Sibra buisted her self by all means possi-

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ble, either now or never to remake the cause of her deep distress,
by practising his heart, and so quit her self from her importunate
Sorrow: one while she told him pleasant tales of love, in hope to
bring his senses to a slumber, the better to accomplish her desires:
otherwhile she played and sported with his hair that hung dang-
ling below his shoulders like to threads of silk: but at last when
neither discourses, tales, nor her dallying pastime with his hair
could not bring him asleep, she strained forth the Organs of her
voice, and over his head sung this woeful Ditty:

Thou God of sleep and golden dreams appear:
that bringest all things to peace and quiet rest,
Close up the glasses of his eyes so clear,
thereby to make my fortune ever blest,
His eyes, his heart, his senses and his mind,
In peaceful sleep let them some comfort find.

Sing sweet you pretty birds in tops of trees,
with warbling tunes and many a pleasant note:
Till your sweet musick close his watchful eyes,
that on my love with vain desires doth dote:

Sleep on, my dear, sleep on, my loves delight,
And let this sleep be thy eternal night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely birds,
come aid my doleful tunes with silver sound,
Till your inspiring melody records,

such heavenly musick that may quite confound,
Both wit and sense and tyre his eyes with sleep
That on my lap in sweet content I keep.

You silver streams, which murmuring Musick make
and fill each dale with pleasant harmony,
Whereat the floating fish much pleasure take,
to hear your sweet recording melody,
Assist my tunes, his slumbering eyes to close,
That on my lap now tastes a sweet repose.

Let

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Let whispering Winds in every senceless tree,
 a solemn sad, and doleful Musick sing :
 From Hills and dales, and each Mountain high,
 let some inspiring sound or Eccho ring :
 That he may never wake from sleep again,
 Which fought my Marriage bed with lust to stain.

This delightful song rock'd his senses to such a careless slumber : that he slept as soundly upon her lap, as in the softest bed of Down : whereby she found fit opportunity to deliver her undefiled body from his lustful desires. So taking the Pontard in her hand : which he had cast a little aside, and gazing thereon with an irksome look, she made this sad complaint.

Grant you immortal powers of Heaven (said she) that of these two extreame I chuse the best : either must I yield my body to be dishonoured by his unchaste desires, or stain my hands with the trickling streams of his heart blood. If I yield unto the first I shall be then accounted for a vicious Dame : But if I commit the last, I shall be guilty of a wilful Murther, and for the same, the Law will adjudge me a shameful death. What, shall I fear to die, or lose my vertue and renown ? No, my heart shall be as tyrannous as Darius Daughters, that slew their fifty Husbands in one night : or as Medea's cruelty, which scattered her brothers bloody joynts upon the Sea-shore, thereby to hinder the swift pursuit of her Father, when Jason got the golden Fleece from Colcos Isle. Therefore stand still you glistening Lamps of Heaven, stay wandring time, and let him sleep eternally.

Where art thou sad Melpomene, that speakest of nothing but of Murders and Tragedies where be those Dames that evermore delight in blood ? Come, come, assist me with your cruelties, let me exceed the hate of Progne for her ravishment : rage heart, and take delight in blood, banish all thoughts of pity from thy breast, be thou as merciless as King Pelamius Queen, that in revenge of five and twenty Murdered Sons, with her own hands stained the Pavements of Agamemnons Court with purple gore.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a hoarse and pale countenance, she breathed the Pontard u to the Hilt in the clojure of his breast, whereat he started, and would.

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would have got upon his feet, but the streams of blood so violently gushed from his wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his soul was forced to give the World a doleful adieu.

When Sabra beheld the bed of Violets stained with blood, and every flower converted to a Crimson colour, she sighed grievously: but when she saw her garments all to be sprinkled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood in the farther side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her clothes, but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never suffer wilful murder to be hid for what cause soever it is done.

This strange spectacle, or rather wonderful accident, so amazed the sorrowful Lady, that she began anew to complain: O that this wicked Murderer had never been done (said she) or that my hand had been stricken lame by some unlucky planet, when first it did attempt the deed! Whither shall I flee, to shrowd me from the company of virtuous women, which will for evermore shun me as a detested Murderer? If I should go into some Foreign Country, there Heaven will cast down vengeance for my guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and solitary Wildernesses, yet would the wind discover me, and blow this bloody crime, to every corner of the world: or if I should go live in Caves, or darksome Dens, within the deep foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me day and night; so that in no place a Murderer can live in rest, such discontented thoughts shall still oppress his mind. After she had breathed forth this comfortless lamentation to the Sky, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her back, and cast it into the Fountain, where it turned the water into the colour of blood, so heinous is murder in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being disrobed into her Petticoat, she turned to the slaughtered Earl, whose face she found covered with Spots: which added more grief unto her soul, for she greatly feared her murder was discovered: but it fell not out as she imagined: for it is the nature and kind of Robin Red-Breasts and other Birds, alwayes to cover the face of any dead man, and those were

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were they that bred this fear in the Ladies heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright windows, and sable night entered to take possession on the earth, yet durst not the woful distressed Sabra, make her repair homewards, lest she should be descried without her upper Garment.

: During which time, there was a general search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before so wofully complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torchlighten they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open: wherein no sooner entering, but they found their Murthered Master lying by a bed of Violets covered with Moss: likewise searching to find out the Murtherer, at last they espied Sabra in her bare Petticote, her hands and face bespinkled with blood, and her countenance as pale as ashes: by which signs they suspected her to be the bloody hereafter of their Lord and Masters life: therefore because she descended from a noble Linage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of Coventry: who immediately upon the confession of the Murther, gave this severe judgement against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remain for the term of twelve months, and at the end thereof, to be burned like a most wicked offender: Yet because she was the Daughter to a King, and a Royal Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in mercy granted her this favour, that if she could get any Knight at Arms, before the time were expired that would be her Champion, and by Combat redeem her from the fire, she should live: otherwise, if her Champion were vanquished, then to suffer the former punishment.

Thus have you heard the discourse of all things which happened till my departure from England; where I left her in Prison, and since that time the months are fully expired: therefore most renowned Champion, as you love the life of your Lady, and to save her deliver, make no tarryance, but with all speed pass into England, for I greatly fear, before you arrive on the blessed Shore, the time will be finished, and Sabra suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

This

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This doleful discourse broke Saint George with the other Knights and Champions, to such an excess of mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumb signs of sorrow, being not able to speak one word; where for that night they lamented the mishap of so vertuous a Lady. The Egyptian King her Father, he abandoned the sight of all companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himself so fast with Iron Bolts, that none could come within the hearing of his Lamentations: then raged he up and down like frantick Oedipus, tearing his eyes from their Natural Cells, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning earth of Iniquity, and accursing man for such an execrable Crime; one while wishing that his Daughters birth day had been her Burial day: another while that some unlucky Planet would descend the firmament, and fall upon his miserable head. Being in this extream passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters Commenance again: and so about midnight, being a time when desperate men practise their own destruction, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his Neck, and all besprinkled the Flinty Pavements with his blood and Brains.

So sooner was the night banished, and bright Phœbus entered the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised body lifeless and senseless, was found by this Servants lying in the Palace yard all beaten in pieces against the ground. The woful news of this self-willed Murder they presently told to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his scattered Limbs and carried them to St. Georges Chamber, whom they found arming himself for his departure towards England: but at this woful spectacle he took a second conceited grief in such extream manner, that it had almost cost him his life, but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many comfortable speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords; and Barons, with many other of the late Kings Privy Counsel, they elected him the true succeeding King of Egypt by the Marriage of Ptolomies Daughter: which Royal proffer St. George refused not, but took upon him the Regiment of the whole Country, so that for a short time his journey towards England was stayed, and upon the third day

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day following his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Kings caused St. George to be apparelled in Royal vestures like a King, he had on a suit of flaming Gown, like an Emerald, and a mantle of scarlet very richly furred, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him to the Kings Throne, and set him in a Chair of Gony, which had pummels of silver, which stood upon an Alabaster Elephant; then came three of the greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of gold upon his head; then followed the Knights with a Scepter and naked Sword, to signify that he was chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most sumptuous and rarely manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the general company with joyful voices cried all together, Long live St. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royal Palace, where for ten days he remained amongst his Lords and Knights, spending the time in great joy and pleasure: the which being finished, his Ladies distress constrained him to a sudden departure: therefore he left the guiding of his Land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: likewise charging them to interr the body of Ptolemy, in a sumptuous Tomb besitting the Body of so Royal a Potentate: Also appointed the six Champions to raise their Tents, and muster up anew their Souldiers, and with all speed march into Persia, and there by dint of bloody War revenge his former injuries upon the cursed Souldan.

This charge being given, the next morning by break of day he was clothed in his Armour, mounted on his swift footed Steed, and had his friends in Egypt for a season adieu; and so in company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky news, he took his Journey with all speed toward England; in which travel he will leave him for a time: Also passing ovr the Tyrrhynnion made by the Christiana Champions in Egypt, for the Invasion of Persia, and return to Sodomus. Sabra being in prison, awaiting each minute to receive the final stroke of impartial death: for now had the revolting Planets brought their years journey to an end: yet Sabra had

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had no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her cause, therefore she prepared her delicate body to receive her latest breath of life. The time being come, she was brought to the place of execution whither she went as willingly, and with as much joy, as if she went before-time unto her Marriage: she had made humble submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her soul to God. She being at the stake, where the King was present with many thousands as well of Noble personages, as of Common people, to behold this woful Tragedy, the dearth man stripping off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet, and in her Snow white Smock, bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake: then placed they round about her tender body, both Pitch and Turpentine: and Gunpowder, with other merciless things, thereby to make her death the more easie, and her pain the hotter: which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came rreacing in upon a roan coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trapped with rich Trappings of Gold and precious stones of great price: there came forth at the Horse mouth, two Tusks like unto an Elephants, his Postills were very large and big, his head little, his breast somewhat broad, well picht, and so hard that no Sword, were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of Cresser, a bolder and harder Knight, they thought lived not then upon the face of the whole Earth: he so advanced himself up and down, as though he had ben able to encounter with an hundred Knights, When the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her cause, both Drums and Trumpets sounded thrice several times up and down the fields: betwixt every rest was a full quarter of an hour, but yet no Defendant did appear: therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on fire.

At which words Sibra began to grow pale as ashes, and her Joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to recorde a Swan-like dying tale, and in this manner uttered the passion of her heart: Be witness, Heaven and all you bright Celestial Angels: be witness Sun and Moon; all true beholders of my fact: be witness thou
clear

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clear Firmament, and all the World be witness of my innocency: the blood I shed was for the safeguard of my Honour, and unsupported chastity; great God of Heaven, if the prayers of my untainted heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true innocency prevail with thy immortal power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad beholder of my Death. But if my hands were stained with the blood about some wicked enterprise, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me, else by some Noble Champion save my body alive. At which instant he heard the sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which Saint George caused to be winded, (for as then he was near) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last they beheld a far off a stately Banner waving in the Ayre, the which a Squire carried before Saint George, then they espied near unto the Banner, a most valiant armed Knight mounted upon a cole black Palfrey, with a Warlike Lance standing in his rest: by which sudden approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Ladies life. When the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound: whereat the people gave a general shout, and the poor Lady half dead with fear began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as beautiful as red Roses dypt in Milt, as blood mingled with Snow. But when St. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, encompassed with many instruments of death, his heart so relented with grief, that he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembering wherefore he came, he recalled his courage and intended to try his fortune in the Combat, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And when the Trumpets sounded deaths Alarm, the two Knights set spurs to their Horses, and made them to run so fiercely, that at the first encounter they splintered both their Lances to their hands, then rushed they together so rigourously with their Bodies & Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth: but St. George who was the more lusty Knight, nimbly leapt upon his feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his head downwards, casting from his Mouth abundance of blood, for he was mightily dyved with the fall, but when he revived from his Trance, he took his shield, drawing out a mighty Fauchion, and with a warlike coun-

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tenance ran at S. George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I swear by all the Saints of Heaben, to reuenge my blood which thou hast shed : and therewithal he struck so violently upon St. Georges shield, that it clab: it quite asunder. Then began he to wax angry and took his sword in great wrath, & gaue the Baron of Cheller such a stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the fl: of his side to the bare l:ba, and likewise cut his Leg almost clean asunder, in the thickest place of his thigh, and yet for all that the sword enured half a foot into the earth : then fell the Baron of Cheller to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

Now (sawst thou fatal Stars eternally, that did predominate at my birth, for he is fl: in and banquished, that neuer stoopt to any knight befoze this day : and thereupon the blood stopped the passage of his speech, and his soul went flying to Elyzium: where, at the whole company admired and applauded Saint George for the most fortunate Knight in the World. Then the King deliuered Sabra with his own hands to Saint George, who most courteously receiued her, and like a kind Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle ouer her body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him : yet he minding not to discover himself, but set her upon his porsly sh:ed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle reins. So great was the joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens through ebery place S. George should pass, did hang forth at their windows, and on their walls, Cloath of Gold and Silke, with rich Carpets, Cushion-couerings of gr:en Welbet lap abroad in ebery window : the Clergy in Cop:es of Gold and Silke, met them with solemn procession : the Ladies and beautiful Damels strowed ebery street whereas he pass with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and Crowned him with a wreath of gr:en Wags, in sign of his Trumphant Victo:ry and conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Palace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country : yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to see his face, and know his Name, for that he had aduentured so far for her sake, and that for her deli:berg he had banquished the brabest Knight in England. Yet for

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for all her persuasions, he kept himself undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras cloth and there unlaced his Beber: whose countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, she fell into a dead swoone for very joy: but St. George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kiss, calling her the most trusty, and the most loyallest Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight, and Loyallest Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linked in bands of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was St. George his Countreies Champion, which achieved that noble conquest in banquishing the Baron of Chester, he was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his wounds washed in white-wine and new Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banquetting House, where they feasted for that evening, and after he kept open Court for all comers so long as St. George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof he took his Lady and one Page with him, and had England adieu, and then he travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous journey and strange adventures you may read in this Chapter following.

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CHAP. XVI.

How St. George in his Journey towards Persia, arrived in a Countrey inhabited only by Maids, where he atchieved many strange and wonderful Adventures: also of the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabza preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.

After Saint George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled thzough many Countreies, taking their direct courses towards Egypt, and the eadnes of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with the Warlike Legions: at last, they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but Women: In which Region St. George atchiebed many brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Countrey, they found every Town and City desolate of people, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise untilld, the Pastures uncherished, and every field overgrown with weeds: whereby he deemed that some strange accident had befallen the Countrey, either by War, or mortality of some grievous Plague, for they could neither see eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed upon Herbs and Roots and instead of brave Palaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the banks of Rivers, and instead of Curtains of silk, they had black and dark clouds to cover them.

In this extremity they travelled up and down for thirty days, but at last it was their happy fortune to arrive before a rich Pavilion, situated and standing in the open fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld,

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held, for it was wrought of the richest work in the World, all of green and Crimson Satten, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cozds of green silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two green Silber Giffins shying against the Sun, which seemed in richness to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twise Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Quen Crowned with an Imperial Diadem, who was the most fairest Creature that eber he saw. On her attended Amazonian Dames, bearing in their hands Silber Bows of the Turkish fashion, and at their Backs hung Quibers full of Golden Arrows, upon their Heads they wore Silber Cozonets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attire comely and gallant: their Faces Fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads plain and white, the Tramels of their Hair like burnisht Gold: their Bows small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown colour, their visage plain, neither too Long nor too Round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their Noses long and straight, their Ruddy Cheeks somewhat smiling, their Eyes lovely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by Nature framed most excellent, who had made them in beauty without compare: The Quen her self was clothed in a Gown of Green, frait girt unto her body with a lace of Gold, so that somewhat her Round and Lillie white Brest might be sen, which became her wonderful well: beside all this she had on a Crimson Kirtle, lined with Violet Welbet, and her wide sleeves were likewise of Green Silk, embzoydered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When S. George sufficiently beheld the beauty of this Maiden Quen, he was almost entrappd in her love, but that the dear affection he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the treasures betwixt the highest Heavens and the lowest Earth. At last he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner.

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most divine and faire of all fairs, Queen of sweet beauty (saide he) let a trauelling Knight obtain this fauour at your hands, that both himself and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with trauel may take our rest within your Pabillion for a night: For we haue wandered up and down this Country many a day, neither seeing man to giue us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so vnzee a Country, and so beautiful with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of wonder.

This question being courteously demanded by Saint George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight quoth she (for so you seem both by your behaviour and gallant stature) what fauour my Pabillion may afford, be assured of: But the remembrance of my Countreys desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of sorrow in my soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember it: but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will reposit it though unto my grief: About some twelue years since, it was a Pegromancers chance to arrive within this Country, his name is Olmond, the cunningest Artist this day liuing upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charms make Heauen to rain continually Showrs of blood: my beauty at that instant tempted him to Love, and drowned his senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I habing bowed my self to Diana's chastity, to liue in singleness among these Amazonian Maids, contemned his Love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous Snakes; for which he wrought the destruction of his my Realme and Kingdom: for by his Magick Art and damned charms, he raised from the earth a mighty Tower, the Porter whereof he mingled with Virginian blood, wherein are such enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun and the brightness of the Skies is quenched, and the earth blasted with a terrible vapour, and black mist, that ascends from the Tower, whereby a general darkness overspread our Land, and within the compass of four and twenty houres, this Country was so wasted and destroyed, that the inhabitants fled out thereof.

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This Tower is haunted day and night with noble fiends: and at his departure into Persia, where he now the Enchantment, from the Souldan in his train against the Christians, he left the Guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Giant, for shape the ugliest Monster that ever eye beheld, or ever ear heard tell off: for he is thirty foot in length: his head three times larger than the head of an Ox: his eyes bigger than shop Peter's dishes, and his teeth standing out of his mouth more than a foot: wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel: his Armes big and long without any measure, and his body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brass: also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: and he never eateth any other meat, but raw flesh of Man-kind: he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath been assailed with great Troops of Armed men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus you have heard most noble and courteous Knight the true discourse of my utter ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon my Country, by this wicked Magician: for which I have remained ever since in this Prison amongst my Spaldens, where we pray both day and night, that some unhappy fortune, or terrible vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjuror.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replied Saint George) no sooner shall the Morning Sun appear, but I will take my journey to that Enchanted Tower: in which I'll enter in despite of the Giant, and break the Enchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowels: which if I happily perform, then I will travel into Persia, and setter up the most wicked Magician, and like a blood-hound lead him up and down the world in Chains.

Most dangerous is the adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen) from whence as yet did never Knight return: but if you be so resolute and noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then happy be your fortune: and know brave Knight, that this Tower lieth westward from hence some thirte[n] miles, and thereupon he took him by the hand, & caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Palfrey,

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trap, and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were feasted most royally, and so that night slept securely. But when the dapp bright windows opened, and the morning Sun began to glister, in all haste S. George that valiant minded Champion arose from his sweet content, and Armed himself: where after he had taken his leave of the Queen, and gave her thanks for his courteous entertainment, he also took his leave of Sabra, whom he left in company of the Queens Maids till his return with conquest, and so rode forth till it was noon, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and ever he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair day, and the Sun shined clear: but by that time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the light of the Sun, and also the sight of heaven: for it was there as dark as night, and more dismal than the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with streams as black as pitch, and the banks were so high, that the water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that ever returned back with life: about his head were monstrous dragons, and divers Giffons, who were able to bear away an Armed Knight Horse and all, there in as great multitudes as though they had been Starlings: also there were flies as big as mice, and as black as pitch, which stung him and his horse so grievously, that they issued down such rage of blood that it changed his Horse from a white to a crimson colour: likewise the Giffons struck at Saint George with their Talons so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his shield, which covered his whole body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on till he came to the Gates of the Enchanted Tower, where as the Giant sat in his Iron coat, upon a block with a Piece of Steel in his hand, who at the first sight of S. George, beat his teeth so mightily together that they rang like the stroke of an Anvill, and he ran raging like a fiend of hell, thobing to have taken the Champion Horse and all in his long teeth, that were as sharp as steel, and to have born them presently into the Tower: But when S. George perceived his mouth open, he took his sword and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Giant to roar so loud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the

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Earth to tremble: his mouth smoketh like a fiery furnace; and his eyes roled in his head, like brandes of flaming fire: the wound was so great, and the blood issued so fast from the Gyants mouth, that his courage began to quail, and against his will he was fozged to yield to the Champions mercy, and to beg for life, to which St. George agreed, but upon condition that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and after that be sworn his true seruant, and attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant swore by his own soul, neuer to leaue him in extremity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then Saint George demanded the cause of the darkness, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner.

There was in the Country about some twelve years since, a cunning Nymancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smok over the whole Landes whereby the people that were wont to dwell therein starved and furnished for Hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did neuer man before this time without Death. Also within the Tower, near unto the fire, there stands a fair and pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain, and cast the water thereof into the fire, then shall the darkness ever after cease, and the Inchantment end, for which cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Achievement of any Knight.

Then when the Gyant had ended his discourse, St. George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Enchantment, and deliver the Country from so grieuous a plague. Then with his close by the windows of the Tower, the which were seven spears in length and breadth, till he came to a little chink, through which he must needs enter: yet was it set as thick with Plakes of Steel, as the Pickes of an Archers skin, to the intent that no Knight should approach near unto the door, nor once attempt to enter in to the Tower: yet with great danger he opened the Gates, whereout came such a abundance of smok that the darkness of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle

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Genies would them in a bad place: yet nebest belesse St. George entered, and went down wards upon stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to smel upon his knees, and told his shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruised to pieces. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the fire, and going a little further he espyed out the Fountain, whereat he greatly rejoiced: and so he took his shield, and bare therein as much water as he could, and cast it into the fire. In conclusion he laboured so long till the fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receibe their perfect lightness, and the Golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the stairs many great Images of Beasts, holding in their hands mighty Spears of Steel, the which had done him much trouble at his coming down: but then their power was ended, the fire quenched, and the Enchantment finished.

Thus when St. George through his invincible fortitude had performed this dangerous adventure, he grew weary of Travel, both with heat and sweating, and the mighty blows he received from the Razer Images, that he returned again to the Wicket, whereas the deformed Spant still remained: who when he beheld the Champion returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said,

Sir Knight you are most welcome and happily returned, for you are the flower of Chivalry, and the bravest Champion of the World, Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience, for whilst I live, I do protest by the burning Wanks of Acheron, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your golden Spur, which is the noble badge of Knighthood.

This humble submission of the Spant caused the Champion to rejoice not for his overtyde, but that he had gotten so mighty a servant, then unlaced he his Helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his journey in company of the Spant to the Amazonian Quen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins:

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who like a kind modest and virtuous Wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the immortal powers of Heaven for his fortunate success and happy return; otherwise resolving her self, if he should die, to die with him, and to end his days before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remnant of her life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, St. George arrived before the Pavilion dutifully attended on by the Spane, who lay upon his shoulders the body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Protest had redeemed her Country from darkness, and delivered her from her sorrows, care and troubles: so in company of her Maids being gorgeously attyred, she conducted the Champion to a Tower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his defence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found the Sibra at her Devine prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in mourning habiliments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished grief, and in haste ran unto him; and in his bosom ravished her self with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen fasted them, and in what manner she and her Maids devised pastime for their contents, were too tedious to repeat, but when night gave end to their pleasures, and sleep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a bed framed with Ebony Wood, cherubing with many Pendants of Gold, the Rich was stuff with Down of Turtle Doves, the Sheets of Median Silk: thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and fitcht with threads of Gold. The Queen bestowed upon St. George at his going to bed, an embroidered Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare devices, as the Labours of Hercules, the Triumphs of Mars, and the tobraces of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though art her self had been the contriver.

Sibra at her going to bed was likewise presented by the Queens Maids with a light Kirite of changeable Violet, somewhat glowing on a red colour. Also, they put a white Birchlet of Silk upon her head, somewhat loose and untied, so that under the same her Booby Throat might be easily seen, and her fair

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faire golden hair lying about his neck : ther them took rest a mantle of green Silke, which made the Bed seem more beautiful than Flora's rich Ornaments. By them the Queen and her Virgins sat, making sweet Musick upon their silver tuned Lutes, till golden sleep had closed up their eyes ; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their natural rest. But all this while the Spanie never entered the Pavilion, but slept as soundly at the foot of a Pine-tree as Saint George did in his embroydered bed : for he knew not what pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any Romans face. At last, the night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the morning leave to appear, whose pleasant light caused St. George to forsake his bed, and to walk some few miles to observe the Country : in which journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of Muzicall wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the top of an high Mountain, being some two miles from the Queens Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles : many large Woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers : and about the Towns fair Mines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last he beheld the City of Argenia lying against the Sun, the place where the Queen in former time was wont to keep her Court : which City was fortified with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly builded, and more than five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone : also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having tops and Spires of Gold, shining most gorgeously, with Weather-Cocks of Silver glistering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgeiss houses stand like Palaces closed with high and strong walls, barred with chains of Iron from house to house, whereat in his heart he praised much the noblenesse and riches of the City, and said to himself, that it might well be called Argenia, for it seemed to be of Argent, that is as much as to say of Silver.

During the time of the Champions pleasurable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the closing of the Evening, happened a woeful Tragedy, near unto the Queens Pavilion, committed by the Murtherous Spanie whom St. George brought from

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from the Enchanted Tower : for that same morning when the Sun had mounted some few degrees unto the firmament, seven of the Queens Virgins in Sabras company, walked into a pleasant thicket of Trees adjoining to her Pavilion, not only to take the pleasure of the morning Air, but to hear the chirping melody of Birds : in which thicket the Grove, under a Pine Tree, this Giant lodged the past night : but no sooner came these beautiful Ladies under the branches of the trees, but the Giant cast his eye upon them, whose rare perfections so fired the heart of the lustful Giant, that he must either quench his desires with the spoils of their chastities, or end his days in some monstrous manner : therefore he harts up from the place where he lay, and with a joyful countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight at once betwixt his Arms, he bore them to the further side of the Grove, where he ravished seven of the Queens Maidens, & afterwards debauched them all into his loathsome howels, Sabra being the eighth of that woful number, which in her sight he beheld butchered by that bloody Wolf : but continuing the time of their ravishment, she made her supplication to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustful Rape of so lustful a Monster : and immediately upon these words she saw an ugly Load come crawling before her, through which by policy she saved her life, and preserved her honour : for she took the Load betwixt her hands, and crushed the venom from her imprisoned howels, whereby she all besprinkled her face, so that presently her fair beauty was changed into loathsome blisters, for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosy, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be deflowered, and the lustful Giant came to fetch her : but when he beheld her visage so invenomed, he loathed her sight, seeking neither to ravish her, nor proffering to devour her, but discontentedly wandring away greatly grieved at the committed crime, and sorely repenting himself of so wicked a deed, not only for the spoil of the seven Virgins, but for the wrong he had done to the Noble Knight, who not only granted him liberty of life, but received him into his service : therefore he saged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his exclamations : one while

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while cursing his fortune and hour of creation: another while bawling his Sire and debilitish Dam: but when he remembered the Noble Champion S. George, whose angry frown he would not see for all the World, then to prevent the same he ran his head most furiously against a knobbed Oak, and brained himself: where we will leave him now wistering in his blood and speak what became of S. George after this bloody accident: for after he had wandered up and down the Thicket many a weary step, intending Heaven against the Spirits cruelty, the Sun began to set and the dark night drew on, which caused her thus to complain.

O you immortal powers of Heaven, and you Celestial Planets, being the true guides of the Firmament, open your bright Celestial Gates, and send some fatal Planet, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to rid me from the vale of misery, for I will never more return to my Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsome face will prove a corrosive to his heart, and my body a torment to his soul: my sight will be displeasing, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former beauty, or end my languishing misery: yet witness heaven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extremity I have maintained my chastity: in remembrance of my true love, here will I leave this Chain of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his sake I have endured a world of wo. At which speeches she took her Chain which was doubled twenty times about her neck, and left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those Virgins whom the Spirit had ravished and slain, and so betook her self to a sad solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her days wandering in the Woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of Saint George, who by this was returned to the Queens Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the melody of Birds, and since that time no news hath been heard of them: for as then it grew toward night, which caused St. George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was be-
come

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come of the Spant; but answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since morning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Spants treachery, and so by this means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantic man he ran into the thicket, filling every corner with clamours and resounding Echoes of her Name, and calling for Sabra, though every bramble Bush: but there he could neither hear the voice of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the woful Echoes of his exclamations, which rattled through the leaves of the trees. Then began he to wax somewhat melancholy and passionate, passing the time away till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose glittering Beams he saw the ground bespangled with purple gore; and found the Chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her Neck, all besmeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune, and his Ladies hapless destiny: for he supposed then that the Spant had murdered her.

Discontented sight (said he) here lies the blood of my beloved Lady, the truest woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that body which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich than the Tomb of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the bowels of that monstrous Spant, whose life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chain besmeared in blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Mask: this golden Chain, I say, stained with the blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept with in my bosom, near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true love, faith and constancy. But fond fool that I am, why do I talk in vain: it will not recompence her murdered soul, the which methinks I hear how it calls for revenge in every corner of the Globe. It was I that left her careless within the danger of the Spant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore I will meet her in Elysium shades, and crave remission for my committed trespass, for on this Oak I will abridge my life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the love of Silara: which Lamentation being no sooner ended but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastened one end to the arm of a great Oak; and the other end to his Neck, intending presently to strangle himself; but Heaven prevented his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same tree

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the brained Giant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to S. George,

O stay thy hand most noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chief wonder for admirab'e Chivalry, and let my dying soul convert thee from so wicked a deed : Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I ravished, and buried all their bodies in my accursed bowels : but before I could deslour the eighth, in a strange manner her bright beauty was changed into a loathsome leprosie, whereby I detested her sight, and left her chastity undefiled, but by her sad complaints I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and love, and to this hour she hath her residence within the circuit of this Thicket : and thereupon with a doleful groan, which seemed to shake the ground, he had adieu to the world. Then S. George being glad to hear such tidings, reverted from his desperate intent, and searched up and down the Grove till he found Sabra, where she sat sorrowing under the branches of a Mulberry-tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heavy greeting : and as they walked back to the Queens Pabillon, she discoursed to him the truth of this bloody stratagem, where she remained till the Amazonian Queen had cured her Leprosie by the secret vertue of her skin : of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks for her kind courtesies, S. George with his Lady took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay incamp, at whose arrival you shall hear strange and wonderful things, the like was never done in any age.

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CHAP. XIV.

How Saint George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly Boys, and the Fairie Queens Prophesie upon the Childrens fortunes. Of St. Georges Return into Bohemia, where he Christened his Children, and of finding his Fathers Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

Saint George having atchieved the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and Sabra the surp of the lustful Giant, they took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Champions lay Encamped besoze the Souldans great City of grand Bagdor, a place most strongly fortified with Spirits, and other gassly illusions, by the Enchantment of Osmond, whom you heard besoze in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Negromancer in the world: but as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they hapned into a Desert and mighty Wilderness, overgrown with lofty Pines, & Cedar Trees, and many huge and mighty Oaks, the spreading branches whereof seemed to withhold the light of heaven from their untrodden passages, and tops exceeding height to reach into Elements, the inhabitants were Sylbans, Satyrs, Fairies, and other Wood Rymphs, which by day sported up & down the Forrest, & by night tended the pleasures of Proserpine the Farte Queen. The Musick of their sounding Pipes, so cheerfully resounding through the Woods, & the whistling wind made such melody amongst the leaved of trees, that it ravished their senses like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entered the shades of gladson Elyzium: one while they wondered at the beauty of the woods which nature adorned with a Summers liberty: anotherwhile at the green and fragrant grass, shaven out in round Circles, by Fairies dances, so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown passages, not knowing how, nor by what

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means to recover the perfect Path of their journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness, like solitary Pilgrims, spending the day with weary steps, and the night with vain imaginations, even as the Child when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his native dwelling: even so it hapned to these two lost & disconsolate travellers, for when they had wandred many dayes one way, and finding no end of their toils, they retrayed backward to the place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to hear the Noise of people resound in Country Villages, and to meet travellers passing from place to place, but now they heard nothing but rustling of winde, railing in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trees to groan, and now and then to meet a speckled Beast like to the Kalm-bew, weltring from his Den to seek his natural sustenance: in their Travail by night they were wont to hear the crowing of the Cock, recording glad tidings of the chearful dayes approach, the neighing of horses in pasture fields, & the barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lyons, yellobing of Wolves, the Croaking of Toads in Knots of rotten trees, and the rusul sound of Prognos Kabbishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary manner varied they the rotolling time away, till thrice three times the silver Moon had returned her borrowed light: by the which time the burthen of Sabras womb began to grow painful, and the fruit of her body ready to wax ripe, the hour of her delivery drew on, wherein she required Lucinas help, to make St. George the Father of a Princely Son: time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the world, and to make her a happy Mother: but before the painful hour of her delivery approacht, S. George had provided her a Tower of nine branches which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hills: where instead of a Princely Cabinet, being with Arras and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her self with a simple lodging covered with Moss, and other Fragrant Flowers: her bed he made of green Moss, and Whistle Down, beset curiously round about with Olive branches, and the sprigs of an Orange tree, which made it seem more beautiful than Flora's Pavilion, or Dana's Apartment: but at last, when she felt the pain of her womb grow intolerable,

and

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and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderness, devoid of Womens company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self down upon her Spott Bed, and with a blushing countenance she discovered her mind in this manner to St. George.

My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all times and seasons except at this hour, for it is the painful hour of my delivery, therefore depart from out of the hearing of my cries, and commit my fortune to the pleasures of the Heavens: for it is not convenient for any mans eye to behold the secrets of a woman in such a case: stay not, I say, dear Lord, to see the infant now sprawling in my Womb, to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation, forsake my presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Queen of France obtain the favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this wilderness, as were her valiant Sons Valentine and Dion, the one of them was cherisht by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their deeds: my pain is great, dear Lord, therefore depart my Cabinet, and before Phoebus lodgeth in the West, I shall either be a happy Mother, or a lifeless body: thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowful Widower. At which words, St. George sealed the agreement with a kiss, and departed silently without any reply: but with a thousand sighs he bid her adieu, and so took his way to the top of a Mountain, being in distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile, there kneeled he during the time of her travail, with his bare knees upon the bosom of the earth, never ceasing prayers, but continually soliciting the Mercy of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easie delivery: at whose obline Dions the Heavens seemed to relent, and all the time of her pain, covered the place with a Mass of darkness, by great flights of Birds, with troops of untamed Beasts, that came flocking about the Mountain where he kneeled, and in their kinds attended his Celestial contemplations: where I will leave him for a time, and speak what hapned to Sibra in the middle of her pain, and extremity of her travail: for after St. Georges departure, the fury of her grief so raged in her Womb, that it exceeded the bounds of reason, whereby her heart was constrained to breath so many scorching sighs, that they seemed to blind the eyes of men.

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and to wither the flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burnished ornaments caused her star bright eyes, like Fountains to distill down silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake: so grievous were her pains, and ruful were her cries, that she caused merciless Tiggers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beasts, like filly Lambs to sit and bleat: her grievous cries, and bitter moans, caused the heavens, as it were, to bleed their vapours down, and the Earth to weep a spring of tears: both Herbs and Trees did seem to drop, hard stony Rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last her pitiful cries pierced down to the lowest Manits of direful Dis, where Proserpine sits Crovoned amongst her Fairies, and so preballed, that in all hast she ascended from her Regiment, to work this Ladies safe delivery, and to make her Father of thze goodly Boys, who no sooner arrived in Sabras Locging, but she practised the duty of a Midwife, eased the burthen of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World: at whose first sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to rejoice, as a sign and token, that in time to come they would prove thze of the Noblest Knights in the world.

This courteous deed of Proserpine was no sooner performed, but she laid the thze Boys, in thze most rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which she caused the Fairies to fetch invisibly from thze of the richest Knights in the world, and therewithal Gantles of silk with other things thereunto belonging: likewise she caused a winged Satyr to fetch from the furbest borders of India, a cobering of Damask Laccaty Embzopdered with Gold, the most richest Ornament that ever mortal eye bevel: for thereon was wrought and libely portrayed by the curious skill of Indian weavers, how God created Heaven and Earth, the wandring courses both of Sun and Moon, and likewise how the golden Planets daily do predominate: Also there is no stozp in any age remembzed since the beginning of the world, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: so excellent it was, that art her self could never debtke a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Ladies Child-bed: whereby it seemed to surpass in bzeary the gorgeous Bed of Juno the bzabe Queen, when first she entertained imperious Jove. After this Proserpine laid under every Childs

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These Pillows a silver Tablet, whereon were Written in Letters
of Gold their good and happy Fortunes.

Under the first was these Merkes Charactered, who at that time
lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this Royal Babe shall die:
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be:
The Towers of fair Jerusalem and Rome,
Shall yield to him in happy time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe, was Charactered these
Merkes following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid up-
on the lap of Dido, whom Venus transform'd to the likeness of
Alcaniur.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device and Courtly sport:
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where Noble Knights resort:
Queens shall attend and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly under the Pillow of the third was these Merkes like-
wise Charactered, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when she
strook for the Golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Hea-
ven.

The Muses darling for true sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his days,
Kings shall admire his learned eloquence,
And write in brazen books his endless praise:
By Pallas gift he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his fame, and lift him to renown.

Thun

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Thus when the Fairie Queen had ended her Prophecy upon the Children, and had left them golden fortunes lying in their Cradles, she banished away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her safe delivery, and wondring at the gifts of Proserpine: which she conjectured to be but shadows to dazle her eyes, and things of fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich covering of Damask Taffety, which covered her Mother's bed, and felt that it was the self same form that it seemed, she cast her eyes with a chearful look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave thanks to immortal Jove for her rich received benefites, but for his mercifull kindness in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion S. George, whom we left praying upon the Mountain top, and as you heard before, the skies were overspread with sable clouds, as though they had been mourning witnesses of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sun had hid'd into watry Thetis Lap, the Element began to clear, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which he supposed that Heaven had pitied his Ladies pains, and granted her a safe delivery: therefore in all haste he retired back to the Silban Cabinet: the which he found most strangely deckt with sumptuous habilliments, his Lady lying in her Child-bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the world, and three Princely Boys sweetly sleeping in their several Cradles: at whose first sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it withheld the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the silver Tablets lying under the pillows, and read the happy fortunes of his Children, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true discourse of this accident, and by whose means the bolwer was beautified so gorgeously, and the propounder of his Childrens Prophecie: who with a countenance blushing like purple morning, replied in this manner:

My most dear and well beloved Lord, the pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely boys, hath been more painful than the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joy-
ful

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ful than the pleasures of this world: the winds carry'd my groans to every corner of this wilderness, whereby both trees and herbs assisted my complaints; beasts, birds and feathered fowls, with every senseless thing that nature framed on this earth, seemed to pity my moans: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to me a Queen crown'd with a golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Juno, and in beauty to Divine Diana: her garments for hazels seem'd to stain the Rain-bow in her bright blue, and for diversify of colours, to surpass the flowers of the field: on her attended many beautiful Nymphs, some clad in garments in colour of the Crystal Ocean, some in attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azure Firmaments: her wisdom might compare with Apollo's, her judgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner enter'd she my presence, but my troubles ceased, and my Womb deliver'd up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the virtue of her skill, she prepar'd these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought invisible to my Cabinet: likewise these Mantles, and this embroidered Coberlet, she frankly bestow'd upon me, and so immediately banish'd away.

At which words, St. George gabe her so many kind embraces, and kiss'd her so lovingly, as though it had been the first day of their Nuptials. At last, her hunger encreased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except she receiv'd some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. This extream desire of Sabra, caus'd St. George to tucke on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword ready to gear the entrails of some Woe: who swooz he the honour of true Knighthood never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content. My love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers than Jason did for Medea's love: I'll search the thickest Groves, & chase the nimble Doe to death: the flying Fowl I'll follow up and down from tree to tree, till overtaken they do fall down and die: for love of thee & these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more dear than the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers than old Hercules for the Love of Deianira, and more extream than Turnus did in his bloody War.

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tels : & thereupon with his Fauchion ready charged, he traced the woods, leading no thought brake nor mossy Cave unsearched, till he had found a herd of fallow Deer : from which number he singled out the fattest to make his Lady a bountiful banquet : but in time of his absence, there happened to Sabra a strange and wonderful accident : for there came weltring into the Cabinet three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lyon, a Tygres, and a the Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which sight Sabra like one distraught of sense, started from her bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain : for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the Childrens cry without her hearing : then like a discontented woman she turned back, beating her breast, rending her hair, and raging up and down her Cabinet, using all the rigour she could devise against her self : and had not S. George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own daughter : but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with tears, her head disrobed of Ornament, and her bosome breast all to be rent, he cast down his Wenslon in all haste, and asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (said she) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to me : for in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lyonsess, a Tygres, and a Wolf came into the Cabinet, and took my Children from their Cradles ; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I do fear, by this time they are intomb'd within their hungry bowels.

O simple monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes : Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the entrails of the fallow Deer, shall rive my woful heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal day, the Planets that predominate, &c. Sun that shines thereon : heaven blot it from the year, and let it never more be numbred, but accounted for a dismal day throughout the world : let all the trees be blasted in those accursed woods : let Herbs and grass consume away and die, and all things perish in this wilderness. But why breath I out these curses in vain, when as methinks I hear my Children in untamed Lyons Dens, crying for help and succour ? I come sweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from Tygers wrathful jaws, or make my grave within their hungry bowels.

Then

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Then took he up his sword besmeared all in blood, and like a man bereaved of wit and sense, ranged up and down the Wilderness, searching every corner for his Childzen; but his Lady remained still in her Cabinet, lamenting for their loss, washing their Cradles with her pearly tears that ran down her stained cheeks like silver drops.

Many ways wandred S. George, sometimes in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes in Mountain tops, where Lyons whelps do sport and play, and many times in dismal thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred S. George up and down the Wilderness for the space of two daies, hearing no news of his unchristened Childzen. At last he approached the sight of a pleasant River, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Mountains, into whose streams he purposed to cast himself; and so by a desperate death give end to his sorrows: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the waters, and his soul to the pleasure of the heavens, he heard a far off the ruful screeke, as he thought of a comfortless Babe: which sudden noise caused him to refrain from his desperate purpose, & with more discretion to tender his own safety: then casting his eyes aside, it was his happy destiny to spie thre inhumane Beasts lying at the foot of the Hill, tumbling themselves against the warm Sun, and his thre pretty Babels sucking from their wombs, their most unkind milk: which spectacle so encouraged the Champion, that without further solicite-ent, with his single sword, he assailed at one time the thre Monsters: but so furiously they pursued him, that he little preballed: and being almost breathless, was forced to get into an Orange Tree, else he had been buried in their merciless botwels: but when the thre wild beasts perceived him above their reaches, & that by no means they could come near him, with their wrathful jaws, they to rent and roze the root of the tree, that if by policy he had not prebentured them, the tree had been pulled in pieces: for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, & so overladen that the branches seemed to bend, & he thought to break: of which fruit he cast such abundance down to the beasts, where by they restrained their furies, and sed to feed thereon, that in short time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavy sleep, this good and happy fortune caused S. George nimble to leap

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off the Tree, and with his keen edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his Children, lying comfortless upon a grassy bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoice, and to receive as great pleasure in their sights, as though he had been honoured with the conquests of Cæsar, or the Royalty of Alexander, therefore after he had given them his blessing, he took them up in his Arms, and spake these words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your safe deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will add long life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate death; From hence forth let I have be your guide, and send you as happy fortunes as Remus and Romulus, the first founders of Emperious Rome, which in their Infancies were nursed with the milk of a Ravenous Wolf: and as prosperous in your adventures as was that Persian Potentate, which sed on the milk of a Bitch. At the end of which speeches, he approached the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the loss of her Children: but at his return he found her without sense or moving, being not able to give him a joyful welcome, whereat he fell into this extream passion of sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune, (quoth he) how many griefs heapest thou upon my head! wilt thou needs enjoin me to an endless sorrow? see Sibra, see, I have redeemed our Sons, and freed them from the Tygers bloody jaws, whose wrathful countenance did threaten death. which comfortable speeches caused her presently to rejoice, and to take the silly Infants in her Arms, laying them sweetly upon her Bosom, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Aeneas stopped in the Court of Carthage. The kind embraces, loving speeches, and joyful conference that past betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the Wilderness, without further disturbance, either of wild Beasts or other accident, till Sibra had recovered her Child-bed sickness: and then being conducted by a happy Star, they returned back the ready way to Christendom: where after some few dayes travel, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King

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King of that Country, with two other bordering Princes most Royally Christianed his Children. The eldest they named Guy; the second Alexander, and the third David; the which being performed, and the triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one month, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare to St. George, provided most honourably for his Childrens bringing up.

First he appointed three several Ambassadors, with all things necessary for so Princely a charge, to conduct the three Infants, to three several Countries. The first and eldest, whose fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the Imperial City of Rome (being then the wonder of the world for Martial Discipline) there by the Emperors to be trained up. The second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Country of England, being the pride of Christendom for all delightful pleasures. The third and last, whose Fortune was to prove a Scholar, he sent into Germany, unto the University of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the excellentest place of Learning, that remained throughout the whole world.

Thus were St. Georges Children provided for by the Bohemian King, for when the Ambassadors were in readiness, the Ships for their passage furnished, and their attendants appointed, St. George in company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen and a train of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to Ship-board, where the wind served them prosperously, that in a short time they had adieu to the Shore, and sailed cheerfully away. But as St. George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his chance to come by an old ruined Monastery, under whose walls in former time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain verses carbed in stone over his Grave by the Commons of the Country (as you may read before in the beginning of this History. Over the same he requested of the King that he might erect a stately Monument, that the remembrance of his name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of obscurity. To which reasonable demand the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and whichal gave a Tun of Gold.

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Sold forth of his own treasury, towards the performance thereof. The sudden report of this memorable deed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their own accord, with such willingness, that they in short time finished it. The foundation of the Tomb was of purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of Earth, and how the warry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so libely portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: The Props and Pinacles of Alabaster, beset with knobs of Jasper stone; the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the top stood four golden Lyons, holding up, as it were an Element, therein was curiously contrived the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual courses; with many other things wrought both in gold and silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the Princely proceedings of St. George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindness and courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

The Seven

CHAP.

Famous Champions
of Chivalry

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CHAP. XVI.

Now St. George with his Lady arrived. in Egypt: of their Royal entertainment in the City of Grand Cair: and also how Sabra was Crowned Queen of Egypt.

MAny strange accidents, and dangerous adventures, St. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and art to describe. But at last when fortune smiled, which before long time had crossed their intents with her inconstant chances, and had cast them happily upon the Egyptian Shore, being the Nurse and Mother of Sabras first creation: the twelve Pers unto whom Saint George before time committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Croton, as you have heard before discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped steeds, & willingly surrendred up his Scepter, Croton, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen they attended them to the City of Grand Cair, being then under the subjection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in the world, for it was in breadth full threescore miles, and had by just account, within the walls twelve thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Religion: but when St. George with his stately attendants entered the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring Puff of heavenly Angels, and to seek the Royalty of Cesar in Rome, when he returned from the worlds conquest. The Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewd with all manner of odoriferous Flowers; and the Walls hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus.

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Thus passed they the Streets in great solemnity, wondring at the curiousty of the Pageants, & listening to their learned Orations, till they entered the Gates of the Palace, where in the first entry of the Court was contrived cher head, a Golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from thence it seemed to rain Nectar and Ambrosia: likewise there descended, as it were from the clouds Ceres, the Goddess of plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers and Trees: who, at the coming by of S. George and his Lady, presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of Silver, to signify that they were happily returned to a plentiful Country both of wealth and treasure. But as Ceres ascended up into the Firmament, there were seen most strange and pleasant fire-works shooting from place to place, as though the fiery Planets had descended from Heaben, and had generally conspired to make them delightful pastimes: but as S. George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of War, imbrowed with a Camp of Armed Soldiers, as if they were with their weapons ready charged to assault some strong hold, or invincible City: their Silver trumpets seemed to sound cheerfully, their thundring Drums courageously, their silken streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march triumphantly: all which seemed to give more content to S. George, than all the delightful pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of War, and to see the Soldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these martial sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, & the bravest sword that ever knight handled: for they had been kept within the City of Constantinople for the space of five hundred years, and held for the richest ornaments in the Country. Also he presented him with a Spurrour of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at a Kings ransom: for it was made by Magick Art: the virtues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report:

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report: for therein one might behold the secrets of the liberal Sciences, and by Art discourse what was practised in other Princes Courts: If any Hill or Mountain within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and Country, and how deep it lay closed in the earth, by it one might truly calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Common-wealths, with many other excellent gifts and virtues, which for this time I omit. Then in great state passed S. George to the third Court: which was richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other twain: for there was most libely portrayed the manner of Elyzium, how Jove and Juno sat tubed in their Regal Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant and the device most excellent, their speech admired, and their songs heavenly.

Thus passed S. George with his Lady through the three Courts till they came to the Palace: wherein was provided against their coming a Statelier Banquet than had the Macedonian Monarch at his return into Babylon when he had conquered the middle earth: the curious Cares and well replenished dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the most sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the world had been present. Many dainties continued in this sumptuous cheer, and accompanied with such Princely triumphs, as Art her self wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sibra, which was royally performed with many more the following, requires a Golden Pen to write it, and a longer waste in the conversation of the Golden Doves to declare it. Egypt was honoured with Triumphs, and Grand Cans, with Lists and Turnaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and festival day, in the remembrance of their new Conquered Queen: no Traveller nor Artificer was suffered to leave that day, but was charged upon pain of death to hold it for a day of Triumph, a day of joy, and a day of merriment, in which Monarch S. George was a principal performer, till the Lord of Honour summoned him to Arms: the remembrance of the Chylian

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plots in Persia, caused him to bebiate the Pastimes, and to buckle on his Warlike Coarset, which had not glittered in the fields of Mars in four and twenty dayes : of whose Noble deeds and aduencurous proceedings I will at large discourse, and leaue all other pastimes to the new Inuested Queen and her Ladies.

CHAP. XVII.

The bloody Battel betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negormancer Osmond raised up by Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians : How the six Champions were Enchanted and recovered by St. George : the misery and Death of the Conjuror, and how the Souldan brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

NOW must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in Persia, and what happened to them in St. Georges absence, for if you remember before being in Egypt, when he had news of his Ladies confinement in England, for the further of the Earl of Coventry, he caused them to march into Persia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongful Imprisonment upon the Souldans his provinces : in which Country after they had marched some fifty Miles, burning and spoliing his territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans power, which was about the number of three hundred thousand fighting men : but the Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbred, & they amounted not to adobe one hundred thousand able men : at which time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battel, the like in any age was seldom fought : for it continued without ceasing, for the space of five days, to the great effusion of blood on both Parties, but at last the Pagans had the worst : for when they beheld their Fields destroyed with mangled bodies, and that the

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Rivers for twenty Miles compass did flow with Crimson blood; their hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like sheep before the Wolf. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither Young nor Old, till the wayes were strewd with lifelesse bodies, like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest they burned above hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as level with the ground, as Barbaſt Reapers do fields of ripened Corn: But the Souldan himself, with many of his best approved Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of Persia: before whose Walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant forces, and speak of the damnable practices of Oimond, within the Town, where he accomplisht many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christian Armies had long time given assault to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like storms of winters hail, whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yield, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Souldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resign his happy Government to forraign Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate encounters, and within thirty dayes, if they had not the honour of the War, then willingly to consent to their Countreys Conquest: which Princely resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to yield up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower where he found Oimond, sitting in a chair studying by Magick how long Persia should remain unconquered: who at his entrance drove him from his Charms with these speeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for Negromancy the world hath made famous. Now is the time to expresse the love and Loyalty thou bearest thy Sovereign: Now is the time thy charming Spells must work for Persias good: thou seest my Fortunes are deprest, my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my fields of Corn consumed, and my Countrey almost conquered: I that was wont

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roadever the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear
the Christians Drums, that sound forth doleful Funerals for my
Soldiers: I that was wont with Armed Legions to drink up Rivers
as well marched, and made the Earth to groin with bearing of our
Multitudes; I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble
at my frowns, and force Emperious Potentates to humble at my
feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with
blood, and stood rejoycing when I see their buildings burn: I that
have made the Mothers Wombs, the Infants Tombs, and cau-
sed Cradles for to swim in streams of blood, may now behold
my Countries ruine, my Kingdoms fall, and mine own fatal
overthrow: Awake great Osmond, from thy dreaming Trance,
awake I say, and raise a troop of black infernal Friends to fight
against the damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees do flock
about our Walls, prevent, I say, my Lands Invasion, and as I am
great Monarch of Asia, I'll make thee King over twenty Provinces,
and sole Commander of the Ocean, raise up I say thy Charmed
Spirits, leave burning Acheron empty for a time, to aid us in this
bloody Battel.

These words were no sooner ended, but there raised such a peal
of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very
earth shake: to breake the Pyromancer started from his Chair,
and in this manner encouraged the Hordan:

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed
Knights, nor all the Princes in the world, that shall shake your
Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this age, that
can both loose and bind the fiends, and call the black-faced Furies
from the Coeyrus? Am not I that shall strike with which I framed the
charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the
Witches in the world could never spoil? Therefore let Learning,
Art, and all the secrets of the deeps, assist me in this enterprise,
and then let frothing Europe do her worst: my charms shall
make the Heavens to rain such railing Showres of Stones upon their
heads, whereby the earth shall be overlaiden with their dead bo-
dies, and Hell overlaiden with their hateful souls: senseless Trees
shall rise in humane Shapes, and fight for Pelia. Al wile Medea
were

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were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safeguard of her
 Fathers Race, then why should not Obedience practice wonders for
 his Sovereigns happiness? I'll raise a Troop of Spirits from the
 lowest Earth, more black than dismal night, the which in ugly
 shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within
 their rich Pavilions, legions of fiery spirits will I up raise from
 Hell, that like to Dragons spitting flames of fire, shall blast and
 burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: the fields of
 Grand Balign shall be overspread with venomous Snakes, Adders,
 Serpents, and impostsioned Loads, the which unseen shall lurk in
 soft ground, and sting the Colonels of War-like Horses: down
 from the Crystal Firmament, I will Conjure a Troop of apple Spi-
 rits to descend; that like to Virgins clad in Princely Ornaments,
 shall link these Christian Champions in the charms of love: their
 eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of heaven, and dazle to their
 War-like thoughts, and their libel countenances more bright
 than Fairies, shall lead them captive to a Tent of love, the which
 shall be artificially erected up by Magic Spels: their War-like
 Weapons that were wont to smite in Pagan's blood, shall in my
 charmed Tent be hung upon the towers of peace: their glistering
 Armour that were wont to strike within the fields of Africa,
 shall henceforth for evermore be stained with rust: and themselves
 surnamed for Partial discipline, the wondrous Champions of the
 world, shall turne to soft belov'd love: and sleep upon the laps of
 the Apple Spirits, that descend to the elements in Virgins shapes,
 terror and despair shall mightily oppress their merciless Soldiers,
 that they shall yield the honourable conquest to your Excellency:
 such strange and wondrous accidents by art shall be accom-
 plished, that braven shall frown at my Enchantments, and the earth
 tremble to beat my Conjurations. Therefore most mighty Persian
 humbly up the scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning
 set open thy Gates, and march thitherward with thy Armed
 Soldiers: leave not a man within the City, but let every one
 that is able to bear Arms, fight in the honour of Persia, and before
 the closing of the night I'll make thee conqueror, and yield up the
 braving Christians as Prisoners to thy mercy.

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If this prove true, renowned Osmond, as thou hast promised (saith the Souldan) Earth shall not harbour that too dear for thee: for thou shalt have my self, my Kingdoms, Crowns, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, shall pay thee yearly tribute with her treasure, the place where Midas washt his golden with away. All things that nature framed precious, shalt thou be Lord and sole Commander of, if thou prevent the invasion of my Country; and thereupon be departed the Chamber and left the Begromancer in his study: and as he gave commandment, his Captains made in readiness his Souldiers, and furnished their War-like Horses, and by the Suns uprising, marched into the fields of Belgor, where upon the Rarblide of the Enemy they pitcht their Camp. On the other side, when the War-like Christians had intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Persians were entred the fields ready to give them Battel, sudden Alarms sounded in their ears, rumours of Conquest encouraged so the souldiers that presently they were in readiness to entertain the Persians to a bloody banquet: both Armies were in fight, with blood-red Colours waivering in the Ayre: the Christian Champions richly mounted on their War-like Couriers placed themselves in the fore-front of the Battel, like couragious Captains, fearing neither death nor Inconstant chance of fortune. But the Souldan with his petty Princes like cowards were inbiron'd and compass with a ring of Armed Knights, where instead of nimble steeds, they sat in Iron Chariots. Divers Psolical and many Princely encouragements past between the two Armies before they entred Battel: but when the Drums began to sound Alarm, and the silver Trumpets gave dreadful echoes of death: when the Cross of Christendom began to flourish & the Arms of Mahomer to be advanced: when then began so terrible and bloody a Battel that the like was never found in any Age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, the Pagans received so great a Massacre, & fell so fast before the Christian Champions that they were forc'd to wade up to the knees in blood, & their Souldiers to fight upon heaps of slaughtered men: the fields were altered from a green colour, to a purple hue, the Dales were strept in crimson gore, & the hills & mountains covered with dead mens rattling bones. But let us not forget the wretched Begromancer Osmond, that during the time of that dangerous

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gerous Encounter knelt in a low Valley near unto the Camp, with his black hair hanging down unto his Shoulders like a tangle of Snakes, and with his silver wand circling the Earth; where when he heard the sound of Drums thundring in the Air; and the Brazen Trumpets giving dreadful sounds of War, he entred into these fatal and damned speeches.

Now is the Battel (quoth he) furiously begun, for methinks I hear the Souldan cry for help : now is the time my charming Spells must work for Persia's V story, and Europes fatal overthrow : which being said, thrice did he kiss the Earth, thrice beheld the Elements, and thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silver Razor he let from his left arm, and after began again to speak in this manner :

Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet Stars, but linger on, till Omonds Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great Daemon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those tearful shapes, that nightly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that holdest the Snake Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning Steel, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chains, even thou that tossest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like to unlucky Comets, even thee I charge to let my Furies loose, open thy Brazen gates, and leave thy boyling Cauldron empty : send up such Legions of Infernal Fiends, that may in number countervail the blades of grass that beautifie these bloody fields of Belgor.

These fatal speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a multitude of spirits, both from the earth, water, ayre, & fire, that it is almost incredible to repeat, & which he caused to run in y^e Christian Army : whose burning torches not only annoyed the souldiers with fear & terror, but also fired the horses manes, burned the trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched trees, & herbs, & dimmed the Elements with such an extream darkness, as though the earth had ben covered with eternal night : he caused the spirits likewise to raise such a tempest, that it tore up mighty Oaks by the roots, removed hills and mountains & blew men into the Air & all : yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the furies & wicked spirits could any whit daunt the most noble & magnanimous minds of the six Champions of Christendom : but like unconquered Lyons they

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they purchase honour where they went, colouring their Wonders in Paganish words, making the earth true witnesses of their wickedness, and Heretical proceedings, whom they had arrived in a bloody Liberty: and though S. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Martial discipline and Princely achievements) were absent in that terrible Battle: yet mortified they as much honour and renown, as though he had been there present: for the accursed Pagans fell before their Amur-like weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from trees, when the blustering Storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Begromancer Olmond perceived that his Magick spells took smallest effect, and how in despite of his Charmment the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art, and banned the hour and time wherein he first attempted so wicked an enterprize, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some Celestial means: but yet not purposing to leave off at the first repulse, he attempted another way by Begromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First he erected by Magick Art a Satelish Tent, outwardly in show like to the compass of Earth, but furnished inwardly with all the delightfull pleasures that either Art or reason could invent, only framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with enticing delights, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: then fell he again to his Conjuratiō, and bound a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves in the likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form and beauty like to the darlings of Venus, in comeliness comparable with Thetis dancing on the silver sands, and in all promotion like Daphne, whose beauty caused Apollo to descend the Heavens: their limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their cheeks to Roses dypt in Oil, and their eyes more bright than the Stars of Heaven: also they seemed to carry in their hands Amber Bolts, and on their backs hung Quibers of Golden Arrows. Likewise upon their Breasts they had Picured the God of Love dancing upon Mars his knie.

Thus in the shape of beautiful Damfels, caused by these spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden bait of their enticing smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of Love, and with their smiling beauties led them from their Souldiers,

and

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and to bring them Prisoners into his Enchanted Tent. ^{which} commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins or rather infernal Furies moze swift than the winds, glided into the Christians Army, where their glittering beauties so dazled the eyes of the six Christian Champions, and their sober countenances so entrapped their hearts with desire, that their Princely valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusa's Shadows had been pictured upon their faces, to whom the enticing Ladies spake in this manner.

Come Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the sound of bloody War, and hang your angry weapons on the bowler of peace, Venus you see hath sent her Messengers from Paphos, to lead you to the Paradise of Love: there Heaven will rain down Nectar and Ambrosia stork for you to feed upon: and there the Herd of Angels will make you Musick: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with enticing Kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were Enchanted with their lobes, and vowed to take their last farewell of Knight-hood and magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their War-like Companies to the Rigmancers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Souldiers without Guiders, in danger of confusion. But the Queen of chance so smiled upon the Christians, that the same time S. George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose Pabls Achievements I purpose now to speak. For no sooner had he entered the Battel, and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay Enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the laps of infernal Furies, the which Osmond had transformed by his Charms, into the likeness of beautiful Damsels: which unexpected news constrained S. George to breathe from his sorrowful heart this woful lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter news? are my fellow Champions come from Christendom to win immortal honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitched with beauty? come they from Europe to fight in coats of steel; & will they lie distraught in tears of love? came they to Asia to purchase Kingdoms: and by bloody War to rui-

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nate Countreys, and will they yield their Victories to so foul disgrace? O Shame and great dishonour to Christianity! O spot to Honour and true Chivalry! this news is far more bitter to my soul, than was the poisoned Dreg; that Aspidochelone gave to Alexander in his drunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my heart, than was that juice that Hannibal sucked from his fatal King. Come, Soldiers, come you followers of those cowardly Champions, unsheath your war-like weapons, and follow him whose soul hath bowed either to redeem them from the Pegromancers charms, or die with honour in that enterprize. If ever mortal creatures warred with damned suites, and made a passage to Enchanted Wales, where Devils dance and war-like Madones in the night, then Soldiers let us march unto that black Pavilion, and chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christianity.

These resolute speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with fear, grew so courageous, that they protested to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian Knights with Noble Jason in the Isle of Colchos. Now began the Battel again to renew, & the Drums to sound fatal knells for the Pagan Soldiers, whose souls the Christian Swords by numbers sent to burning Acheron: but St. George that in valour excelled the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smallest Stars in brightness, with his sword made Lanes of slaughtered men, and with his angry arm made passage through the thickest of their troops, as though that death had been commander of the Battel: He caused Crowns and Scepters to stoim in blood, and headless Steds with joyntless men, to fall as fast before his sword, as drops of rain before a thunder, and ever in great danger he encouraged his Soldiers in this manner: Now for the sake of Christianity, Fight, Captains be now Triumphant Conquerors or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Soldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Pegromancers Charms, nor all his flaming Dragons, nor fierce Wakers, that filled the Ayre with burning lights, nor daunted at the strange encounters of hellish Legions, that like to armed men with burning Frigidions haunted them; so fortunate were their proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent, where

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as the other Champions lay surfeiting in lobe, whilst thousands of their friends fought in coats of steel, & merited renown by their Noble achievements: for no sooner arriv'd S. George with his war-like followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Muses: likewise his ears were almost ravish'd with the sugared songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of Orpheus harp, caus'd the stones & trees to dance, & made the Elements to shew more bright than the mornings beauty, with drops of honey trickling down their crystal cheeks: the Waves did hiss when they began to sing: the running waters danced, & every senseless thing did seem to breathe out sighs for lobe; so pleasant and heavenly were the sights in the tent, & so delightful in his eyes, that he had been Enchanted with their charms, if he had not continually bourn the honour of Knighthood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would rebound to Christendoms reproach: therefore with his sword he let drive at the Tent, & cut it in two a thousand pieces, the which being done, he apparently beheld where the Magicianer sat upon a block of steel, feeding his Spirits with drops of blood, whom when the Champion beheld, he caus'd his Soldiers to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oak: from whence neither Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his Devils could ever after loose him: where we leave him to his Lamentations, filling the Ayre with Echoes of cries, and speak how S. George redeem'd the Champions from their Enchantment's.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their war-like attire, their furniture hung up, and themselves secretly slapping upon the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented speeches.

O heavens (said he) how my soul abhors this spectacle! Champions of Christendom arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like men: are you the cholen Captains of your Countries, and will you bury all your honours up in Ladies laps? for shame arise, I say, they have the tears of Crocodiles, the songs of Syrens to Enchant: to arms brave Knights, let honour be your loves bluish to behold your Friends in arms, and bluish to see your native Country-men sleeping the Fields of Madoz with their bloods: Champions, arise, St. George calls, the Victory will tarry till you come: Arise, and tear the womanish attire, surfeit not in silken Robes: put on your Steely Corsets,

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your glistring Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering weapons, that Mayors fields may be converted into a purple Ocean.

These Heroical Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosoms, and being ashamed of their follies, they submissibely craved pardon, and bowed by protestations, never to sleep in beds of Down, nor never unbuck'e their Shields from their weary Arms, till they had won their credits in the filds again: nor never would be counted his deserbed followers, till their triumphs were enrolled amongst the deeds of Martial Knights. So Arming themselves with approb'd Co:sets, and taking to them their trusty Swords, they accompanied St. George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Negromancer chained to the tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter curses.

Let Hell's bozroz and tozmenting pains (quoth he) be their eternal punishment: let flaming fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their war-like triumphs, and let their ways be strowed with benemeus thozns, that all their legs may bozangle to the knees, befoze they march to their Natibe Country. But why exclaim I thus in vain, when heaben it self pzeferbes their happiness? Now all my Magick Charms are ended, and all my Spirits forsaken me in my need, and here am I fast chained up to Starbe and die. Have I had power to rend the bales of earth, and Make the mighty Mountains with my Charms: Have I had power to raise up dead mens Shapes from Kingly Tombs: and can I not unchain my self from this accursed tree? O no, for I am fettered up by the immortal power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebel, I am now condemned to eberlasting fire. Come all you Negromancers in the world, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers; come all you Scholars from the learned Universtties, come all you witches, Bedlams and FortUNETellers, and all that practice Debillish Arts, come take example by the stoop of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his own hands toze his eyes from his head, as a sufficient rebenge, because by the direction of their wills, he was first trained in that damned Art: then betwixt his teeth he bit in two his loathsome tongue, because it muttered forth so many fatal charms: then into his thirsty bowels he deuoured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, where.

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wherewith he made his Charmed circles : and for every letter, mark, and character, that belonged to his Conjurations, he inflicted a several torment upon himself : and at last, with sightless eyes, speechless tongue, handless arms, and dismembred body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghost : where after his air of life was banished from his earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden fall, and Hell began to rear at the conquest of his death : the ground whereon he dyed, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that Country, A Vale of Walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damnable life, & miserable fall of this accursed Magromancer Olmand, whom we will now leave to the punishments due to such a wicked offender, and speak of the seven Noble and Magnanimous Christian Champions.

After S. George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his Petty Kings taken Prisoners. Seven days the Battel continued without ceasing : they slew two hundred thousand Soldiers, besides a number that fled away and drowned themselves : some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high trees, some made slaughter of themselves, and some yielded to the mercies of the Christians : but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Charlots, endured the Christians encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yield. The Souldan happened into the hands of S. George, and six other Champions, where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably : but the Souldan himself having a heart fraught with despight and tyranny, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Government, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightness, and the Seas forsake their swelling tides, before his heart should yield to their intended desires : whereupon S. George being resolved to revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all Princely attire, & in base apparel sent to Prison, even to the same Dungeon where he him-

self.

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Self had endured so long imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the History: which strict commandment was presently performed: In which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomach with the Bread of mucky bran, and stanching his thirst with Channel water, but he began to grow desperate and torap of his life, and at last fell into this wofull Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you thrown a deserved plague upon my head, and all those guiltless souls that in former times my tyranny have murdered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despair my liver: I that have famished thousands up in Walls of Stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruel Christians know, hit as I lived in tyranny, so will I die: for I will make a murder of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sleeps with gally vilions.

This being said, he desperately ran his head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, & dashed his brains from out of his hateful Head: the news of whose death when it was bruited in the Champions ears, they proffered no violence to his libeleis body, but intombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, and after that S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, and there established good and Christian Laws: also he gave to the other six Champions, six several Kingdoms belonging to the Crown of Persia and fir-named them Vice-Kings or petty Kings. This being done he took truce with the world; and triumphantly marched towards Christendom, with the conquest of thre imperial Kingdoms, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which journey he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories & Heroical Achievements, and through every Country that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, and to be Christened in their Faith, protesting to forsake their gods, whose worshippers were none but Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requests, S. George presently condescended: not only in granting them

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them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This currey of the English Champion merited such a glittering gloze through the world, that as far as eber the swelling Ocean flowed, and as far as eber the golden Globes of heaben extended their lights, S. Georges honour was bzolted: and not only his matchlesse adventures characterized in Brazen Tables, but his Partial exploits painted in every Temple: so that the Harben Poets contribued Histozies of his deeds, and samouzed his Name amongst the Moutbies of the world.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his to: r-like Troops through the territories of Africa & Asia, in greater Royalty than did Darius with his Persian Souldiers towards the Camp of time-wounded Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approached the sight of the watry world, and began to go aboard their ships, the earth seemed to mourn at their farewells, and the seas to reioice at their presence, the Waves couched as smooth as Crystal Ice, and the winds blew such gentle gales, as though the Sea gods had been directors of their fleet, the Dolphins danced above the water, and the labely Wair-Waids in multitudes lay dallying amidst the streams, making them delightful pastime: the skies seemed to smile, and the Sun to shew a glittering bzightnes upon the crystal waters, that the sea seemed to be silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away, committing their fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did so favourably serbe them, that in short time they arrived upon the banks of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers of the Seas, but S. George in presence of thousands of his followers, knieled down on the ground, and gave God praise for his happy arrival, by these words following:

O thou omnipotent God of new Jerusalem, we not only give thee condign praise, for our late atchieved victozies against thy Enemies, who by their wickedness dayly seek to pull thee from thy Celestial Throne, but also do render thee hearty thanks, that hast delibered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have dzenched us in her devouring gulf, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: therefore great King of Juda, under whose Name we have taken many things in hand, and have atchieved so many victozies,

Grant

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grant that these true Obligations of our thankful hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which be no feigned Ceremonies, but the inward deuotions of our souls: and therewithal letting fall a flood of tears from their eyes, and discharging a holley of sighs from their breasts, as a signification of the integrity of their souls, he held his peace: then gave he commandment that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven weeks was performed, to the honour of Christendom.

After this S. George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Country of England, and there receive the comfort of joyful ease, after the bloody encounters of so many dangerous Battels. This motion of S. George not only obtained their consents, but added a forwardness to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forward towards England: upon whose Chalky cliffs they in a short time arrived, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Caliope to describe it.

Thus Gentle Reader hast thou heard The First Part of the Princely Achievements, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these Renowned and worthy Champions. The Second Part relates the Noble Achievements and strange Fortunes of St. Georges three Sons, the Loves of many gallant Ladies, the Combates and the Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the Renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and place of their honourable deaths, and how they came to be called the seven Saints of Christendom.

F I N I S.

THE
FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOME.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE
Shewing the Princely Prowess, Noble
Atchievements, and strange Fortunes of Saint *George's*
three Sons, the lively Sparks of Nobility.

The Combats and Turnaments of many valiant
Knights, the Loves of many Gallant Ladies, the
Tragedies of Mighty Potentates.

ALSO

The manner and places of the Honourable Deaths, of the
seven Champions, being so many Tragedies : and how they
came to be called the seven Saints of
CHRISTENDOM.

LONDON,

Printed by R.W. for T. Bassett, J. Wright, and R. Chiswel, 1675.

The Famous
Champions

Chris M. Lane

[Handwritten signature and a grid pattern]

To the Right Honourable, The Lord
WILLIAM HOWARD, *Richard Johnson*
wistheth encrease of all Prosperity.

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleased your most
Noble Brother in kindness to accept of this History,
and to grace it with a favourable countenance: So am
I now emboldned to Dedicate the Second Part unto
your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordships hands,
not because I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but rather that
it should be, as it were a witness of the love and duty which I
bear to your Right Noble House.

And when it shall please you to bestow the reading of these Di-
scourses, my humble request is, that you would think I wish your
Honour as many happy days as there be letters contained in this
History.

Thus praying for your Honours chief happiness, I remain

Your Honours in all dutiful
Love, to his poor power

R. J.

M. J.

Sho

To the Gentle Reader.

I Have finished The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, for thy delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my First Part. I will not boast of Eloquence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy willingness to read: Only thy courtship must be thy Buckler against the carping malice of mocking jesters, that being worse able to do well, scoff commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monkey-like) make Apish jests at any thing they see in Print: and nothing please them, except it favour of a scoffing or invective spirit. Well, what those say of me I do not care, thy delight only is my desire: Accept it, and I am satisfied; reject it, and this shall be my penance, never again to come in Print. But, having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mayn, for this doubtful Flood of Suspicion, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an untrodden and ill husbanded Garden: if among all the weeds thou find one pleasing Flower, I have my wish.

Richard Johnson.

William Bishop
The Second part
of the famous Champions
of Christendom



The Honourable

HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOME.

The Second Part.

How Saint George's three Sons were entertained into the famous City of London, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood with the prick of a Thorney Brake: her blessings she gave her Sons; St. George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body: and likewise of the journey the Seven Champions intended to Jerusalem to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.



After St. George with the other six Champions of Christendom (by invincible Conquests) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody Wars subdued the stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bound of India, where the golden Sun began to arise, as you heard discoursed in the former part of the History, they returned with the Conquest of Imperial Diadems, Regal Crowns, Royal Scepters, to the rich and plentiful Country of England, where
in

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In the famous City of London they many a day sojourned, a place not only beautifd with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of valiant Knights and gallant Gentlemen of Courtey Behaviour, and therewithall adorned with Troops of Ladies of Divine and Celestiall Beauties, that trip it up and down the Streets like to the Grecian Queens, when as they tryed the Phrygian Warriours in the Silken Snares of Love: whereby it seemed rather a Paradise for Heavensly Angels, than a place for Earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Arms aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Tower of Peace, here their glittering Coats rusted in their Armouries, here was not heard the War-like sound of Drums, nor Silber Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Swords prepared to the Battel, but all things tended to alaying Peace. They that had wont in Steeles Coats to sleep in Coampton Fields lay dallying now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with weapy Arms to wield the War-like Scaution, sat now embracing lovely Ladies on their Knees, and they whose ears had wont to hear the ruful cries of slaughtered Souldiers, were now oze-cloy'd with Musicks pleasant Harmony.

In this delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burping the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of oblivion, and spending their time in honourable Tilts, and Courtey Turnaments: where Saint George perfozmed many Achievements in honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, Saint George's three Sons Guy, Alexander, and David, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderness, and sent into three feberal Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up: the one in Rome to the War-like Romans, another into Wittenberg, to the Learned Germans, the third unto Britain to the valiant English. But now being grown unto some ripeness of Age, and agility of strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had

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had not shewn from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles : and to cradle at his hands the honour of true Knight-hood, and to wear the golden Spur of Christendom.

This earnest and Princely Request so highly pleased their Tutors, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the Famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most Princely, and their welcome so honourable, that, I want Art to describe, and memory to express.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightful shows the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bells that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the Silver strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Fathers joy, who prized their sight more precious in his Eyes, than if he had been made sole Monarch of the golden Mines of rich America : or that every hair that grew upon his Head had been equalled with a Kingdom, and he to give as many golden Diadems in his Arms. Also their Mothers Welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more kisses than she breathed forth Groans at their deliveries from her painful Womb in the Wilderness.

The other Champions Courtesses were not the least nor of the smallest in account to these three young Gentlemen : but to be short, St. George (whose Love was dear unto his Children) in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they spent that Day, and the Night following in Royal Banqueting amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning Sun upon the Mountaintops, and the clear countenance of the Elements made mention of some ensuing Pastime, but St. George commanded a solemn hunting for the welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to Arm themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well Armed Bear-Spears in their hands prepared for the Game on Foot : but

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But Saint George with his Sons clad in green vestments like Adonis, with silver Horns hanging at their backs in Scarfs of coloured Silk, were still the foremost in this exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to see her Sons valour displayed in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted her Princely person to be witness of these Silken sports: He was armed with a curious breast-plate wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand she bare a silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or Diana hunting in the Groves of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six miles from the City of London, their fell from Saint Georges nose three drops of purple blood, whereat he suddenly started; and therewithal he heard the croaking of a Flight of Night-Habens, that hovered by the Forests side, all which he judged to be dismal signs of some ensuing Stratagem: but having a Princely mind, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor little mistrusted the woeful accident that after happened, but with a Noble resolution entered the Forest, accounting such Fore-telling tokens for old Witches ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compass of half a mile, but they started a wild swifc Stag, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Whistle to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchant Ships upon the Seas: but now behold how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy: for Sabra proffering to keep pace with them, delighted to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sons, and being careless of her self, though the over swiftness of her Steed, she slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly upon a Thorny Brake of Brambles, the prickles whereof (more sharp than Spikes of Iron,) entered to every part of her delicate body: some pierce the lovely closets of her star bright eyes, whereby (instead of Crystal peavied tears there issued drops of purple blood: her face before that lustrous like eye sparkling radiant countenance, was now

charged

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changed into a Crimson red : her milk-white hands that lately
 strained the Azure Lute, did seem to wear a bloody Scarlet
 Globe : and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sons with
 the Milk of Nature, were all be-rent and torn with those ac-
 cursed Brambles : from whose deep wounds there issued such a
 stream of purple gore, that it converted the grass from a lively
 green to a Crimson hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled
 from her Breast began to enforce her soul to gibe the world a wo-
 ful farewell. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her
 sorrowful Sons, and all the rest of the woful Champions, had
 washed her wounded body with a spring of tears, and when she
 must of force commit her life to the surp of imperious death, she
 breathed forth this dying Echoztation.

Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappie Hunting must you
 lose the Truest Wife that ever lay by any Princes side : yet
 mourn not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Chri-
 stian Knights, but let your War-like Drums convey me ro-
 ally to my Tomb, that all the world may write in Brazen
 Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christen-
 dom) through many a Bloody Field, and for his sake have left
 my Parents, Friends, and Country, and have travelled with him
 through many a dangerous Kingdom : but now the cruel
 Fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life,
 because I am not able to perform what Love he hath deferred
 of me. And now to you my Sons this blessing do I leave be-
 hind : even by the pains that forty weeks I once endured
 for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Womb, and
 by my Travels in the Wilderness whereas my groans upon
 your birth day did (in my thinking) cause both Eies and
 Cheeks to drop down tears, when as the merciless Hyens
 and rancie Lions, did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned
 to heere my Lamentations, and by a Mothers love hat ever
 since I have born you, imitate and follow your Father to all
 his honourable Attempts, Varr not the Ally Infant, who the
 helpless Widow, defend the honour of distressed Ladies, and
 gibe help unto wounded Soldiers, see not to stain the im-
 spotted Virgins with your Lute, and adventure yourselves

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to redeem true Knights from Captivity : like eber professed Enemies to Paganism, and spend your lives in the quarrel and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind : for now I feel the chillness of pale Death closing the cloiers of mine eyes : Farewel hain world, dear Lord farewel, sweet Sons you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adieu.

These words were not sooner ended, but with a heaby sigh he yielded up the Ghost : whereat S. George (being impatient in his sorrows) fell upon her lifeless body, tearing his hair, and rending his Hunters Attire from his back into many pieces : and at last when his griefs were somewhat diminished, he burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Star (said he) that lightned all the Northern world, withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty gained all Christian Women : for whom I'll fill the Ay with everlasting moans : Let this day henceforth be fatal to all times, and counted for a dismal day of Death. Let never the Sun shew forth his Beams thereon again, but Clouds as black as pitch cover the Earth with fearful darkness. Let ebery Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth be blasted with unkindly winds : Let Brambles, Herbs and Flowers consume and wither : Let Grass and blooming Buds perish and decay, and all things near the place where he was slain be turned to dismal, black, and ghastly colour, that the Earth itself in mourning garments may lament her loss. Let never Bird sing chearfully on tops of Trees, but like the mournful musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Ay with fatal tunes : Let huddling Ribens murmur for her loss, and Alder Swans that swim thereon sing doleful Melody : Let all the Waters belonging to these fatal Woods be covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Lizards, hissing Snakes, and sight killing Aspidochelones : In blasted Trees, let fearful Rabens screech, let Dobllets cry, and Cuckets sing, that after this it may be called

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called a place of dead mens wandring Ghosts. But fond to catch, why do I thus lament in vain, and baw her bleeding body with my tears, when grief by no means will recal her life: Yet this shall satisfie her soul, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Jerusalem, and offer up my tears to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stained soul may be waſht from this bloody guilt, which was the cauſer of this ſorrowful days miſhap.

Theſe ſorrowful words were no ſooner ended, but he took her bleeding limbs between his fainting Arms, and gave a hundred kiſſes upon her dying coloured lips, retaining yet the colour of Alabaſter new waſht in Purple blood, and in this extaſie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But his Sons whoſe ſorrows were as great as his, proteſted never to neglect one day, but dayly to weep ſome tears upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did ſpring ſome mournful Flower, to bear remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that ſprung from chaſt Adonis blood, where Venus wept to ſee him ſlain. Likewise the other ſix Champions (that all the time of their lamentations ſtood like men drowned in the dept of ſorrow) began now a little to recover themſelves, and after proteſted by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spur and golden Garter of S. Georges Leg, to accompany him unto the holy land bare footed, without either Hoſe or Shoe, only clad in ruſſet Gaberdines, like the uſual Pilgrims of the world, and never to return till they had paid their Wotos at that bleſſed Sepulchre.

Thus in this ſorrowful manner wearied they the time away, filling the Woods with Ecchoes of their lamentations, and recording their dolours to the whiſſing winds: but at laſt when black night began to approach, and with her ſable Mantle to overſpread the Cryſtal Firmament, they retired with her dead body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragical accident, drowned their friends in a Sea of ſorrow: for the news of her timeleſs death was no ſooner bruited abroad, but the ſame cauſed both old and young to lament the loſs of ſo ſweet a Lady. The ſilber headed age, that had

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went in Scarlet Robes to meet in Counsel, sat now at home in discontented griefs: the gallant Pouths, and comely Virgins that had wont to beautifie the Streets with costly garments, went drooping up and down in Black and mournful Measures: and those remorseless hearts, that seldom were oppressed with sorrow, now constrained their eyes like Fountains to distill floods of brinish and Pearly tears.

This general grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty daies; at the end whereof, S. George with his Sons and the other Champions interred her body very honourably, and erected over the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State like the Tomb of Mausolus, which was called one of the wonders of the world, or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a stain to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, Bathing themselves in a Crystal Fountain, as a witness of her wonderful Chastity, against the lustful assaults of all lascivious attempts.

Thereon was also most libely pictured a Turtle Dove sitting upon a Tree of gold, in sign of the true love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a silver coloured Swan swimming upon a Crystal River, as a token of her beauty: for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowls in whiteness, so she excelled all the Ladies in the world for beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Ieat, pummelled with silver and Jasper stones: And I omit the Pendants of gold, the Scutcheons of Princes, and the Arms of Countreys that beautified her Tomb, the discourse whereof requires an Orators Eloquence or a Pen of gold dipt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, where as the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alabaster and laid as it were upon a pillow of green silk, like to Pigmaliions Booby Image, and directly over the same hung a silver Tablet whereon in Letters of gold was this Epitaph written:

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Here lies the wonder of this worldly Age,
For Beauty, Wit, and Princely Majesty,
Whom spiteful death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to fall through ruthless cruelty,
For as she sported in fragrant Wood,
Upon a Thorny Brake she spilt her Blood.

Let Ladies fair and Princes of great might,
With silver pearled Tears bedew this Tomb,
Accuse the fatal Sisters of despight,
For blasting thus the pride of natures Bloom :
For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,
Whose worth deserves a Golden Tomb to have.

Seven years she kept her pure Virginity ;
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did pursue her Chastity,
Whilst he remained in Prison day and night :
But yet we see that things of purest prize,
Forsoke the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with doleful melody,
And make this Monument your settled Bower :
Here shed your brackish tears eternally,
Lament both Year, Month, Week Day, Hour :
For here she rests whose like can n'er be found,
Here Beauties pride lies Buried in the Ground :

Her wounded heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd seven Knights a journey far to take,
To fair *Jerusalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake :
Because their Silvan sports was chiefly guilt,
And only cause her blood was timeless spilt.

Thus after the Tomb was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a silver Table, and all things performed according to Saint

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St. Georges direction, he left his Sons, in the City of London, under the Government of the English King: and, in company of the other six Champions, he took his journey towards Jerusalem.

They were attired after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet Garb'dines down to their feet, in their hands they bore staves of Ebony wood tipped at the ends with Silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lybian Steel, of such a sharpness, that they were able to pierce a Target of Tortois Shell: upon their breasts hung Crosses of Crimson Silk, to signify they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring time of the year, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Ratures Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the Silver Tables seemed to lie as smooth as Crystal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a sign of prosperous journey, In travelling by Land, the ways seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them such Musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom, and had entered the Confines of Africa.

There were they forced instead of Downy-Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon heaps of Sun-burnt Moss: and instead of Silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legs and bare Feet, that had wont to stride the stately Streets, and to trample in Fields of Pagans blood, were forced to climb the craggy Mountains, and to endure the torments of pricking Wipers, as they travelled through the Desert places and comfortless solitary Wildernesses.

Many were the dangers that happened to them in their journey, before they arrived in Judea, Principely their Atchievements, and most honourable their Adventures: which for this time I passe over, leaving the Champions for a time in their travel towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to St. George's three Sons in visiting their Mothers Tomb in the City of London.

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CHAP. II.

Of the strange gifts that St. George's Sons offered at their Mothers Tomb, and what happened thereupon: how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the pursuit of their Father: also how the King of England Installed them with the honour of Knight-hood, and furnished them with Habilliments of War.

The swift footed Steeds of Titans fierc Cart had almost finished a year, Since Sibers Funerall was solemnized: In which time St. George's three Sons had visited their Mothers Tomb oftner than were days in the year, and had shed more sorrowfull tears thereon in remembrance of her love, than are Stars in the glistering Horizon: but at last these three young Princes fell at a civil discord and mortal strife, which of them should bear the truest love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them should be held in greatest esteem. For before many days were expired, they concluded to offer up their several Devotions at her Tomb: and he that devised a Gift of the rarest Price and of the strangest quality, should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all. This determination was speedily performed, in so short a time, certaintly, that it is wonderful to be courted.

The first thinking to exceed his Brother in the strangeness of his gift, made repair unto a cunning Enchanter, which had his dwelling in a secret Cave adjoining to the City, whom he perswaded (through many rich gifts and large promises) by Art and Magick spells, to fetch him a Creature containing all the virtues of Flowers that ever grew in Earths Gardens, and though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when the other Herbes had disrobbed both their and Flowers of their Beauty, and the Northern Springs lay frozen on the Mountain tops,

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more dear, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his own blood for her Love. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like two chafed Lyons, and run with fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the Head, add to drag him round about their Mothers Tomb, till his brains were dashed against the Marble Pavement, and his blood sprinkled upon her Grave : but this wicked enterprize moved the Majesty of Heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his blood, they heard (as it were) the noise of dead mens bones rattling in the ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of it self to open, and and thereupon to appear a most terrible and ghastly Shape, pale like unto ashes, in countenance resembling their Mother, with her breast besmeared in blood, and her body wounded with a number of Scarres, and so with a dismal and rueful look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this manner :

Oh you degenerate from natures kind ! why do you seek to make a murder of your selves ? can you endure to see my body rent in twain, my heart split in sunder, and my Womb dismembred ? Abate this fury, stain not your hands with your own bloods, nor make my Tomb a spectacle of more death. Unite your selves in concord that my discontented soul may sleep in peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled honour. Make haste I say, Arm your selves in steeld Coislets, and follow your valiant Father to Jerusalem, he is there in danger, and distress of life ; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but hunt you up and down with ghastly visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight, into the battlements, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost distraught of wits, through the terrors of her words : but at last recovering their former senses, they all bowed a continual knee, and vber to proffer the like injury again, but to live in brotherly concord, till the dissolution of their Earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King : and certified him of all things that had happened : and falling upon their knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the honour of Knight-

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Wood; with leave to depart in pursuit of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their desires, and to fulfil their requests, presently condescended, and not only gave them the honour of Knight-hood, but furnished them with rich habitiments of War, answerable to their Magnanimous Minds. First, he frankly bestowed upon them three stately Halls, bred upon the bright Mountains of Sardinia, in the Colour of an Iron gray, beautified with silver hairs, and in pace swifter than the Spanish Jennets (which are a kind of Horse ingendred by the Winds upon the Alpes, certain cragged Mountains that divide the Kingdoms of Italy and Germany) for boldness and courage like was to Bucphalus the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsar's Steed, that never danted in the Field: and they were trapped with rich trappings of gold after the Morocco fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron Chairs with backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes of Purple Feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendants: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords, wrought of purest Lydian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the tops whereof hung Silken Streamers, beautified with the English Cross being the Crimson badge of Knight-hood, and honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royal manner robes these three young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a Train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are *S. George's Sons* floating on the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after-Ages might applaud their Achievements, and enrol their Names in the Records of honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle Fortunes smile upon their Travels, for these braver Knights did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countries.

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CHAP. III.

How Saint George's Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards Barbary, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of Normandy from Ravishment, that was assailed in a Wood by three Tawny Moors : and also of the Tragical tale of the Virgins strange miseries, with other accidents.

Many days had not these three Magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling Waves, but with a prosperous and successful wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France : where being no sooner safely set on Shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Mariners, and betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scudding winds, and with their War-like Hooves to thunder on the beaten passages : now began true honour to flourish in their Princely breasts, and the renown of their Fathers Achievements to encourage their desires. Although tender youth yet budding on their cheeks, yet portly Man-hood triumphed in their hearts : and although their Childish arms as yet never tried the painful adventures of Knight-hood : yet bore they high and Princely cogitations in as great esteem as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the further part of the Kingdom of France (guided only by the direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding through a mighty Forest standing on the Borders of Lushia they heard (as far off as it were) the rueful cries of a distressed Woman : which in this manner filled the Air with the Echo of her moans.

Oh Heavens (said she) be kind and pitiful unto a Maiden in distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these Inhumane Monsters.

This woful and unexpected Noise caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to seek the cause of this accident.

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So after they had tyed their Steeds to the body of a Pine-Tree, by the Rings of their bridles, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forrest with their weapons drawn, ready to withstand any assaultment whatsoeuer; and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breath forth this piteous lamentation, the second time:

Come, come, some courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that precious Jewel, which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest way for the Maidens succour, where approaching her presence, they found her tyed by the locks of her own hair to the trunk of an Orange Tree, and three cruel and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispoil her of her pure and undefiled Chastity; and with their lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspotted Virginitie.

But when Saint George's Sons beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in April, and her Crystal Eyes (the perfect Patterns of bashfulness) imbrued in floods of tears, at one instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry weapons in their loathsome Bowels: the Leachers being slain, their blood sprinkled about the Forrest, and their Bodies cast out as a prey for venomous Beasts to feed on, they unbound the Maiden, and like courteous Knights demanded the cause of her captivity, and by what means she came into that solitary Forrest: Now Noble Knights (quoth she) and true renowned men at Arms, to tell the cause of my passed misery were a prick unto my soul, for the discourse thereof will hurt my heart with grief; but consider your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your Princely behaviour and your kind courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in distress, under the hands of these lustful Negroes whom you have justly murdered, shall so much embolden me, though unto my hearts great grief, to discourse the first cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father (quoth she) whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke, and sole Commander of the State of Rozmandy, a Country now situated in the Kingdom of France, whose Lands and Revenues

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Revenuers in his prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a Train, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe: whereat the King of France greatly envied, and by bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely dignity, who for safeguard of his life, in company of me his only Heir and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remained in a poor Cell of Hermitage, the which by our industrious p.i is hath been builded with plants of Vines and Oaken boughs, and covered over-head with clods of Earth, and Turfs of Grasse: seven years we have continued in great extremities, sustaining our hunger with the fruits of Trees, and quenching of our thirsts with the dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers: and here instead of Princely attire, Imbroidered garments, and Damask Vestures, we have been constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together.

Here instead of Musick, that wont each morning to delight our ears, we have the whistling Winds resounding in the Woods, our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandering nights, are Snakes and Toads, that sleep in roots of rotten Trees: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Arabian Silk, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their silver Looms, but the sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chearful day hath closed her Crystal windows up.

Thus in this manner continued we in this solitary Wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief companions, till these merciless Tawny Monsters (whose hateful Breasts you have made to water the parched Earth with streams of blood) who as you see came into our Cell, or simple Cabbin, thinking to have found some store of Treasure. But casting their gazing eyes upon my beauty, they were presently enchanted with lustful desires, only to crop the sweet bud of my Virginitie. Then with furious and dismal countenance, more black than the sable garments of sad Desdemone, when she mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies, and with hearts more cruel than was Heroes the Tyrannous Roman Emperour, when he beeld the entrails of his natural Mother laid open by his inhumane and merciless commandment, or when he stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountain, to see that famous and Imperial City of Rome set on fire by the remorseless hands of his unrelenting Murderers, that
added

added unhallowed flames to his unholy furie

In this kind I say these merciless and wicked minded *Negroes* with violent hands took my aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oak, standing before the entry of his Cell : where neither the reverend honour of his silver hairs, glistering like the frozen Iſicles upon the Northern Mountains, nor the strained sighs of his Breast, wherein the pledge of wisdom was Inthronized, nor all my tears, or exclamations could any whit abate their cruelties, but (grim Dogs of *Barbary*) they left my Father fast bound unto the Tree, and like Egregious Vipers took me by the trammels of my golden hair, dragging me like a lilly Lamb unto this slaughtering place, intending to satistie their lusts, with the Flower of my Chastity.

Being used thus, I made my humble supplication to the highest Majesty, to be revenged upon their cruelties : I reported to them the rewards of bloody ravishments by the example of *Tercus* sometime King of *Thrace*, and his furious Wife, that in revenge of her Sisters ravishment, caused her Husband to eat the flesh of his own Son. Likewise (to preserve my undefiled honour) I told them that for the Rape of *Lucretia* the Roman Matron, *Tarquinius* and his whole name was for ever banished out of *Rome* : with many other examples : thus like the Nightingal, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murther.

Yet neither the fears of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds : but they protested to persevere in that wickedness, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trees that grew within the Wood were turned into *Indian Pearls*, and that place made as wealthy as the Golden streams of *Pasolus*, where *Midus* washt his golden with away, yet should they not redeem my Chastity from the stain of their insatiable and lustful desires.

This being said, they bound me with the trammels of my own hair to this Orange Tree, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed me from their tyrannous desire, but quit the world from three of the wickedest creatures that ever nature framed. For which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that

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your Fames may ring to every Princes ear, as far as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This Tragical tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorseful heares sobbing with sighs) embraced the sorrowful Maiden betwixt their Arms, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place whereas she left her Father bound unto the timbered Oak. To which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindness: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the grief of his banishment, and violent usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yield up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoidable death.

When S. Georg's ballant Sons (in company of this sorrowful Maiden) came to the Tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiff, devoid of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with green Moss, which they suppose to be done by the Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they find dead in the field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of grief.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heavens and Earth resound with her exceeding lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, lamenting for the loss of her Children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless sorrow of the Virgin and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her days in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assailed her to bury him under a Chestnut Tree, where they left her behind them dashing his senseless Quake with her tears, and returned back to their Hostels, where they left them at the entry of the Forest tied to a lolly Pine, and so departed on their journey.

Where we will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Christendom, that were gone on Pilgrimage, to the City of Jerusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travel.

CHAN.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in Damasco : how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by St. George : and also how he redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison : with divers other strange accidents that hapned.

LET us now speak of the favourable clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to Jerusalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrims Attire through many strange Countries, at last they arrived upon the Confines of Damasco, which is a Country not only beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans device, but also furnished with all the precious gifts that nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary steps, and made their abode in the house of a rich and courteous Jew, a man that spent his wealth chiefly for the succour and comfort of Travellers, and wandering Pilgrims, his house was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with quarries of blew Stones, and supported by many stately Pillars of the purest Marble : the Gates and Entry of his House were continually kept open, in sign of his bountiful mind : over the Portal thereof did hang a Brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the Picture of Ceres the Goddess of Plenty, deckt with Garlands of Wheat, Wreaths of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitful things : the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly repose and golden sleep, was garnished with as many windows of Crystal glass, as there were days in the year, and the walls painted with as many Stories as were years since the Worlds Creation : it was likewise built foursquare, after the manner of the Pyramids in Greece, at the East end thereof was most

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libely portrayed, bright Phoebus rising from Aurora's Golden Bed, with a glittering countenance disdaining the Element for her departure. At the West side was likewise portrayed how Thetis tripped upon the silver Sands when as Hyperions Car dived to the watery Ocean, and takes his nights repose upon his Lovers Bosom: on the North side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose tops did seem to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods overhanging with silver Rills, which is the nature of the Northern Climate.

Lastly, upon the West-side of the Chamber, sat the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a troop of Nymphs following him, with their golden trammels floating upon the silver Waves, there the Tritons seemed to dance about the Crystal stream: with a number of the other silver scaled Fishes that made it seem delightful for pleasure.

Over the roof of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the four Ages of the World, which seemed to overhang the rest of the curious works.

First, The golden Age was pendant over the East: the second being the Silver (a mettle somewhat baser) seemed to overspread the freezing North. The third which was the Brass Age, beautified the Western parts: The fourth and last of all being of Iron, (the very basest of them all) seemed to be fired toward the Southern Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these weary Champions a long season, where their food was not delicious, but wholesome and their services not curious, but comely: the courteous Jests their friendly Host, whom nature had honoured with seven comely Sons, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the curiosities of his habitation, but also described the pleasant situation of his Country, how the Towns and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the Imperial Places of Iove, where are heard most delightful Harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Meadows so beautified with Natures gladness Ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Palace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

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Some dayes were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the dark night approached, and the wonted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rest, the Jewes Children, being seuen as harte and comely Boys as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Champions ears with such sweet and delicate melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes that not Arion (when all the art of sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voice, and Hand, when he won favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christian Champions were Enchanted with such delights that their sleep seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joys of Elysium:

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired Martial Champions, whom Fame hath Canonized to be the wonders of the World for Martial discipline and Knightly Adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their companies, upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his Soul, and the cause of his sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing bare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white hair hanging down to his Shoulders, in colour like the silver Swan, and softer than the Down of Babies, or Median silk untwisted, he began with a sober countenance and gallant demeanour to speak as followeth.

I am sure (quoth he) you invincible Knights, that ye marvel at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt my self from the company of worldlings, except my seven Sons, whose sights be my chief comfort, and the only prolongers of my life. Therefore prepare your ears to entertain the strangest discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or overweari'd old man in the height of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former Years (whilst Fortune smiled upon my happiness) the principal Commander and chief owner of a certain Fountain, of such wonderful and precious vertue, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdom of India: the water thereof was so strange in the operation, that in four and twenty hours it would convert
any.

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any mettall, as Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tin, into rich refined Gold: the stony Flint would turn into pure silver, and any kind of Earth into excellent Mettall. By the vertue whereof, I have made the leaves of Trees a flourishing Forrest of Riches, and the blades of grasse valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Country of *America*.

The vertue whereof was no sooner bruited through the World; but it caused many forreign Knights to try the adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the honour of this Fountain.

But at that time nature graced me with one and twenty Sons, whereof seven be yet living, and the only comfort of mine age: but the other fourteen (whom frowning Fortune hath betreaven me of) many a day by their valiant Prowess and matchles fortitudes defended the Fountain from many great and furious assayers: for there was no Knight in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken prisoners, or slain in the Combat.

The Fame of their valours, and the riches of the Fountain rung through many strange Countreys, and lastly, came to the ears of a furious Gyant, dwelling upon the borders of *Arabia*: who at the report thereof came armed with his steely Coar, with a mighty Bat of Iron on his neck, like to furious *Hercules* that burst the Braz'n Gates of *Cerberus*, and bore the mighty Mountain *Atila* upon his shoulders: he was the Conqueror of my Sons, and the first cause of my sudden downfal. But when I thus had intelligence of the overthrow of fourteen of my Sons, and that he had made conquest of my wealthy Fountain, I with the rest of my Children; thinking all hope of recovery to be past, betook our selves to this solitary course of life, where ever since in this mansion of Hermitage we have made our abode and residence, spending our wealth to the relief of travelling Knights and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once again that smiling Fortune would advance us to some better hap: and to be plain, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was never at this height of full perfection till this present time, wherein your excellent preferences almost assure me that the hideous Monster shall be conquered, my Fountain restored, and my Sons deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

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The Champions with great admiration gave ear to the strange discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in requital of his extraordinary kindness to undertake this adventure. And the more to encourage the other, St. George began in this manner to utter his mind, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his valiant fellows Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old Man) heard the strange discourse of thy admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so kind and liberal a disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding riches, neither am I less sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and known enemy to all courtesie and kindness, should have the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure: For to the wicked, wealth is the cause of their more wickedness.

But that which most grieveth me, is: that having had so many valiant Knights to thy Sons, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that Relentless Monster. But be comforted, kind old man, for I hope by the power of my Maker, we were directed hither to punish that hateful Gyant, revenge the injuries offered to thine age, satisfy, with his death, the death of thy Children, if they be dead. and restore to thy bounteous possession that admirable rich Fountain again.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many dangers have adventured: let us courageously attempt his rare adventure, wherein such honour to our names, such happiness to our friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering right to the wronged, and punished rightfully the Wrongers of the oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this adventure, for I know all of you thirst after honour, therefore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chief Lot falleth, let him be foremost in assailing the Gyant, and so good Fortune be our guides.

The exceeding joy which the Old Jew conceived at the speech of St. George, had neer hand bereft him of the use of sense, for whose measure was he over-joyed. But at length, recovering use of speech he thus thankfully brake forth.

How infinitely I find my self bound unto you, you Famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ableness is not able to express:

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press: only thankfulness from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendred.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims attire, every one selected forth an Armour fitting to their portly bodies, then ready in the Jewes house, and instead of their Ebon Stab's, tipped with Silver, they twisted in their hands steeled blades, and their feet that had wont to endure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready prest to mount the lofty Stirrop: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assail the Gyant, but singly every one to try his own fortune, thereby to obtain the greater honour, and their heads to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the adventure, the Lot fell first to St. Dennis the Noble Champion of France, who greatly rejoiced at his fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readines: but the next morning no sooner had the Golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but St. Dennis arose from his sluggish Bed and attyred himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron gray, with a spangled Plume of Purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the Azure Firmament beautified with glittering Stars.

Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions and had demanded of the Jew where the Gyant had his residence, he departed forward on his journey, and before the Sun had mounted to the top of Graben, he approached to the Gyants presence, who as then sat upon a Block of Steel directly before the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw Flesh, and quenching his thirst with the juice of ripe grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost daunted the valour of the French Champion, that he stood in a maze, whether it was better to try the adventure, or return forth dishonour back to his other fellow knights. But having a heart furnished with a true magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the encounter, than to return with insamy: for committing his trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth

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foztb his Horse, and assailed the Giant so furiously, that the strokes of his Sword sounded like a weighty blow hammered upon an Anvil.

But so smally regarded the Giant the pulssant force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from the place where he sat: but yet remembering a Strange Dream, that a little before he had in his sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Climates of the Earth, which should alone end the adventure of the Fountain, and banquish him by fortitude, therefore not minding to be taken at an advantage, he suddenly started up and with a grim and furious countenance he ran upon S. Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all, under his left arm, as lightly, as a strong man would take a sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with bars of Iron, standing near unto the Fountain, in a Massy betwixt two mighty Mountaine. In which Prison he closed the French Champion, among fourteen other knights, that were all Sons to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that attempt, he returned to the block of Steel, where we will leave him sitting glozing in his own conceit, and speake of the other Champions remaining in the Jewes House, expecting the French Knights Fortunate return: but when the sable Curtains of darkness were drawn before the Crystal Windows of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no news was heard of the Champions success. they judged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or discomfited and taken Prisoner.

Therefore they cast Lots again: which of them the next morning should try his fortune, and revenge the French Knights quarrel, so the Lot fell to Sir James, the Noble Champion of Spain, whereat his Princely heart more rejoiced than if he had been made King of the Western World.

As in like manner on the next morning by break of day he attired himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Steed, in pace most swift and speedy, and in portly state like to Bucephalus the proud

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Statd of Macedonian Alexander : his Caparison was in colour like to the Glazes of the Sea, his Burgonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers : and upon his breast he bore the Arms of Spain.

Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Jewes Bastion, leading the other Champions at their Divine contemplations for his happy success, but his fortune chanced contrary to his wishes, for at the Spanes first Encounter he was likewise boyn to the Rock of Stone, to accompany Saint Dennis.

This Spane was the strongest and hardest Knight at Arms that ever set foot upon the Confines of Danalco: his strength was so insupportable, that at one time durst he encounter with an hundred Knights : But now return we again to the other Champions, whom when night approached, and likewise missing the company of St. James, they cast Lots the third time, and it fell to the Noble Champion of Italy, St. Anthony, who on the next morning attired himself in costly habiliments of War and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the Valiant Jason, when he adventured into the Isle of Colchos for the Golden Fleece, and for Medeas love : his Helmet glistered like an Icy Mountain deckt with a Plume of Ginger coloured Feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining glory was soon blemished with a Cloud of mischance, for although he was as valiant as ever Brandisht weapon in the Field of Mars, yet he found a disability in his fortitude, to withstand the furious blows of the Spane, in such sort that he was forced to yield himself prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast, chance to St. Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Martial discipline as any of the rest : his Steed was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Grecians, his Armour varnished with green Oyle, like the colour of the Summer Fields, upon his breast he bore a Cross of Purple Silk, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Feathers : but yet Fortune so frowned upon his enterprise, that he nothing prevailed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Spane, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights.

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The fifth Lot fell to St. Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever nature created, and as adventurous in his achievements: Heber Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and down the Streets of Troy, and made that age admire his fortitude this Irish Knight might counterball his valour.

For no sooner had the silver Moon set forth the Azure Firmament, and had committed her charge to the golden burnish'd Sun: but St. Patrick approached the sight of the Giant, mounted upon his Irish Hobby, clad in a Coat of Proof, beautified with silver Hails: his Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgins Hair, his Horse covered with a Mail of Orange tawny silk, and his Saddle bound about with Plates of Steel, like to an Iron Chair.

The sight of this valiant Champion so daunted the courage of the Giant, that he thought him to be the Knight that the Vision had revealed, and by whom the adventure should be accomplished: therefore with no cowardly fortitude he Assailed the Irish Knight, who with as princely Valour endured the encounter: but the unkind destinies not intending to give him the honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yield to the Giants force, and like a captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions.

The next Lot fell to St. David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, but at the morning Sun uprise into the azure Firmament glistered in his silver Armour before the Fountain, with a Golden Giffon shining on his breast, where he endured a long and dangerous combat with the Giant, making the skies resound with Echoes of their strokes, but at last when the Giant perceived that St. David began to grow almost breathless, in defending the huge and mighty blows of his tailed Bat, and chiefly through his long encounter, the Giant renewed his strength, and so redoubled his strokes, that Saint David was constrained like to the other Christian Champions to yield to the Giants mercy.

But now the invincible and Heroical Champion of England St. George, he that was James true Knight, that Map of Honour, and the Worlds wonder, remaining in the Actons Prison.

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lison, and pondzing in his mind the bad success of the other six Champions, and that it was his turn to try his fortune the next morning in the Adventure : he fell into great contemplation ; (quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of purple blood, and made my enemies to swim in streams of crimson gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever nature framed. I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt : I conquered the terrible Gyant that kept the Enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians, then fortune let me accomplish this dangerous adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud my name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy success of the next days enterprise whereon he bowed by the honour of his Golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with honoz ballantly.

And when the day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a fair purple colour, he repaired to the Jewes Armoury, and clad himself in a black Cozlet, mounting himself upon a pitchie coloured Steed, Adorned with a blood-red Caparison, in sign of a bloody and Tragical Adventure : his Plume of Feathers was like a Flame of fire quenched in blood, as a token of speedy revenge : he armed himself not with a sturdy Lance, bound about with Plates of Brass, but took a Javelin made of Steel, the one end sharpened like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Space or Club.

Being thus armed according to his wished desires, he took leave of the Jew and his seven Sons, all attired in black and mournful Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate success : and so departed speedily to the Golden Fountain, where he found the Gyant sleeping carelessly upon his block of Steel, breathing no ensuing danger.

But when the Valiant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Gyant : how the Hair of his head stood arising upright like the Hittles of a wild Boze, his eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his teeth long and sharp like to spikes of Steel, the Balls of his Hands like the Talons

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of an Eagle, eber which was dzaton a pair of Iron Globes : and ebery other limb, huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Oak, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Arise (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delivery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost force of my war-like Arm and death prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Gyant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sleep, and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Pace fast in both his hands, and with great terroz let dzibe at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding cunning and nimbleness defended himself from the danger, by speedy aboyding the violent blows, and withal returned on his Adversary a mighty thrust with the pointed or sharp end of his Jabelin, which rebounded from the Gyants body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible Knight Saint George perceiving, turned his heavy round ball end of his Massie Jabelin, and so mightily assailed the Gyant, redoubling his heavy blows with such couragious fortitude, that at last he beat his bzains out of his deformed head : whereby the Gyant was constrained to yeld up the Ghost, and to gibe such a hideous roar, as though the whole frame of the Earth had been shaken with the violence of some clap of thunder.

This being done Saint George cast his loathsome Carhass as a prey to the Fowls and ravenous Beasts to seize upon : and after very diligently searched up and down, till he found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned : the which with his steely Jabelin he burst in sunder, and delivered them presently from their servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jews Pabillon, in as great Majesty and Royalty as Vespasian with his Roman Nobles and Peers returned into the Confinnes of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious Conquest of Jerusalem and Judea.

But when the reberend Jew saw the English Champion return

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return with Victorie, together with his other six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered, his joy so mightily exceeded the bounds of reason, that he suddenly swooned, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleasure he conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, he gladly conducted them into their several Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their wounds washed in white wine and new Oil, and after banqueted them in the best manner he could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musick that the seven younger Sons could devise, extolling in their sweet sonnets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captived Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Gyants deserved death, their aged Father to the possession of the golden Fountain.

Thus after St. George with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space of thirty daies, having placed the King with his Sons in their former desired dignities, that is, in the Government of the golden Fountain; they cloathed themselves again in their Pilgrims attyre, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Of whose noble adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to Jerusalem, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood: and how St. George obtained them food by his Valour in a Gyants House, with other things that happ'ned.

The Champions after this Battel of the Golden Fountain never rested travailling till they arrived at the Holy Hill of Sion, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Heat. The Temple wherein it was erected,

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fixed seven degrees of Stairs down within the ground, the Gates whereof were of burnisht Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver, cut as it did seem, out of a most excellent beautified Alabaster Rock.

But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Taper, always maintained by twelve of the Noblest Virgins dwelling in Judea, attending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in Silken ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flourishing pride of Summer: the which costly attire, they continually wore as an evident sign of their pure and unspotted Virginitie: many days offered up these worthy Champions their Ceremonious Devotions, to that Sacred Tomb, washing the Marble Pavement with their true and unstained tears, and witnessing their true and hearty zeals, with their continual Moles of discharged sighs.

But at last upon an evening, when Titans Golden beams began to descend the Western Element, as those Princely minded Champions, in company of these twelve admired Maidens, knelt before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Orisons; an unseen voice (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words:

You Magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with reports of Fame, whose bare feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canopy of Heaven, return, return, into the bloody Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your time in this ceremonious manner, for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your honourable Achievements.

And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the service of your God, even by the plighted promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these war-like Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendom. This is the pleasure of High Fates, and this

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this for the redress of all wronged Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected holce was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangely to resound, like the melody of Celestial Angels, or the Holy Harmony of Cherubins, as a sign that the Gods were pleased at their proceeding: whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their divine contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the best Steeds that they ever beheld, with partial furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such esteem: thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good Fortunes, attyred themselves in rich and sumptuous Cozlets, and after mounted upon their war-like Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the Worlds wide journey. This trabel began at that time of the year, when the Summers Queen began to spread her beauteous mantle among the green and fresh boughs of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a sweet and Heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendom, took their way from Jerusalem, which they thought to be most used: in which they had not many days travelled through the Deserts, and over many a Mountain top, but they were marvellously feeble for lack of their accustomed and daily Victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger. so that the War which they sustained with hunger, was far greater than the Battels, that they had fought against their enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers evening, when they had spent the day in great extremity, and night grew on, they hapned into a thicket of mighty trees, when as the silver Moon with her bright beams glistered most clearly, yet to them it seemed to be as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their face did shew and declare:

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clare the perplexities of their Stomachs.

So they sat them down upon the green and fresh Herbs, very penſive of their extream neceſſity, prohibiting to take their reſt that night; but all was in vain, for that their copious neceſſities would not conſent thereunto: but without ſleeping they walked up and down for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accuſtomed travel and journey, thinking to find ſome food for the cheriſhing of their Stomachs, and had their eyes always gazing about, to ſpie ſome Village or Houſe, where they might ſatiſſie their hunger and take their reſt.

Thus in this helpleſs manner ſpent they away the next day, till the cloſing of the evening light, by which time they grew ſo faint, that they fell to ground with feebleneſs: Whobat a ſorrow was it to S. George, not only for himſelf, but to ſee the reſt of the Champions in ſuch a miſerable caſe, being not able to help themſelves! and ſo parting a little from them, he lamented in this manner following.

Thou that haſt given me many Victories: thou that haſt made me Conqueror of King and Kingdoms: and thou by whole invincible power I have tamed the black faced furies of dark Cocytus, that mask't abroad the World in humane ſhapes: look down ſweet Queen of Chance I ſay, from thy Imperial ſeat: ſhew me ſome favour, and do not conſent that I and my company periſh for hunger and want of Victuals: make no delay to remedy our great neceſſity: let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Ayr, nor our bodies caſt as a prey for ravenous Beaſts ranging in theſe Woods: but rather if we muſt needs periſh, let us die by the hands of the ſtrongeſt Warriours in the Univerſal World, and not baſely here loſe our lives with cowardly hunger.

Theſe and ſuch like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till ſuch time as the day appeared, and the ſable curtains of ſole-black night were withdrawn. Then turned he to the reſt of his Company, where he found them very weak and feeble: but he encouraged them in the beſt manner he could deviſe, to take their Doles and try the chance of their utmoſt untimely Fortune.

Although S. George as they travelled was ready to die by the

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the way, and in great trouble of mind for want of food, yet rode he first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well do, for that their Horses were not so unprovided for as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grass that grew in these Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled them every night.

By this time the golden Sun had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little Mountain, out of the which there appeared a great smook, which gave them to understand that there should be some habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with your selves, and by little and little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall be our Host this ensuing night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, be all assured: whether he be pleased or no, he shall give us lodging and entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithal he set spurs to his Horse, and swiftly scoured away, like to a ship with swelling sails upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his beast was so speedy, that in a short time he approached the Mountain, whereat the noise and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Spant, of so great height, that he seemed to be a big grown Tree, and for hugeness like to a Rock of Stone: but when he cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two Brazzen Plates, or two torches ever flaming, he laid his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightness to meet St. George, but when he approached his presence, he thinking him to be a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his fist to buffet and beat out his brains, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that he forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised himself in his stirrups, otherwise he could not reach his Head, and gave him such a blow upon the Fore-head with his keen edged Fauchion, that he cut his
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Head halt in sunder, and his Hains in great abundance ran down his deformed body: so that amazed he fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oak blown up by the roots with a tempestuous Whirle-wind.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And so when St. Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatness of the Giant, and the deformity of his body, they advanced his valour beyond imagination, and named St. George the fortunate Champion that ever nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Jasons Prize, when he returned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearful labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, St. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what store of victuals the Giant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giants House, which was in the manner of a great Barn cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a trebet of steel, the feet and supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillars, under the same burned such a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fierie Furnace in burning Acheron.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the Flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Giants dinner: the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to work, hoping for their travel to eat part of the meat, one turned the Stew in the Cauldron: another increased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coals so that there was not any idle in hope of benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over sodden: the two Knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a

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secret bellows Cabs, whereas they found two great Loaves of Bread, as big in compass as the circle of a well, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as eber they tasted, the which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

Instead of knives to cut their Vittuals St. George used his Curtle-Axe which had lately ben stained with the hateful Spanta detested blood, and imbrued with his loathsome brains.

Thus and after this manner qualified they the pinching pains and torments of hunger, whereof they took as joyful a repast, as if they had banqueted in the richest Kings Palace in the World.

So being joyful for their good and happy fortunes, St. George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence throgh a narrow path, which seemed to be used by the Giant, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous and great Playns, the which were inhabited with fair Cities and Towns: at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made hast onward on their journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the midst of the way they found an Image of the Crystal, the Picture and libely form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the hands of some most excellent Workman, all so bespotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered torments, as well with terrible cutting of Irons, as cruel Whippings: the Ladies Legs and Arms did seem as though they had ben parted, and wound with Cords, and about the neck, as though she had ben forcibly strangled with a Raphin or Label. The Crystal Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloaths, under an Arbour of purple

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Moses: by the curious fair formed Image, sat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypress Wood, his Shape was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepherds, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure sign of some deadly discontent, his hair hung down below his Shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in whiteness like down of Avidles, his beard overgrown, dangling down as it were frozen Asicles upon a Pantbozn Tree, his face, wrinkled and over-worn with age, and his eyes almost blind bewailing the griefs and sorrows of his heart.

Which strange and woful spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of means refrain from the shedding some few sorrowful tears, in seeing before them the Picture of a woman, of such excellent beauty, which had been oppressed with cruelty. But the pitiful English Knight had the greatest compassion, when he beheld the counterfeits of this tormented Creature, who taking truce with his sorrowful heart, he courteously desired the Old Father, sitting by this woful spectacle, to tell the cause of his sorrows, and the discourse of that Ladies passed Fortunes, for whose sake he seemed to spend his days in that solitary order: to whom the Old Man with a number of sighs thus kindly replied:

Brave Knights, for so you seem by your courtesies and behaviours, to tell the story of my bitter Woes, and the causes of my endless sorrows, will constrain a spring of tears to trickle from the conduits of my aged eyes, and make the mansion of my heart rive in twain, in remembering of my undeserved Miseries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my heart, as there be silver Hairs upon my Head, and as many sighs have I strained from my breast, as there be minutes in a year, for thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts hath nipt the Mountain tops since first I made those rueful lamentations: during all which time I have sat before this Crystal Image, hourly praying that some courteous Knight would be so kind as to aid me in my vowed revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smiled upon me, in sending you hither to work just revenge for the inhumane murder of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lyeth here carved in fine Crystal, as the continual object of my grief: and

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because you shall understand the true discourse of her timorous Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-book with mine own blood; the which my sorrowful tongue is not able to reveal. And thereupon he pulled from his bosom a golden covered book bound in silver Claspes, and requested S. George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the green grass, he opened the bloody written Book, and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowful words following.

CHAP. VI.

What happ'ned to the Champions, after they had found an Image of fine Crystal, in the form of a murdered Maiden: where S. George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in Blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters: and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle for the deaths of the two Ladies.

In former times whilst fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepherd, dwelling in this unhappy Country, not only held in great estimation for my wealth, but also for the fair Daughters which nature had made most excellent in Beauty, to whom I took such exceeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefest happiness: but yet in the end, that which I thought should most content me, was the occasion of these my endless sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I say before) were endued with wonderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less bounty: the Fame of whose virtues was much blazed thro' many Parts of the World: by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepherds Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight of a black Castle (wherein he lived in maineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in a Island encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so entangled with the beauty of my

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Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the reason and cruelty that after followed but rather considering the great honour that might redound thereof, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, one of much sortitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens Holy rites were solemnized in great pomp and state, he was conveyed in company of her new wedded Lord to the Black Castle, more like a Princess in state, than a Shepherds Daughter of such low degree.

But still I retained in my company the youngest, being of far more beauty than her elder Sister: of which this Traitorous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new Married Wife and stout Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that he had Married her Sister: So this inordinate and lustful love kindled and encreased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new desire, that he daily devised with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despite of all the World: in the end he used this policy and deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should be delivered, he came in great pomp, with a stately train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with very fair and loving words, that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which she desired, for that he did love her more dearly than her own Soul: thus his crafty and subtil perswasions so much prevailed, that I would not frame excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his demand: so straight-way when he had in his power that which his soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me no understanding that he would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight he had so much desired, and at whose coming she would receive so much joy and contentment: her sudden departure bred such sorrows in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining Age) that the Fountains of my eyes rained down a Showr of salt tears upon

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on my aged breast, so dear is the love of a Father unto his Child : But to be short, when this lustful minded Catiff with his pompous Train came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride saywards, that with my Daughter he might secretly confer of leetious matters, and so said lingering behind, till he saw his company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then he found opportunity to accomplish his lustful desire, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Wibers side, where without any more tarrying he carried her into the thickest part thereof, where he thought it most convenient to perform so wicked a deed.

When he beheld the Branches of the thick Trees to withhold the light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were overspread with the sable mantles of night, he alighted from his Horse, and willed my well-beloved Daughter that she would likewise alight : she in whose heart reigned no kind of suspicion, presently alighted, and sat her down by the Wibers side, and washed her fair white hands in the streams, and refreshed her mouth with the Crystal waters.

Then this dissembling Traytor could no longer refrain, but with a countenance like to the lustful King of Thracia when he intended the ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome when he defileured Lucretia, he let her understand by some outward shewes, and dark sentences the kindled fire of love that burned in his heart, and in the end he did boldly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarried Daughter being troubled in mind with his lustful Attayments, began in this manner to reprehend him : will you (said she) desire my Wibers Bed, and stain the honour of your House with Lust : will you berabe me of that precious Jewel, the which I hold more dear than my life, and blot my true Virginitie with your false desire : Wrought you me from the comfortable sight of my Father to be a joy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoil of my true Chastity : Look, look, immoderate Wulfe, (I will not call thee Brother) look I say how the skies blush at thy attempts, and

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see how chaste Diana lies upon the winged Firmament, and the raging vengeance for her Virgins sake: wash from thy heart these lustful thoughts with showers of repentant tears, and seek not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage Bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

When this accursed Knight, seeing the chaste and vertuous Paden to stand so boldly in the defence to her Virginitie, with his rigorous hand he took fast hold by her neck, and with a wrathful countenance he delivered these words: do not think Rubbozn Damsel to preferre thy honour from the purpose of my desires, for I swear by the Crystal Tower of Jupiter, either to accomplish my intent, or put thee to the cruellest death that ever was devised for any Damsel. He said: at which words the most sorrowful and distressed Virgin, with a show of Pearled tears trickled down her finely blushing cheeks, replied in this order. I think not, false Traytor (quoth she) that fear of death shall cause me to yield to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account thee a thousand times more happy, and welcome to my soul than the joys of Paradise: then might I walk in the Elyzian Fields amongst those Dames that died true Virgins, and not libe to behold the bud of my Paden's gloze withered with the nipping frosts of thy unnatural desires.

These words being well understood by the lustful Knight, who with a countenance more furious than the savage Lyons in the Waters of Libya, took her by the slender waste, and rigorously dasht her body against the ground, and there withal spake these words. Wonderfully said he, and he well perwaded, thou unrelenting Damsel, than either living or dead, I will perform my will and intended purpose: for in my heart there burns a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the rising clouds of rain, if they should drop eternal showers: but it is the water of thy chaste Virginitie that must quench my furious burning love: and therefore in a moment he cut a great part of the Hair of her Crown and bound it hard fast to the hair of her Head, which glittered like golden tresses, and dragged her up and down the Globe, till the grass turned to a purple colour with the blood that issued from

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from her body: by which cruelty he thought to enforce her to his pleasure, but she respected not his wicked cruelty, and the more he procured to torment her, the more earnestly she defended her honour.

When this cruel and inhumane Monster saw that neither flattering speeches, nor his cruel threats were of sufficiency to prevail, he began to forget all faith and loyalty he owed unto the honour of Knighthood, and the respect he should bear unto women-kind, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her cloaths all to pieces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Rains of the Whistle of his Horse, he cruelly whipped, and scourged her white and tender back, that it was full of blood spots, and horrible circles of black and fetid blood, with such extreme cruelty that it was a very grievous and sorrowful sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for she continued in her former resolution.

He seeing that she still persevered in the defence of her honour he straight ways like to a bloody Monster heaped cruelty upon cruelty, and so took and bound her with proportioned legs, Crust-line Arms, straightly unto a withered Tree, saying, O cruel; and more cruel than any Woman in the World hath been: Why dost thou suffer thy self to be tormented, and not give consent to procure thy ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented life? and therewith his anger so increased, that he flaring on her face with his accursed eyes, fixed in such sort that he could not withdraw them back.

She which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of death than of life, told a sudden voice she said: O thou Traytor, thou wicked Monster, thou sworn enemy to all humanity, thou shameless Creature, more cruel than the Lyons in the Wilderness of Hyrcania: thou Slave of Knighthood, and the bloodiest Monster that ever nature framed in the World, wherein dost thou contemplate thou thyself? thou fleshly Murderer, thou unmerciful Tyrant, thou Deceitful Dog, and dissembler of thy Progeny: make an end of I say of these my torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, gaze my unspeckled breast with thy bloody weapon, and send my soul

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foal into the bosom of Diana, whom I beheld sitting in her Celestial Palace, accompanied with numberless Troops of Heavenly Virgins ready to entertain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Paragon.

This merciless Knight seeing the steadfastness that she had in the defence of her honour, with a cruel and infernal heart took a silver Scarfe which the Damsel had girded at her waste, and with a brutish anger doubled it about her neck and pinched it so strait, that her soul departed from her Terrestrial body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Prowess come to the reading of this dismal Tragedy, and come to the hearing of these bloody lines contained in this golden Book: consider the great constancy and chastity of this unfortunate Maiden, and let the grief thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty shewed without any desert.

So when this infernal minded Knight saw that she was dead, he took his Horse and rode after his fellows, and in a short time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and terrible a countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore me great affection for the kindness and courtesie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Suppers, who having a suspicion by the great alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, for that he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any sight of her: he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not until he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: where as he found the Maiden dead, at the place whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such sort that he had well near fallen to the ground: the forgetful Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak, but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a dolorous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel.

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Not making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unlocked her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her apparel, the which he found lying by, all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittiful sort.

O cruel Knight (quoth he) what infernal heart remained in thy breast, or what hellish fury did bear thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice! Was it not possible that this her luring Beauty might have moved thee to pity, when it is of power to move the bloody Cannibal to remorse, and constrain even Savage Monsters to relent? So with these, and other like sorrowful words the woful Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut down branches from the Trees, and gathered grass from the ground so to cover the body, and left it lying, so that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himself in the best manner that he could to dissemble the knowledge of the bloody fact: so he took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which he rode so fast that he overtook the Knight and his company at the entering of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entered into his Cloister, by reason whereof this kind and courteous Squire had time to declare all things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damsel her Sister. This sudden and unlocked for sorrow mixed with anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such time as more occasion served, and to keep all things in secret that he had seen, she her self remained very sorrowful, making marvellous and great lamentation to her self in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft voice she said.

Oh unfortunate Lady, born in a sorrowful hour when some blazing and unlucky Comet reigned: Oh unhappy Destinies that made me wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush: but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far upkind, but that she will procure a strange revenge upon his purple stained soul: Oh you immortal powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear that I will with mine own hands put in practice such an enterprise, and so stain my unspotted hairs with

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wilful murders, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestial Planets shall sit and look from their immortal Palaces, and tremble at the terror of my hate.

This being said, He took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Son, being but of the age of forty days, saying: Now do I with so much evil unto the World, that I will not leave a Son of so wicked a Father alive: for I will wash my hands in their accursed bloods, were they in number as many as King Priams Children: And so in this ireful order entered He the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the silken Tynaments, where with a sorrowful weeping, and terrible dole he called him Traytor, and like a fierce Egypress, with the Dagger that he brought in her hand, before his face he cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and there withal said: Take there (thou Traitor) the fruit that thy wicked seed created in my Body, and then he threw the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Tetter of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, he returned upon her self her outrageous fury: so taking the bloody Dagger, he thrust it to her heart in such sort, that it parted in two pieces, and so he fell down dead without his arms that was the occasion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great sorrow bereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew not what counsel to take: but thinking upon a severe vengeance that might succeed these cruel acts, he straight-ways devised that the body of the Lady should be secretly buried, which being done by himself, in the saddest time of the night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle wall, he heard a hollow voice breath from the deep vaults of the Earth, this manner of speech following.

For the bloody fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy life I draw.

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draws near to a shameful end : and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters thou hast so cruelly Murthered.

Upon this he determined to use a secret policy : which was, to set watch and ward in every passage near unto his Castle, and to arrest, all such Travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass until such time as they had promised by Oath to aid and assist him, even unto death, against all his Enemies.

In the mean time, the aforesaid Squire which had seen and heard all the Tragical dealings that have been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy news : judge here then Gentle Knights and beholders of this woeful Tragedy, what sorrow I unfortunate wretch sustained, and what anguish I received: for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless swoon, and being come again to my self, I all too besmear'd my milk-white hairs in dust, that before were as clear as tryed Silver, and with my tears, being the true signs of sorrow, I bathed the bosom of my Mothers Earth, and my sighs passed with such abundance from my tormented heart, that they staid the passage of my speech, and my tongue could not reveal the grief that my woeful thoughts conceived.

In this dumb silence and sorrow of mind I remained three days and three nights, numbring my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefs with the hours when frosty bearded Winter had clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds : but at last, when my amazed griefs were something abated, my eyes (almost blind with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mitigate the sorrows of my heart, I made my repair into a certain Woodow adjoining near unto my Cottage, where amongst the green springing Downs, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the Closets of my fearful eyes, with golden slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest content my sobbing heart required : But before I could settle my senses to a quiet sleep, I was con-

strained to breath this woful Lamentation from my oppressed
 soul!

Oh unhappy chance (quoth I,) oh cruel and most spiteful For-
 tune ! Why didst thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrow-
 ful life in my Child-hood ? Or why didst thou not permit and
 suffer me to be strangled in my Mothers Womb, or to have perished
 in my Cradle, or at my Nurses pap ? then had my heart never felt
 this sorrow, my ears heard the murder of my Children, nor mine
 eyes never wept so many helpless tears.

O you Mountains, you untamed Beasts ! O you deep Seas, and
 you infernal Powers of revengeful Hell ! come I say and willingly
 assist me in this mortal Tragedy, that these my aged hands, which
 never yet practised any heinous crime, may now be stained in his
 accursed blood that hath bereaved me of the prop and stay of de-
 clined age, my Daughters (I mean) whose bleeding Ghosts will
 never be appeased nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyful Banks
 of the Elysian Fields, but wander up and down the World, filling
 each corner of the Earth with fearful and doleful clamours of mur-
 der and revenge, nor ever shall the furies of angry souls be pacified,
 until mine eyes behold a stream of purple gore run trickling from the
 detestable breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may
 issue from his guilty heart like a Fountain with a number of Springs,
 where the Pavements of his Castle may be sprinkled with the same,
 and the Walls of his Turrets coloured with crimson hue, like to the
 streets of Troy, when as her Channels ran with blood : at the end of
 this sorrowful lamentation, what for grief, and what for want of natu-
 ral rest, my eyes closed together, and my senses fell into a heavy sleep.

But as I lay slumbering in the green Meddows, I dreamed that
 there was a great and fierce Wild-man, which stood before me with
 a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me,
 whereat methought I was so frightened, that I gave (in my trouble-
 som dream) many terrible shrieks, calling for succour to the em-
 pty Air. Then me thought there appeared before my face a company
 of courteous Knights, which said unto me, Fear not, old man, for
 we be come from the souls of thy Daughter to aid and succour thee,
 but yet for all this the Wild-man vanished not away, but struck
 with his Fauchion upon my breast, whereat it seemed to open, and
 then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and
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pulled out my bleeding heart : where, at the same instant, me thought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my heart, and they strove together with much contention, who should pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wild mans keeping, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they vanished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my Murthered Daughter, in the self same manner and form as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto me the true discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Burial : Also desiring me not of my self to attempt the revengement, for it was impossible, but to Intomb her Corps by her Mother, and cause the picture of her body to be most lively portrayed and wrought of fine Crystal, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near unto a common passage, where Adventurous Knights do usually travel. And assuring me that thither would come certain Christian Champions that should revenge this injury and inhumane murder.

Which words being finished, me thought she vanished away with a grievous and heavy groan, leaving behind her certain drops of blood sprinkled upon the Grass : Whereat with great perplexity and sorrow, I awaked out of my dream, bearing it in my grieved mind, not telling it, no not so much as to the vast Air, but with all expedition performed her bleeding Souls request.

Where, ever since, most courteous and Noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time in writing her doleful Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I see with great grief you have read in this Book of Gold.

Therefore most curious Knights, if ever honour encouraged you to fight in Noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your Magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take revengement, for that great cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowful History, Saint George with the other Champions, shed many tears, wherewith their vis-
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increase in them a further desire of revengement, and being moved with great compassion, they protested by their promises made to the honour of Knight-hood, to persevere speedily on their vowed revenge and determined purpose: so sealing up promise to their plighted Oaths, protesting that sooner should the lives of all the famous Romans be raised from death, from the time of Romulus to Cæsar, and all the rest unto this time, than to be persuaded to return from their promises, and never to travel back into Christendom till they had performed their vows, and thus burning with desire to see the end of this sorrowful adventure, St. George clasped up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepherd, so they proceeded forwards towards the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle had his residence, guided only by the direction of the Old man whose aged limbs seemed so lusty in travelling that it prognosticated a lucky event in which journey he will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderful prohibition that the Knight of the Black Castle made in his defence, the success whereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and return and speak of St. George's three Sons in the pursuit of their Father: where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the Confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Norman Lady from the raving Moors.

CHAP. VII.

A wonderful and strange Adventure that happened to St. George his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of blood, with Virgins Hair scattered in the Fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of Armenia.

Many and dangerous were the adventures of the three young Princes in the pursuit of their Father Saint George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished sight of his partial countenance, but all to small purpose, for fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where he with his Famous

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Famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily sounded in their ears the places of their Arribal.

In which pursuit I omit and pass oer many Noble Adventures that these three Princes atchieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an accident that hapned to them in an Island bordering upon the Confinnes of Armenia, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter, upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight path, until such time as they came to a very safe and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry creeping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shroud themselves from the parching heat of the Golden Sun, filling the ayre with the pleasures of their still tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travelled almost two hours, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from the which they discovered very safe and well beloved Towns, Princely Palaces, very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a faire Fountain brought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Spouts running with water, which fell into a great Cestern, and coming thence, they washed their hand, refreshing their Faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie Pace, but when they had entered the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent awhile, hearkening if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any thing, but only they found the print of certain little feet upon the sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose footsteps they were, so that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damfels: so finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to baffle, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the last they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scarce

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theye about certain locks of yellow Hair, which seemed like threads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Crimson blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the foot-steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Waters side they heard a grievous complaint, which seemed to be the voice of a Woman in great distress, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these:

O Love, now shalt thou no more rejoice, nor have any longer dominion over me, for death I see is ready to cut my thred of life, and finish these my sorrowful lamentations: how often have I aske revengement at the hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the cause of my Banishment, but yet she will not hear my request! how oft have I made my sad complaints to Hell! yet have the fatal Furies stoppt their ears against my woful crys.

And with this she held her peace, giving a sorrowful sigh: which being done, the three Christian Knights turned their eyes to the place from whence they heard this complaint, and discovered among certain green Trees, a Lady who was adorned with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their hearts, and captivated their senses in the snares of love, which liberty as yet they never lost: she had her hair about her ears, which hung defusedly down her comely shoulders, through the violence she used against herself, and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white hand that was all to be spotted with blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her nails upon her Rosp coloured Face: by her stood another Damself which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin coloured Silk as white as the Lilies of the fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glistering Moon in a clear winter freezing night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the three Princely Knights could not discover

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discover themselves, but stood closely behind these Pine-Trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the event of this accident: whereas they stood cloaked in Silence, they heard her thus to confer with her beautiful Daughter.

Oh my Rosana (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that without pity hath wounded my heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left Lady: how hath it been possible that I have had the force to bring up thee, the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my liberty? O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my mind the remembrance of the Love of thy Adulterous Father! Oh Girl, born to a further grief, here do I desire the guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glistening beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beams thereof may take revengement of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the dishonour of thy generation, by the loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my blessing even at my hour of death, and swear thee by the band of Nature, never to suffer thy beauty to be enjoyed by any one, until thy disloyal Fathers Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Queen, to the wonderful amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the event, for they conjectured that her woful complaints were the induction of some strange accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behind the Trees, they saw the young and beautiful Wamsel give unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, the which she pulled from her fair bosom, with which the grieved Queen subscribed certain sorrowful Lines unto him that was the cause of her banishment: and make an end of her writing, they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowful words following: *These words she spake unto her Daughter*

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest gasp, and imprint my dying Request in thy heart, as in a Table of Brass, that it never may be forgotten: time will not give longer respite, that with words I might shew unto thee my deep

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sufferings; for I feel my death approaching, and the fatal Sisters ready to cut my thread of life asunder between the edges of their Shears; inasmuch that I most miserable Creature do feel my Soul trembling in my Flesh, and my heart quivering at this my last and fatal hour, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die: which is, that thou wouldst procure that this Letter may be given to that cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, not having any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowful Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mothers Breast, he replied in this sorrowful manner:

Oh my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds a torment more grievous unto my Soul than the punishment which Danaus Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in pieces by the fury of some merciless Monster, or to have my heart parted in twain by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy, than to remain without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthful Years, and this green budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortless, like an Exile in the World: but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in your death, and abridge your breathing Trunk of life, and your Soul must needs go wander in the Elysian Shades, with Trista's Shadow, and with Dido's Ghost, here I protest by the great and tender love I bear you, and by the due obedience that I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hand of my unkind Father, or with these my rusul Fingers to rend my heart in sunder: And before I will forget my Vow, the silver Streamed Tigris shall forsake her course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glistering Queen of Night her usual changes: neither shall any forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my mind from performing your dying Requests: Then this weak Queen (whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and her hour of death grew near at hand,) with a feeble voice she said O you Sacred and Immortal Gods, and all you bright Celestial Powers of happiness; into your divine bosoms now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other revengement against the cause

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of my death, but that he may die like me for want of love. After this the dying Queen under spake moze moze, for at that instant the cruel Destinies gave end unto her life: but when Rosana perceived her to be dead, and she left to the world devoid of comfort, she began to tear the golden trammels from her Head, and most furiously to beat her white and bloomy breast, filling the empty Ay with clamors of her moans, making the Skies like an Echo to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mothers Letter into her hands, washing it with floods of tears, and putting it next unto her naked breast, she said: Here lie thou, near adjoyning to my bleeding heart, never be removed until I have performed my dying Mothers Testament. Oh works, and the last work of those he dying hands, here do I swear by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved bosom, until such time as love hath rent the disloyal heart of my unkind Father; and speaking this she kissed it a thousand times, breathing forth millions of sighs, and so with a blushing countenance, as radiant as Aurora's glistering Beams, she rose and said to her self. What is this Rosana, dost thou think to recal thy Mothers life with ceremonious complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded thee? Arise, arise, I say gather unto thy self strength and courage, and wander up and down the World, till thou hast found thy disloyal Father, as thy true heart hath promised to do.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George's Sons like men whose hearts were almost overcome with grief, came from the Pine-Trees, and discovered themselves to the Damsel, and courteously requested her to discourse the story of all her passed miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights, they promised her (if it lay in their powers) to release her sorrows, and to give end unto her miseries. Rosana when she beheld these courteous and well demeaned Knights, which in her conceit carryed relenting minds, and considering how kindly they desired to be partners in her griefs, she stood not upon curious terms, nor upon vain exceptions, but most willingly condescended to their requests: so when they had prepared their ears to entertain her sad and sorrowful Discourse, with a sober countenance,

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Penance, she began in this manner :

Lately, I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on me) the only Child and Daughter of this liveless Queen that you behold here lying dead, and she before my Birth whilst Fortune granted her prosperity, was the Maiden Queen of a Countrey called Armenia, adjoyning near unto this unhappy Island : whom in her young years when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high renown to mount upon the Wings of Fame, she was so entrapped with the golden bait of blind Cupid, and so entangled with the love of a disloyal Knight called the Knight of the black Castle, who after he had flourish't in the spoil of her Virginity, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her Womb, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Country, and a stain unto her kindred, and after gave himself to such a lustful and lascivious manner of life, that he unlawfully Married a Saepeards Daughter in a Forraign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to a most inhumane slaughter in a Desert Wood : this being done, he fortified himself in his black Castle, and only comforted with a cunning Negromancer, whose skill in Magick is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despite of the whole Earth.

But now I speak of the Tragical story of my unhappy Mother. When as I, her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her Womb, wherein I wish I had been strangled : she heard news of her Knights ill demeanour, and how he had given himself to the spoil of Virginity, and had for ever left her love, never intending to return again ; the grief whereof so troubled her mind, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginity, and the Seed of dishonour planted in her Womb, she fell into a wonderful and strange Trance, as though she had been oppressed with sudden death, which when her Ladies and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made signs with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose commandment was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were dear unto her. This afflicted Queen, when she saw that she was alone, began

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to exclaim against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter exclamations.

Oh unconstant Queen of Chance (said she) thou that hast warped such strange Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest my honour to that Tyrants lust, which without all remorse hath left me comfortless, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my life to sale, and to sell my honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my Princely Estate, and stained my bright honour with black infamy : woe is me for Virginity ! that which my Parents gave me charge to have respect unto, but I have carelessly kept it, and smally regarded it : I will therefore chastise my body, for thus forgetting of my self, and be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my honour, that it shall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole World.

Oh miserable Queen, oh fond and unhappy Lady ! thy speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate hand should pull out thy despised heart from thy bleeding Breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy dishonour.

Oh you Clouds ! Why do you not cast some fiery Thunder-bolt down upon my head ? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body : Oh false and deceiving Lord, I would thy loving and amorous words had never been spoken ! nor thy quick-sighted Eyes never gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourish'd still with glory and renown, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her Tomb to grow big with Child : at the which she received double pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing her self in this case, like a woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover her self, publicly unto her subjects, and deliver her body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods : and with this determination one day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straight-way came, according to her commandment, but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of honour were come thither to see her, she covered her self with a rich Robe, and sat upon
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Der Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all they that saw her had great compassion upon her sorrow: being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, she revealed to them the cause of her grief in this manner:

My Lords (quoth she) I shame to entitle my self your Queen and Sovereign, in that I have defamed the honour of my Country, and little regarded the welfare of our Common-wealth: my glittering Crown, me thinks is shaded with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely attire converted into unchast habiliments: in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withal my wonted joy, and now am constrained to endure perpetual pain, and an ever-pining death: for I have lost my honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude I have forgone the liberty of a Queen, and sold my self to a slavish sin, only mine own is the fault, and my own shall be the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse: I here surrender up my body into your Powers, that you may (as an evil Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods: for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Castle, he hath planted a Vine within my fruitful Garden, and also sown a Seed within my accursed Womb, that hath made Armenia infamous: he it is that hath committed hourly evils in the world, he it is that delights in Virgins spoils, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my honour, but with my consent I must needs confess, and lest me for a testimony of this my evil deed, big with Child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous Scandal: and with this she made an end of her lamentable Speech: And being grievously oppressed with the pain of her burthenous Womb, she sat her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their wills.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were there present, had understood all that the Queen had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger, looking one upon another, without speaking any words, but printing in their hearts the fault done by their Queen, to the great disgrace of their Country, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both of Crown and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetual banish.

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banishment from Armenia, like subjects not to be governed by a defamed Prince, that hath grafted the fruit of such a Tree with in her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman forloren and hated of all Companies, she stozed her self with sufficient Treasure and betook her self to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians Elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandzring in unknown Hands, big with Child, devoid of succour and relief, where instead of her Princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly repose upon the green grass, shadowed with the Table Curtains of the Skies, and the Furses that were provided against her delibery, were Symphs and Fappies dancing in the night by Proserpines commandment. Thus in great grief continued she many days, contenting her self with her appointed banishment: making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her conceit to answer her complaints: at length the glittering Moon had ten times borrowed light of Golden Phoebus, and the nights clear Candle was almost extinguished, by which time approached the hour of her laboursome Travell, where without help of a Woman, she was delivered of me her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of discretion, my woeful Mother would discourse unto me this lamentable story of both our miseries, the which I have most devoutly declared unto you.

Likewise she told me, that many times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyonsess and sometimes a she-Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the nature of Wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preferred me for some strange fortune: Likewise at my Birth, nature had pictured upon my breast directly betwixt my two Paps, the lively form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosom with a vermilion colour: and this was the cause that my Mother named me Rosana, answerable to my nature mark.

After

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After this we lived many a year in great distress, penury, and want, intreating time to redress our woes, more often than we had lived hours: the abundance of our tears might suffice to make watry Seas, and our sighs counterball the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sifters listening to my Mothers moans, and to my great sorrows deprived her of her life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyal Father hath his residence, that I may there perform my Mothers dying will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extreme grief binded the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a show of pearled tears upon the lifeless body of her Mother, that it constrained S. George's Sons to express the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt tears down from their sad eyes, and taken truce for a time with grief, they took Rosana by the hand (which before that time never touched the hand of any man) and protested never to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle.

Thus after this when the Christian Knights had piteously bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a deep Grave under a Bay Tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Rabens might not seize upon it, nor furious Bears tear it in pieces, nor Rabenous Harpies devour it. and after with the point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the rind of the Bay Tree, which words were these that follow.

Since which time we have lived many a year in great distress, penury, and want, intreating time to redress our woes, more often than we had lived hours: the abundance of our tears might suffice to make watry Seas, and our sighs counterball the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sifters listening to my Mothers moans, and to my great sorrows deprived her of her life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyal Father hath his residence, that I may there perform my Mothers dying will.

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The EPITAPH over the Grave of the
unfortunate Queen of *Armenia*.

Here lies the Body of a helpleſs Queen,
Whoe great good-will to her ſmall joy did bring:
Her willing mind required was with teen:
Though ſhe deſerv'd for love a Regal King.
And as her Corps incloſed here doth lie,
Her luckleſs Fate, and Fame ſhould never die.

So when they had made the Epitaph and covered her Grave
with green Turbes, they departed ſoward on their journey to-
wards the Black Caſtle, where we will leave them in their
Travels, and return to the diſſolal Leoger, and how he ſozgified
his Caſtle by Magick Art, according to the learned ſkill of a
cunning Negromancer, and of the adventure that hapned to St.
George with the other ſeven Chriſtian Champions in the ſame
Caſtle, therefore grant you immortal powers of invention, that
my Pen may be dipt in the Water of that learned Fountain,
where the nine Sisters do inhabit, that by the help of that ſweet
liquor my Muſe may have a delightful bath, ſo that mixing the
ſpeech of Mercury, with the powers of Mars, I may diſcourſe the
ſtrangeſt accident that ever happened to wandring Knights.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Caſtle made by Ma-
gick Art, to withſtand his Enemies, and how the ſeven Champions
entred the ſame Caſtle, where they were Enchanted into a deep
ſleep: ſo long as ſeven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched
but by the water of an Enchanted Fountain.

THe wicked Leoger, as you have read of beſore, being the
Knight of the black Caſtle, and one that for wealth
and

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and Treasure surpassed most of the Potentates, when he grew detested and abhorred in every company, as well by Noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the spoil and murder of those three Virgin Dames, whose pittifull Royles you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden vengeance to fall upon his head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Giants to defend it: wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he consulted with a wicked Negromancer, that he with Charms and Spells should work wonders in his Castle, which Magical accomplishments we will pass over till a more convenient time, because I purpose to explain the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of St. George with the other Christian Knights that came in revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good success arrived upon the shore of the Island, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had fortified their Black Castle, in which Country the Champions like the invincible followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frowns of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle, in which journey they were almost ravished with the pleasure of the Island, for entering into a narrow and straight Lane, garnished on both sides with Trees of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs without fear of any man to molest them. In which row of pleasant Trees that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not the green Hawzel, so much esteemed of learned Scholars; nor the sweet Myrtle Tree, loved by Ladies: nor the high Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers: nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing height is called the Prince of Trees: whereby they judged it to be rather an habitation for Gods and Goddesses, than a terrestrial Country, for that the Golden Sun with his glittering Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees without any hindrance of black Clouds; for the skies were clear as crystal: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the whispering leaves, whereby it made as sweet a harmony as if they had

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ben Celestial Cherubins : a thousand little streames of light ran upon the enameled ground, making sundry fine woordes by their crooked turnings, and joining one word with another, with a very gentle meeting, making such a sweet musicke, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and finally regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvelous great and wide Meadow, being of such exceeding fairness, that I am not able with a Pen to paint out the excellency thereof : whereas were feeding both wild and tame Beasts, adorned with great and cragged Horns : likewise the furious Wild Boar, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambs, were all together, feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by nature they were enemies.

Whereat the Noble Champions were almost overcome in their own conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love, clean contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of Wild Beasts and tame, in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the buildings of the Black Castle : and casting their eyes towards the same, they beheld near unto the principal gate, right over the Castle, twelve marble Pinacles, of such an exceeding height, that the Pyramides of Egypt were very low in comparison of them : in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scarce able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with several colours.

Down below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Hoar of Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his Marble bridge, all made of red Boards, which seemed as though they had been dyed all in blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other Side of this goodly Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they espied a Pillar of beautiful Jasper Stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange woordes, the which

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Pillar was of great vallue, and was garnished with chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly silver Trumpet, with certain letters carved about the same, the which contained these words following.

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the gate shall open'd be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with fear the proudest Champions heart:
Look thou for blows that entrest in this Gate,
Return in time: repentance comes too late.

The which when St. George beheld, and had understood the meaning of those mystical Letters, without any more tarrying, he set the silver Trumpet to his mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to Echo in the foundation of the Castle: whereat the principal Gate presently opened, and the draw-bridge was let down, without the help of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a puff of wind, they alighted from their war-like steeds, and delivered them into the Old Shepherds hands, to be fed upon the fragrant and green Grass, till they had performed the adventure of the Castle, the which they hoped either to accomplish, or never to return: so locking down their Beavers, and drawing forth their keen-edged Fauchcons, they entered the Gates, and being within, the Champions looked round about them to see if they could spy any body, but they saw nothing but a pair of winding Stairs, whereat they descended, they had not gone many steps, but therein was so great a darkness, that scarce they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning stairs, which were very dark, and at such length, that they thought they descended into the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Stairs, but in the

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the end they came into a very fair and large Court all compass'd with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a Palace provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Begromancer upon a large Gallery, supported with huge Pillars of Brass: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants clothed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Hats of Steel: to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted courage and loud voice in this manner, saying.

Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spoil of Virginity, thou that art invironed with these monstrous Gyants, these the wondrous works of nature, whose daring looks seem to scale the clouds, much like unto the pride of Nimrod, when he offered to build up Babels confused Tower.

Come down I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose revenge We come; now likewise have a courage in thy defence: for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which words he held his peace, expecting an answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard these Heroical speeches of St. George, began to fret and fume like to a starved Lyon, famished with hunger, or the cruel Tyger musing in human blood, with a great desire to satisfy his thirst, or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as he scented with Alcides Flesh: then he rag'd Leoger the Knight of the Black Castle, threatening forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this wise manner re-answered the Noble Champion of England.

Proud Knight (said he) or Peasant, whatsoever thou art, I pass not the smallest hair of my head, for thy upbraiding me with thy unuly tongue, I will return thy speeches on thy self, for the pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy followers shall be buried in the finks of my Channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of Caesar, that made all Lands to tremble where he came, yet were they but as a blast of wind unto my force; Seest thou not my Gyants which stand like

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like Oaks upon our Brazen Gallery ! they at my Commandment shall take you from the places where you stand : and throw you over the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the Ayre, more than ten fathoms high. And for that thou hast upbraided me with disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy Mother here of whom thou tookst first the Air of life, my hand should split her womb, that thou mightst see the Bed of thy conception, as *Hero* did in *Rome* : or if thy Wife and Children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witnesses of their bloody Murders : so much wrath and hate rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy body cannot wash it thence,

At which words the Giants which he had byed to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed with sturdy weapons in their hands, and requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so incensed danger, and they would fetch unto his presence all those braving Knights that were the occasion of his disquietness and anger : and so withoutarrying for an answer, they departed down into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery to behold the following encounters.

But when the Giants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and Knights of so gallant Statures, they sturished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the time in words but in blows,

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Giants of them all (which was called *Brandamond*) seeing *Saint George* to be the forwardest in the enterprize, and judged him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a stern countenance to speak unto him in this manner : Art thou that bold Knight (said the Giant) that with thy witless words hast so angered the mighty *Leiger* the Lord of this Castle ? If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seek to appease his furious wrath before revengement be taken upon thy person.

Also I do charge thee (that if thou wilt remain with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour and yield thy self with all these followers, with their hands bound behind them, and go and ask forgiveness

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at his feet : To which St. George with a smiling countenance answered : Gyant (said he) thy counsel I do not like, nor thy advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to send thee and all thy followers, without tongues to the infernal King of fiery Plegeton, and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishness, either return your ways from whence you came, and repent of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to a mortal Battel.

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how slightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight way fell upon St. George and his Company, intending with their mighty Bats of Steel to beat them as small as dust unto the Pot, but the Queen of chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants smally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battel, in such danger, that the victorie hung wavering on both sides not knowing to whom it would fall : the Bats and Raubtons made such a noise upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils : and of every blow they gave, fire flew from their Steele Cozzlers, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the skies resounded back the Echoes of their strokes, and the ground shook as though it had been oppressed with an Earth-quake : the pavement of the Court was overspread with an intermingling of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs : by the time that glistering Sol, the days bright Candle began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Gyants (winded in fight) began to faint, whereat the Christian Knights with more courage, began to increase in strength, and with such vigour assailed the Gyants, that before the golden sun had dived to the Western World, and the Gyants were quite discomfited and slain : some lay with their hands dismembred from their bodies, wastring in purple gore : some had their brains sprinkled against the Walls, some lay in Channels with their entrails trailing down in streams of blood : and some joyntless, with Bodies cut in pieces : so that there was not one left alive to withstand the Christian Champions.

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whereat St. George with the other six Knights fell upon their knees, and thanked the immortal Rector of all good chance for their victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Giants were slain by the prowess of those strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dashed out his brains against the pavement, had not the Magromancer, who likewise beheld the event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended quest, promising to perform by Art what the Giants could not do by force.

So the Magromancer fell to his Magick Spells and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearful and strange manner, as shall be hereafter shewn.

For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armour, to take the fresh ayre, and wash their bloody wounds received in their last conflict: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in likeness of a Lady of marvellous and fair beauty, to look through an Iron grate, who seemed to lean her face upon her white hand very pensively, and distilled from her Crystal eyes great abundance of tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard misfortune she was imprisoned in those Iron Gates: at which this Lady did seem to open her fair and Crystaline eyes, looking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and sorrowful sigh, she withdrew her self from the Gate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should be, surmising that by the force of some Enchantment, they should be overthrown: but casting up their eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place a woman of a great and Princely nature who was all armed.

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armed in silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her waiste, sheathed in a golden Scabbard, and had hanging at her neck an Ivory Bow and a gilt Quiver: this Lady was of so great beauty, that she seemed almost to exceed the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their thought than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time bewailed the absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body they were stricken, with such furious blows upon their backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knee upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose again, and looking about them to see who they were that struck them, they perceived them to be the likeness of certain Knights, which in great haste seemed to run in at a door that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardly intreated, they followed with their accustomed lightness after the Knights, in at the same door: wherein they had not entered three steps, but that they fell down into a deep Cave, which was covered over in such subtil sort, that whosoever did tread on it straightway fell into the Cave, except he was advertized thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent Night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Trap, they greatly feared some further mischief would follow, to their utter overthrow, so, with their Swords drawn, they stood ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darkness that they could not see any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against something, either against Post, Pillar, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Door that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and down, they found that they did tread upon no other things but dead mens bones, which caused them to stand still, and not long after they espied a secret window, at the which entered a little clearness,

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and gave some light into the Den, where they were, by which they espied a Bed most richly furnished with Curtains of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret room of the Cave, be hung with rich Tapestry of a fable colour : which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required some rest, and desired to lye upon the Bed : but not all at one instant, for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their Watch-man, and keep sentinel in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their repose upon the Bed, and he would be as wakeful as the Cock against all dangerous accidents. So the six Christian Knights repaired to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid, but presently they fell into a heavy and Enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of violence, not all the War-like Drums in Europe if they were sounding in their ears, nor the rattling thunder-claps of Heav'n were sufficient to recal them from their slaps : for indeed the Bed was Enchanted by the Pegromancers Charms, in such manner that whosoever but late upon the sides, or but toucht the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavy a sleep, as if they had drunk the juice of Diale, or the seed of Poppy : where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their Enchantments, stood like a careful Guard, keeping the furious Wolf from the spoil of the silly Sheep : but upon a sudden his heart began to throb, and his hair to stand upright upon his Head, yet having a heart fraught with invincible courage, he purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himself to withstand whatsoever happened : so being in this Princely cogitation, there appeared to him as he thought, the shape of a Magician, with a visage lean, pale, and full of wrinkles, with locks of black hair hanging down to his shoulders, like to wreaths of venomous Snakes, and his body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in this despightful manner : In an evil hour (said the Magi-

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Magician.) earnest thou hither, and so shall thy lodging be, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place whereas thou shalt look for no other thing but to be meat unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting strength shall not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was swelled with extreme wrath, answered, O false and accursed Charmer (said he) whom ill chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged an everlasting Tomb in Hell, what fury hath incensed thee; that with thy false and Devilish Charms thou dost practise so much evil against travelling and Adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my liberty in despite of all thy mischief, and with the strength of this arm to break all thy bones in sunder.

All that thou dost and wilt do I suffer at thy hands, replied the Negromancer: only for revengement that I will take of thee for the slaughter of my Masters Gyants, which as yet lie murdered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithal he went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his back he heard a sudden noise, and beheld as it were a window opening by little and little, whereas there appeared a clear light, by the which Saint George plainly perceived that the Walls of the Cave were dashed with blood, and likewise saw that the bones whereon they did tread at their first entry into the Den were of humane Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their flesh was torn off with hard and cruel Teeth. But this consideration could not long endure with him, for that he heard a great crushing, and looking what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in body as an Elephant, he had only two feet which appeared out of that monstrous body but of a span length, and each foot had three claws of three spans in length, she came with her mouth open, of so monstrous and huge bignesse, and so deformed, that a whole armed Knight, Horse and all might enter in therat: she had upon her jaws two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as needles, and all her body was covered with sharp Scales of divers colours, and with great fury she came with her wings all abroad. St. George although he had a valiant and undaunted

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mind, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the sight of so monstrous a Beast.

But considering with himself, that it was then time and great need, to have courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his defence, he took his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himself under his hand and strong Shield, and tarried the coming of that ugly Monster.

But when the furious beast saw that there was a prey whereon she might employ her sharp teeth, she struck with her infernal wings and with her piercing Claws she griped, and laid fast hold upon Saint Georges hard shield, intending to have swallowed whole this courageous Warrior, and fastning her sharp Tusks upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let go her hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such a strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the English Knight struck at her head a mighty and strong blow with his sword, but in no wise it could hurt her by reason of the hard scales where with it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that she felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recoil, to the ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous Tail: then this valiant Knight made great hast to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was in vain, for that upon a sudden she stretched her self so high that he could not reach her head: but yet kind Fortune so favoured his hand that he struck her upon the belly, whereas she had no defence with Scales, nor any other thing but feathers, whereout issued such abundance of black blood, that it spinned all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her self so sore wounded, struck at Saint George such a terrible blow with her Tail, that if he had not seen it coming it had been sufficient to have parted his body in pieces. The Knight to clear himself from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for he had no time to make any other defence: But that terrible blow was no longer passed over him, but straightwaies he recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exploit, that all former Adventures that have been

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been ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetual memory: for that he threw his Sword out of hand and ran unto the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arms, and did so squeeze her, that the furious beast could not help herself with her sharp Claws, but only with her wings she beat him on every side. This valiant Champion and noble Warrior would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his arms, continuing this perilous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbued with her bestial blood, by which occasion she lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long endured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the Noble and valiant breast of the English Knight, till such time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George wore somewhat weary, considering the former fight he had so lately with the Giant. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great weakness of the Serpent, he did animate himself with courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantity of blood that issued from his wounds, he took his trusty Sword & thrust it into her heart with such violence, that he clove it in two pieces: so this infernal Monster fell down dead to the ground, and carried the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, he quickly cleared himself of her Claws and recovered his Sword. But when he saw certainly he was clear from the Monster, and that he had yielded up her detested breath into the little Air, he kneeled down and gave thanks to the happy Queen of Chance for his delivery. The denouement was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not been of a precious virtue, he had been immediately poisoned to death.

After the Widow was obtained and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and inquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well which was full of water. Standing in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent

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pent first appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the Enchanted Bed whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident that had happened to him: to whom he purposed to reveal the true discourse of all the dangers that had befallen him in that accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that Enchanted Bed, and had set himself down upon the one end thereof, and thinking to begin his discourse, but he presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the Enchanted Bed, not to be wakened by any means, and return to the Peggomancer, that was busied all the time of the Serpents encounter with Leoger, in burying of the dead Gyants, but he knew by his Art, that the Serpent was slain, and likewise St. George oppressed with a charmed sleep in company of the other Champions upon the Enchanted Bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their Fortunes in eternal sleep.

Whereupon by his Devilish Arts he caused Lamps to burn continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the fires should never be quenched but by the water of an Enchanted Fountain, the which he likewise by Magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court guarded most strongly with Sprights: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth should have the form of a Rose libely pictured upon her Breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought himself elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling, so he accounted no joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Asia could perform by Prayers. We will not now only leave the Champions in their sleeps, dreaming of no Disturbance, but also

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also the Pagtarian with Leoger in the Black Castle spending
 their time securely, careless of all ensuing danger, and speak
 now of the Old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first
 entering in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their
 War-like Palfreys, as they fed upon the green grass: which
 Old man, when he could hear no news of the Champions re-
 turn, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some
 treachery they were intercepted in their vowed revengement,
 therefore he protested secretly with his own soul, if that for his
 sake so many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to
 depart out of those fields, but to spend his days in such sor-
 row as did that hapless King of Babylon, that for seven parch-
 ing Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained
 to feed upon the flowers of the fields, and to drink the dew of
 Heaven, till the hairs of his head grew as stiff as Eagles feathers,
 and the Nails of his fingers like unto Birds claws, the like ex-
 tremity he vowed to endure until he either re-obtained a wished
 sight of these invincible Knights (the flowers of Chivalry) or else
 were constrained by course of nature to yield up his loathed life
 to the fury of those Fatal Sisters: In this deep distress will my
 weary Muse likewise leave this Old Shepherd mourning for the
 long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian
 Knights, and turn unto St. George's valiant Sons, whom we
 left travelling from the Queen of Armenia's Grave with her unhap-
 py Daughter Rosana, to take revengement, of her disloyal Lord be-
 ing the Knight of the Black Castle, of whose villanies you have
 heard so much before.

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CHAP. IX.

How St. Georges three Sons after their departure from the Queen of Armenia's Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter Rosana, met with a Wild-man, with whom there happened a strange Adventure: and after how they entred the Black Castle, whereas they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendom, after they had slept seven days upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.

THe budding Flowers of Chivalry the valliant Sons of Saint George to perform their knightly promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to Rosana, at the Queen her Mothers Grave, which was to bring her safely to the Black Castle, where her unkind Father had his residence, first they provided her a Palfrey or Jennet, bred upon the Borders of Spain, which was furnished with black Caparisons, in sign of her brave and discontented mind, and his forehead beautified with a spangled Plume of Feathers.

Where in her company they travelled day and night from the Confinnes of Armenia, with successful Fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Island of the Black Castle, where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of green leaved Trees, where the melody of silver tuned Birds brought to them sweet sleeps: and instead of delicate fare, they were forced to satisfy their hungers with sweet Oranges, and ripe Pomegranats, that grew very plentifully in that Island.

But at last, upon a morning, when the skies appeared in their sight very clear and pleasant, and at such times as when the Sun began to spread his glittering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing of the days bright countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wish for Haven and desired Port. But entering into an unknown way and narrow path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

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For as they travelled in those untrodden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Island: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore feet, and turned backward into the way in such sort, that they had almost unsaddled their Masters: whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see what it was that caused so much fear; but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the occasion of such terror, they grew wonderfully troubled in mind. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying: Helpe me Brethren, I much wonder what should be the cause of this alteration in our Horses: hath some Spirit glided by us? or remaineth some Devil among these bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and labour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our warlike Weapons revenge the frightening of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the prowess of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great courage and majesty, caused Rosana to smile with a cheerful countenance, and to embolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both clear and deep, the which they judged to run quite through the middle of the Island: and so travelling along by the River side, where within a little while their Horses began again to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the shape and form of a Satyr, or a Wild-man, which did cross overthwart the Island, of a wonderful great and strange making, who was as big and broad as any Giant, for he was almost four square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glittered like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet; his body was covered all over with long and shagged hair, and in his breast there was as though it had been glaz'd, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This

This Monster directed his way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by reason of the stragling and great noise that the Horses made, he cast his head aside, and espied the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a devilish fury he ran towards them, and instead of a Club, he bore in his hand a great and knotty Apple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayed at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his coming, they cheered up their Horses, and picked their sides with their golden spurs, giving a great shout, as in sign of encouragement, and withal drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood grending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blows, so that his Club fell down to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrowen a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their Horses thinking thereby more nimble to defend themselves, and with more courage to assail the Satyr. Many were the blows on both sides, and dangerous the Encounter, without sign of victory inclining to either party.

During this Battel, Rosina (through grief and fear that she received) stounded upon her Halfrey, and lay slain beside his back, if he had not first closed her hands about the Pommel of the Saddle: and being come a little unto her self, she made humble supplication unto the Lady of Chance, soliciting her that she might rather be buried in the Monster's bowels, thereby to satisfy his wrath, than make such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest hair upon their heads diminished: such was the love and true zeal she bore unto those three Knights.

But Saint George's Sons so manfully debated themselves in the Encounter, bearing the prodigies of their Fathers' mind, that they made deep deep wounds in the Monster's flesh, and such terrible gashes in his body, that all the green Grass was covered with his black blood, and the ground all

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all to beheaded and greived with his mangled flesh.

When the Devilish Sponser felt himself wounded, and felt hold his blood stand upon the Earth like congealed gore, he fled from them more swifter than a whirlwind, or like to an Arrow forced from a Musket, and ran in great hast to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the entry, the which was done with so great lightness, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remove the Stone, and clear the mouth of the Cave, which they did, not without great difficulty.

Yet for all that they could not find which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons fraught with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock to see if they could espy any entry, and at last they found a great chiffe of the one side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, espied the Sponser, lying upon the floor, licking of his bleeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the knights said, O thou Destroyer by the Highways ! O thou infernal Devil and Enemy unto the World : thou that art the devourer of humane flesh, and drinker of mans blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy self in this Rock of Stone shall avail thee, or that thy Devilish body shall escape unslaughtered out of our hands : No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be heaved in thy detested bowels, and ride thy damned heart asunder : and there withal they thrust their Weapons through the Chiffe of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort that the Sponser presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in Triumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found his half dead lying upon her Balfrey.

But when she saw them return in safety, with a joyful and loud voice she said : O sweet Queen of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and Prowess than any other in all the World, else could they not have chosen but have been overcome by this remorseless Monster,

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which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdoms: therewithal she alighted in good haste from her Palfrey, and sat her down under the shadow of a Pine Tree, where the three Knights likewise came down, and laid their weary Heads upon her soft Lap to sleep, upon whose Faces she fanned a cool breathing Air, and wiped their sweat-browes with her Handkerchief, using all means she could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a Golden slumber, but they awakened and mounted upon their Steeds, and the next morning by break of day, they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose Walls they found seven sportly Steeds, feeding within a green Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the bark of Trees the true subject of all his passed grief: this man was the Old Shepherd which the seven Champions of Christendom (before their Enchanted Slaves in the Castle) left without the Gates to oversee their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But S. George's Sons (after they had awhile beheld the manner of the Shepherds silent lamentations) demanded the cause of his grief, and wherefore he remained so near the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous Old man answered in this manner.

Brave Knights (said he) for you seem to be no less by your Princely demeanours, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked Homicide called Leoger, whose tyranny and lust hath not only ravished but murdered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young years, in whose revenge there came with me seven Christian Knights of seven several Countries, that entered this accursed Castle about seven dayes since, appointed me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses, till I heard either news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrow: but never since by any means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words struck such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuit they

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they have travelled so many Countries. But at last, when St. George's Sons had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the Old Shepherd: that likewise they came to be rebenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoil of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same lust inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the Old Shepherd: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armour, laced on their Helmes, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glistered against the Sunlike burnisht gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, whereby they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillared window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought shirt with black Silk, and covered with a Nightgown of Damask Welbet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, he thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Countries (said he,) for so doth it appear by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buried in the Vauls of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar behind you, and found the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement breath sounded the Enchanted Trumpet, as Saint George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: where into (without disturbance) they entered: and coming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants, they espied the Enchanted Lamp, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the
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Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamp hung a Silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these words following :

These fatal Lamps with their Enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguish'd be,
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth fear and terror dwell:

No Earthly Water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No weight alive this water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chaste and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them as it were contrived in the manner of a mystical Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signifie : but Rosana being singular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently knew that by her the adventures should be finished, and therefore she encouraged them to a forwardness, and to seek out the Enchanted Fountain, that by the water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions deliver'd out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caus'd the three young knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountain was : for as they went towards the North-side of the Court, they espied another little door standing in the wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portal of Steel, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, where-

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at presently (unto their wonderful amazement) they heard a very sad and sorrowful voice breath forth these words following:

Let no man be so foolish hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terror and confusion.

Yet for all this they entered in thereat, and would not be daunted with any ceremonious fear, but like Knights of an Heroical estimation they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entered, but they saw that it was wonderful dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearful howlings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that Plutoes Dog had been Vice-gerent of that place. Yet for all this these balliant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all: but they entered in further, and took of their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, Devils with other strange Monsters framed by Magick Art, only to terrifie the beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them on every side, they espied the Enchanted Fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Gribon, which seemed to be all of flaming fire, who struck all the these Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoil back a great way: yet notwithstanding with great discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderful vigour, accompanied with no less anger they threw their Shields at their Backs, and taking their

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their Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assail the Giphon with mortal and strong blows. When presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils, with flesh-hooks in their hands spitting forth flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these three valiant Knights, whose years although they were but young, yet with great warth and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible blows, that in spite of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vain, for they were not only put from it by this Devilish company, but the water it self glided from their hands.

Oh in what great trabel and perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and Devilish generation, for to defend themselves, that they might attain to the finishing of this adventure, according to their knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terror of the same: but at last remembering her self of the superscription written in the silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the Enchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the likeness form of a Rose naturally pictured upon her face, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to be comprehended in her self, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous fight, she took a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights heads by the furious force of the Giphon, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with water, wherewith she quenched the Enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waxen Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the skies began to wax dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great thundering and lightnings, and such a terrible noise as though Earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that

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that the Gyphon towch all that deluded generation of Spirits banished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humillity they desired in their heart to be delivered from the fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their Enchanted sleep, the Castle yielded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except he preferb'd it by a sudden flight; so presently he departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Island unsuspected by any one: of whose after Fortunes, miseries and death, you shall hear moze hereafter in the course of this History following.

The Necromancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yielded unto his Enemies Power, and that his Charms and Magick Spells nothing prebailed: therefore he caused two Aspid Spirits in the likeness of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Ayre in an Ebony Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and Devilish attempts, and damned enterprizes, which shall be discoursed hereafter moze at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wherein they had lain in obscurity for the space of seven dayes. For when they were risen from their sleep, and had roloved up their drownde spirits, like men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable enterprize, they long time gazed on each others Face, being not able to express their minds, but by blushing looks, being the silent speakers of their extream sorowes. Yet at last S. George began to express the extremity of his grief in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europe Champions (said he) where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World? what is become of your surmounted strengths, that hath bruised Enchanted Helms, and qualed the power of mighty multitudes? what is become of your terrible blows, that have subdued

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dued Mountains, hewed in sunder Diamond Armour, and brought whole Kingdoms under your subjections? Now I see that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in slothful slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his knees, and said, thou that art the Guider of all our Fortunes, unto thee I invocate and call, and desire thee to help us, and do not permit us to have our Fames taken away for this dishonour and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renowns may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us, and in time to come fill whole Volumes with our Princely Achievements.

These and such like speeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phoebus glistered with splendant brightness into the Cave through a secret hole, which seemed in their conceits to dance about the Wall of Heaven, and to rejoice at their happy deliveries.

In this joyful manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armour buckled close unto their bodies, which had not been unbaced in seven dayes before, where they met with the three Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knighthood.

But when St. George saw his Sons, whom he had not seen in two years before, he was so ravished with joy, that he stounded in their bosoms, being not able to give them his blessing, so great was the pleasure he took in their sight.

Here I leave the joyful greeting betwixt the Father and his Sons to those that know the secret love of Parents to their Children, and what dear affection long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their Souls to each other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they begun their first intended Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as you heard in the beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to find out Leoger with his associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunters traps, and

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and had left the empty Castle to the spoil of the Christian Champions: but when Rosana saw her self dismiss from her purpose, and that she could not perform her Vow, she will against her disloyal Father, she protested by her Mothers name, never to close up her careful eyes, with quiet slumbers, nor never to rest her weary Limbs in Bed of Down, but trabel up and down the circled Earth, till she enjoyed a sight of her disloyal Father, whom as yet her eyes did never see. Therefore she conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights do bear unto poor distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her intended Heabel.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady of a Divine Inspiration, born unto some strange Fortune, and one by Heavens appointment, which had redeemed them from a wonderful misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a mind.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by Magick Art, of such a singular nature, that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier than a Tygers skin: it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and ribbed together with golden Hils: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Dana, hunting in the Forests of transformed Acton.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Steed big of stature, and of a very good hair, for the half parts forwards was of the colour of a White, and the other half was all black, saying that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his tail was close, so that he needed not any time to be shed: his neck was somewhat long, having a little head with great ears hanging down like a hound: his pice was with great majesty, and he doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tusks like unto an Elephant, and

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he did erect all Horses in the World in lightness, and did run with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did moze content her mind, than any thing that ever her eyes had sen befoze that time, Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at their departure ten Diamond Rings, continually to wear upon her Fingers, in perpetual remembrance of her courtesse.

This done without any longer tarrance, but only thanking them for their great kindness shewed unto her in distress, she leapt into the Saddle without the help of Stirrup or any other thing, and so rode speedily away from their sights, as a Hote of rain driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembred the Old Shepherd, whom they had almost forgotten, though the joy that they took in their happy meetings, he as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his age, but bestowed frankly upon him the State and Government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for the reliefe of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banquetting and other pleasant conference of their passed adventures: and when the night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the dayes delightful countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many windows as there were dayes in the year, the Old Shepherd himself in a rich furnished Parlor, and St. George's three Sons in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

John Cox His
Book 1725

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

How after the Christian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Castle, St. George was awaked from his sleep in the dead time of the night, after a most fearful manner, and likewise how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that happened upon the same.

MOST sweet were the sleep that these Princely minded Champions took in the Castle all the first part of the night without molestation either by disquiet dreams or disturbing motions of their minds, till such time as the Queen of Night had run half her weary journey, and had spent the better part of the Night: for betwixt twelve and one, being the chiefest time of fear and terror in the night, such a strange alteration did work in Saint George's thought, that he could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleep, but was forced to lie broad awake, like one disquieted by some sudden fear, but as he lay with wakeful eyes thinking upon his passed Fortunes, and numbing the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of Night-Rabens which flew beating their fatal wings against the windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some direful accident was near at hand: yet being not frightened with this fearful noise, nor daunted with the croaking of these Rabens, he lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the several Beds in the same Chamber: but at last being between sleeping and waking, he heard as it were the voice of a sorrowful Knight that constrained these bitter passions from his tormented soul, and they contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frightened with this sorrowful dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the Charm of my Enchantment.

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And therewithal he seemed to giue a most terrible groan, and so ceased. This unexpected noise caused St. George (without the knowedge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might find the place, that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowfull lamentation.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of the strange voice, or disturbance by any other means but that he was hindered from his natural and quiet sleep, by the break of day, when the dark night began to withdraw her sable curtains, and to giue Aurora liberty to explain her purple brightness, he entred into a four square Parloz, hung round about with black cloath, and other mournfull battlements, where on the one side of the same he saw a Tomb likewise covered with black, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certain times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighs, burning flames that proceeded from under the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his body therewith should be converted into Coals: the flame thereof was so stinking, that it made St. George somewhat to retire himself from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearful spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his eyes aside, stared Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voice he said, who art thou Sir Knight, that art come into this place of sorrow where nothing is heard but clamours of fear and terror.

Nay, tell me (said Saint George,) who thou art, that with so much grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thee.

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration, with my cruel hand did pierce thorow the white and delicate breast of my beloved Daughter, wo be to me, and wo unto my soul therefore, for she at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many torments do die living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Damself who had her hair of a yellow and wan colour, hanging down
about

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about her shoulders, and by her face she seemed that she should be very strangely afflicted with torments, and with a sorrowful voice she said :

Oh unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernal Lodging, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure but morral torment, and there is but one thing that can clear thee from it, and this cannot be told thee by any other but by me? yet I will not express it, except thou wilt grant me one thing which I will ask of thee.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowful Damsel, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seen, answered and said : The powers which were Governours of my liberty, will do their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request, I never denyed any lawful thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my power and strength I was made, to fulfil the same, I therefore demand what thy pleasure is.

And with that the Damsel threw her self into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voice she said : now most courteous Knight perform thy promise. strike but three strokes up on this fatal Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continual torments.

Then the invincible Knight Replied in this order, whether you be humane creatures said he, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may believe thy words or not : but yet discourse unto me the truth of all your passed fortunes, and by what means you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrel of Christendom, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lieth in my power.

Then the Damsel began with a grievous and sorrowful lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told. And lying in the fatal Sepulchre unseen of St. George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to hear her discourse and lamentable story, with a hollow voice like a murdered Lady, whose bleeding soul as yet did feel the Croak of her death, she repeated this piteous tale following.

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CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragical discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by Saint George, with other strange accidents that happened to the other six Champions of Christendom

IN Famous Babylon sometimes Reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adozned with noble and vertuous customes, and had only one Daughter, that was very fair whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chaste: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderful cunning in the Black Art, this Magician had a sage and grave countenance, and one that for wisdom better deserved the Government than any other in the Kingdom, and was very well esteemed throughout all Babylon, almost equally with the King: for which there ingendered in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him: This Magician cast his love upon the young Princess Angelica, and it was ordained by destiny that she should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they endured sundry great passions.

Then Love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting Maid of Angelica's named Fidelia, the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortal power of the Goddess Venus: Wh in what fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to betray the secrets of his love-sick soul, but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting Maid (whose name was answerable unto her mind) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This fair Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her own natural Country and Father, and with this intention being one night with her Lover, she cast her arms about his neck and said:

Oh my sweet and well-beloved friend, seeing that my destinies have been so kind to me, as to have my heart linked in thy breast, let me

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man find in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight : and do not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I bear to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this believe of a certainty, that if thy sight be absent from me, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his Vital recreation, and my soul forsake her Earthly habitation. You know, my Lord, how that the King my Father doth bear you no good will, but doth hate you from his soul, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments : for the which I have determined (if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Country, and to go and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life : but I know you will not deny me : for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and chiefest prosperity. And therewithal shedding a few tears from her Crystal-eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one half ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said.

My Love and sweet Mistress, wherefore have you any doubt that I will not fulfil and accomplish your desire in all things ? therefore out of hand put all things in readiness that your pleasure is to have done : for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatal destinies give end to our lives ? Or if it so fall out that fortune frown upon us, that we be espied and taken in our enterprize, and suffer death together, what more glory can there happen unto me, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy arms ? therefore do not trouble your self dear Lady and Mistress, but give me leave for to depart your presence, that I may provide all things in readiness for our departures : and so with this conclusion they took leave one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecy as might possibly be devised.

After this, within a few dayes, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawn by two flying Dragons, into the which without being espied of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty waiting-maid, and in great secrecy they departed out of the Kings Palace,

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Palace, and took their journey towards the Countrey of Armenia: in the which Countrey in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deep Rivers did continually strike upon a Rock upon the which stood an old ancient building, wherein they intended to inhabit, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all fear of being found, live peaceably, enjoying each others love.

Not far from that place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary provision for the maintaining of their Bodies. Great joy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a place whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to go a hunting with certain Countrey dwellers, that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Raelia in that house, so in this order they lived together four years, spending their daies in great pleasure, but in the end, time (who never rested in one degree) did take from them their rest, and repaid them with sorrow and extreme misery. For when the King her Father found her missing the sorrow and grief was so much that he received, that he kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Four years he passed away in great heaviness, filling the Court with Echoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt tears his drink, and grief his chief companion.

But at last, upon a time as he sat in his Chair, lamenting her absence with great heaviness, and being over-charged with grief, he chanc'd to fall into a troublesome dream, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closers of his eyes, he dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea-side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before he would return to Babylon, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyrs and Wild-men ready furnished with habiliments of War to pull him from his Throne, and deprive him of his Kingdom.

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But of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, and thought it had been one fringed with a Legion of Spirits, and caused four of the chief Piers of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Country: certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except he sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withhold him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of the whole Land: therefore within twenty daies he furnished himself with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martial Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffering any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to bear him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any Ceremonious Order, but like a blood Hound searching Country after Country, Nation by Nation, and Kingdom by Kingdom, that after a barbarous manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for his disobedience. And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness but he furiously entered, and diligently searched for his Angelica.

At last by strange Fortune he happened into Armenia, near unto the place where his Daughter had her residence, where after he had intelligence by the Commons of the Country, that she remained in an old ruined Building on the top of a Rock near at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting, where coming to the Gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereat so furiously that he made the noise resound all the House over with the redoubling Eccho.

When Angelica heard one knock she came unto the Gate, and with all speed she did open it, where when she thought to embrace him (thinking it to be her Lover) she saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration she gave a great shriek, and ran with all the speed she could back into the House.

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Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, saying : It doth little avail thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengeful hand, paying me with thy death the dishonour that my Crown hath received by thy flight.

So he followed her till he came to the Chamber where her waiting Maid Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King : upon whose sorrowful countenance, appeared the Image of pale death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her self over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible loud and lamentable shrieks.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the natural love of a Father towards his Child, he laid hands upon his Sword, and said : It doth not profit thee Angelica to flee from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it : for here mine own arm shall be the killer of mine own flesh, and I unnaturally hate that, which nature it self commandeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red than Scarlet, answered and said : Ah my Lord and Father, will you be now as cruel unto me, as you had wont to be kind and pitiful ? Appease your wrath, and withdraw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken unto this, which I saw in discharging my self of that you charge me withal. You shall understand my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by love for to love, forgetting all fatherly love and duty towards your Majesty : yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband : then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more like a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a man by nature, answered and said.

Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from Natures kind, thou wicked Traytor to thy generation : what reason hath thou to make this false excuse. when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict ? And in saying these words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his own Daughters blood : whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shriek, and threw her self upon the body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast to the fury of his Sharp cutting Sword, only to

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set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence, he pulled her off by the hair of the Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his feet, thereby to make a way, that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, she hung about his neck, and said : Thou monstrous Murderer, more cruel than the mad Dogs in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and loyallest Lady in the World, even she within whose lap untamed Lions will come and sleep ?

Thou art thy self (I say) the occasion of all this evil, and thine only is the fault, for that thy self wert so malicious and so full of mischief, that she durst not let thee understand of her love.

These words and tears of Fidelia did little profit to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a company of Dogs, most cruelly took his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dasht her Brains against the Chamber Walls, and with double wrath he did proceed to execute his fury. Yet for all this Fidelia with terrible shrieks sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruel hand he thrust his Sword into her Ladies Breast, so that it appeared forth at her back whereby her soul was forced to leave her terrestrial habitation, and flie into the wide Ayre, after those which dyed for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica, when she was most at quiet, and content, with her mean kind of life, then Fortune turned her unconstant Wheel, and cast her from a glorious delight to a sudden death.

The cruel King, when he beheld his Daughters blood sprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own hands it was committed, he repented himself of the deed, and cursed the hour wherein the first motion of such a crime entred into his mind, wishing the hand that did it ever after might be lame, and the heart that did contriue it, to be plagued with more extremities than was miserable Oedipus, or to be terri-

fixed

The Second Part of the novel

And with her ghastly Spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander
with Cirus Shadow whom he cruelly murdered.

In this manner the unfortun'd King repented his Daughters
bloody Tragedy, with this determination not to sleep till the Ma-
gician returned from his hunting exercise, but to exclude himself
from the company of all men, and to spend the remnant of his
livesom life among untamed Beasts in some wild Wilderness.
Upon this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withal said:
Farewel thou liveless Body of my Angelica, and may thy blood which
I have spilt, crave vengeance of the Fates against my guilty Soul, for
my Earthly Body shall endure a miserable punishment. Likewise at
his departure he writ upon the Chamber Walls these Verses fol-
lowing with his Daughters blood:

Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I go,
To spend my days in shame, in sorrow, grief, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent
fury against her self, both by rending the golden trammels of
her hair, and tearing her Rosse-coloured Face with her furious
Nails, that he rather seem'd an infernal Fury, subject to Wrath,
than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: she saw
over Angelica's Body wiping her bleeding bosom with a Damask
Scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and bathing her dead
Body in luke-warm Tears, which forcibly ran down from her
eyes like an over-flowing Fountain.

In this woful manner spent the sorrowful Fidelia that unhap-
py day, till bright Phœbus went into the Western parts: at
which time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting,
and finding the Door open, he entred into Angelica's Chamber,
where when he found her Body weltring in congealed blood, and
beheld how Fidelia sat weeping over her bleeding wounds, he cur-
sed himself, soz that he accounted his negligence the occasion of
her death, in that he had not left her in more safety. But when
Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her own Fa-
ther she was slaughtered, he began like a Frantick Tyrant to
rage against black Destiny, and to fill the Ayze with terrible
exclamations.

Oh

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Oh cruel Murderer (said he) crept from the of Womb of some unnamed Tyger: I will be so revenged upon thee, Ounnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like unpunishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bruited this fatal Deed unto my ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in continual torments that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your lamentations.

And in saying these words, he drew a Book out of his bosom, and in reading certain Charms, and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the skies, which was brought by terrible and heavy winds, in the which he took them up both, and brought them into the Enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard you Magnanimous Knight, the true discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my self, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murdered his own Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed wretch, which by his Charms and Devilish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his sharp cutting Sword and gave three blows upon the Enchanted Tomb, whereas presently appeared the Babylonian King standing before him, attyred in rich Robes, with an Imperial Diadem upon his Head: and that Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautiful than the Damask Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, he was not able to speak:

The Second Part of the

For joy, nor to utter his mind, so exceeding was the pleasure that he took in their sight; so without any long circumstance he took them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas he found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom he revealed the true discourse of the passed adventure, and by what means he redeemed the King and the Lady from their Enchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it was to S. George.

So, after they had for some six dayes refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the Babylonian King into his Country, and to place him again in his Regiment.

In which Travel we will leave the Christian Knights to the conduct of Fortune, and return again to Rosana, who (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursuit of her disloyal Father: of whose strange accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandered up and down the World in great terror of Conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himself, with other accidents that after hapned.

YOU do well remember when that the Christian Champions had slain the seven Giants in the Enchanted Castle and had made Conquest thereof, disloyal Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled: not for anger of the loss; but for the preservation of his life. So in grief and terror of Conscience he wandered like a fugitive up and down the World; sometimes remembering of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the Kapes he had committed, how disloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia big with Child, bearing in her womb the stain of her honour, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty mind imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom he

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he both rabished and murdered) followed him up and down, haunting his Ghost with fearful exclamations, and filling every corner of the Earth with clamours of revengement.

Such fear and terror raged in his soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of knights, and that the strength of Countreies pursued him to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby he cursed the day of his Birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Skates to consume his Body with a Fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him. In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with Echoes of his sorrows and grief, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times he would have slain himself, and have rid his tormented soul from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans Golden Torch, he entred into a narrow and straight path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein with much sorrow he travelled till such time as glistering Phoebus had passed the half part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great weight of his Armour, he was forced to take some rest and ease under certain fresh and green Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did shadow a very fair and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bubbling murmur on the pebbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former committed cruelty, and complaining of Fortune, he thus published his great grief: and although he was weary of complaining yet seeing himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swan to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to give some ease unto his tormented heart, he warbled forth these Verses following.

Mournful Melpomene approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with tears besprent:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints and ruful discontent.

The Second Part of the

And with your moans Sweet Muses all assist,
My mournful Song that doth on woe consist.

That so I may at large paint out my pain,
Within these Desert Groves and Wilderness:
And after I have ended to complain,
They may record my woes and deep distress:
Except these Mistle Trees relentless be,
They will with sobs assist the sighs of me.

Time wears out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I try'd so long, and this do know,
Times give no end to this my misery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree,
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Sylvane Nymphs that in these Woods do shrowd,
To you my mournful sorrows I declare:
You Savage Satyrs, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my woe your nimble selves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers, in Rural Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

Sweet *Philomel*, cease thou thy Song a while,
And will thy Mates their Melodies to leave:
And all at once attend my mournful stile,
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave:
If you desire the burthen of my Song,
I sigh and sob, 'cause Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beasts that feed on Mountains high,
And restless run with rage your prey to find,
Draw near to him whose brutish cruelty,
Hath cropt the Bud of Virgins Chast and kind:
This only thing yet rests to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since

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Since all agree for to encrease my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?
Sith Fates and Fortune do themselves prepare,
To work against my soul their full despite,
I know no means to yield my heart relief,
'Tis only death which can dissolve my grief.

I muse, and may, my sorrows being such,
That my poor heart can longer life sustain,
Sith dayly I do find my grief so much,
As every day I feel a dying pain.
But alas, I live afflicted still,
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

When as I think upon my pleasure past,
Now turn'd to pain, it makes me rue my state:
And since my joy with woe is over-cast,
O death give end to my unhappy fate,
For only death will lasting life provide,
Where living thus, I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that hear my mournful Song,
And tasted have the grief that I sustain,
All lustful Ravishers that have done wrong,
With tear fill'd eyes assist me to complain,
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying hast, hast, this wretches dying state.

This sorrowful Song being done, he laid himself all along upon the green grass, closing up the closets of his eyes in hope to repose himself in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all discontented thoughts; in which silent contemplation we will leave him for a while, and return to Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewise departed from the Black Castle (clad with Enchanted Armour) in the pursuit of her dissolal Father whom she never in her life beheld. This cometeous Lady (to perform her Vow) travelled up and down strange Countries with

King The Second Part of the 88

many a weary step, yet never could she meet with her unkind Father, unto whom she was commanded to give her Mothers Letter, neither could she hear in any place wheresoever she came, where she might go to see. In the which trael she met with strange Adventures, which with great honour to her name she finished, yet still she wandred oer Hills and Dales, Mountains and Vallies, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she happened into the Wilderness whereas this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green grass, near to which place she likewise reposed her self under the branches of a Chestnut Tree, desiring to take some rest after her long trael.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her left hand a very dolorous groan, as it were of some sorrowful Knight, which was so terrible heavy and bitter that it made her give an attentive ear unto the sound, and to see if she could hear and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noise that she could possibly, she arose up and went towards the place, whereas she might see who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well Armed, lying upon the green grass, under a certain fair and green Myrtle Tree, his Armour was all rusted, and full of Warts of black steel, which shewed to be a very sad sorrowful, and heavy enamelling, agreeable to the inward sadness of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great grief: where after she had a while stood in secret, beholding his sorrowful countenance, in a woful manner he tumbled his restless body upon the green grass, and with a sad and heavy look he breathed forth his lamentation.

On heavy and perverse Fortune (said he) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruel a wretch do breathe so long upon the Earth, upon whose wicked head the Golden Sun disdains to shine, and the glittering Elements deny their cheerful lights.

Oh that some ravenous Harpy would welter from his Den, and make his loathsome bowels my fatal Tomb, or that my eyes were sightless like the miserable King of Thebes that I never might again behold this Earth, whereon I have long lived and committed so many cruelties.

I am

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I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance for wronging that Maiden Queen of *Armenia*, in the spoil of whose Virginity I made a triumphant conquest.

Oh Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thee to commit so great sin, leaving her stained with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? Oh cruel and without faith, thou wert nursed with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and born into the world for thine own torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Princess, who not only yielded to thee her liberty, love, and honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a Golden Diadem? and therefore wo unto me Traytor, and more woes fall upon my soul than there be hairs upon my head, and may the sorrows of old Priam be my latest punishment,

What doth it profit me to fill the air with Lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort? this being said, he gave a grievous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosana by those heavy and sorrowful lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyal Father, whom she had so long travelled after to find out: but when she remembered how his unfaithfulness and unkindness was the death of her Mother her heart endured such extreme pain and sorrow, that she was constrained (without any feeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her courageous heart could not remain long in that passion, but straightways she rose up again upon her feet, with a desire to perform her Mothers will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveal unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the place where Leoger was, who when he heard the noise of her coming, straightways started up on his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voice somewhat heavy, and Leoger did return his salutations with no less shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as she delibered it unto his hands, she said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetful and disloyal Knight, which

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which left the unfortunate Queen of Armenta (with so great pain and sorrow) big with Child among those unmerciful Tyrants her Country men, which banished her out of her Country in revenge of thy committed crime, where ever since she hath been companion with Wild Beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment,

Leoger, when he heard her say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbzed and weary of weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face; and answered her in this manner.

I will not deny to thee gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very Clouds do blush at, and the low earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight, whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy will.

My will is, said she, thou most ungrateful Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in mind, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soul from his body, and therewithal putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green Grass, without any power to the contrary; his grief so abounded the bounds of reason.

So sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady the Armenian Queen, and with great alteration both of heart and mind he read the sorrowful lines, which contained these words following.

The Queen of Armentia her Letter.

TO thee thou disloyal Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of Armentia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruel mind hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea, and complain unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a Crowned Queen

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to a miserable and banished catif, where as Savage Beasts are my chief companions, and the mournful Birds my best solicitors. O *Leoger*, *Leoger*, why didst thou leave me comfortless without all caule, as did *Aeneas* his unfortunate *Dido*? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? O *Leoger*, remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day be fatal evermore, and counted for a dismal day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foul mischances, for it was unhappy unto me, for in giving the joy, I bereaved my self of all, and lost the possession of my liberty and honour, although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my sorrowful fortunes, yet thou shouldest not have mockt my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have born thee, in that I have yielded to thee that precious Jewel, the which hath been denyed to many a noble King. O love, cruel and spiteful love, that so quickly didst make me blind, and deprived me of the knowledge that belonged to my Royal Highness. Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy Love: the Queen of *Armenia* stained her honesty which she ought to have kept, and preserved it from the biting canker of disloyal love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffered me to have lost so much, as I did forgo for thy sake.

Tell me, why didst thou not suffer me to execute my Will, that I might have opened my white Breast with a piercing Sword, and sent my soul to shady Banks of sweet *Elyxium*? then it had been better for me to have dyed, than to live still and dayly die.

Remember thy self *Leoger*, and behold the harm that will come hereof: have thou a care to the pawn which thou hast sealed in my Womb, and let it be an occasion that thou maist (after all thy violent wrongs) return to see me sleeping on my Tomb, that my Child may not remain Fatherless in the power of wild Beasts, whose hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelty. Do not consent that the perfect love which I bear thee should be counted vain, but rather perform the promise which thou hast made to me.

Oh unkind *Leoger*, O cruel and hard heart! is falsehood the firm love that so unfeignedly thou didst profess to me? What is he that hath been more unmerciful than thou hast been? There is no furious Beast nor lurking Lyon in the Deserts of *Lybia*, whose merciless pawes are all besmeared in blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy

self

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self, else wouldst thou not leave me comfortless, spending my days in solitary Woods, whereas Tygers mourn at my distresses, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations : the unreasonable torment and sorrows of my soul are so many, that if my Pen were made of Lybian Steel, and my Ink the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to advertise thee of my desired death, for in writing this my last Testament, the Fates are cutting asunder my thred of life, and I can give thee Knowledge of no more : but yet I desire thee by the true love which I bear thee, that thou wilt read with sorrow these few lines, and now I desire of the destinies that thou mayest die the like death that for thee I now do. And so I end,

*By her which did yield unto thee her Life,
Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.*

When this sad and heavy Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, he could not restrain his eyes from distilling salt tears, so great was the grief that his heart sustained : Rosana did likewise bear him company to solemnize his heaviness, with as many tears trickling from the conduits of his eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the other : but afterwards their griefs being somewhat extenuated, Leoger began to say :

Oh Messenger from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong my heart is wounded, being undeservedly of me evilly rewarded : tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is ? shew unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither and give a discharge of this my great fault by yielding unto death.

Oh cruel and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buried, only by reason of such a forsworn Knight ?

This penitent and grieved Knight, when he understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and heavy fury he struck himself on the breast with his fist, and lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, gibing
or

deep and sorrowful sighs, he threw himself to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power or strength to declare the inward grief which at that time he felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, he called continually on the Armenian Queen, and in that debilitate fury wherein he was, drew out his Dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of Mail, he thrust it into his Body, and giving himself this unhappy death, (with calling upon his wronged Lady,) he finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heavy Lady when she beheld him so desperately to goze his partial Breast, and to fall lifeless to the Earth, she greatly repented herself that she had not discovered her name, & revealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld, and as a Lyon (though all to late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lioness evil intreated of the Hunter, even so she ran unto her murdered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his wounded head, and unbrazed his Armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also she took away his Shield which had on it a Ruffet Flag, and in the midst thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two faces, the one was very fair and bound with a cloath about his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a fair linnen cloath she wiped off the blood from his wounded body. And when she was certain that it was he after whom she travelled so many weary steps, and that he was without life, with a furious madness she tore her Attire from her Head, and all to rent her golden hair, tearing it in pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding body, making such sorrowful lamentation, that whosoever had seen her, would have been moved to compassion. Then she took his Head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving in him, she joined her face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowful words she said:

Dear Father, open thine eyes and behold me, open thine sweet
 10 Father,

The Second Part of the

Father, and look upon me thy sorrowful Daughter : If Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst Life remaineth : Oh strengthen thy self to look upon me, wherein such delight may come to me, that we may one accompany the other. On my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me satisfaction for the great travel which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and Die not without seeing her : open thine eyes that she may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rosina began again to wipe his Body, so that it was again all to be barbed in blood, and with her white hands she felt his eyes and mouth, and all his Face and Head, till such time as she touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortal wound, where she held it still and looked upon him whether he moved or no. But when she felt him without sence or feeling she began anew to complain, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, she said :

Oh my hapless Father, how many troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, watering the Earth with her Tears, and always in vain calling for thee? Oh how many times in naming thy name, hath she been answered with an Echo, which was unto her great dolour and grief? And now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to rejoice her self in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into grief and dolour. Oh cruel and unconstant Queen of Chance, hath Rosina deserved this, to be most afflicted when she expected some joy? Oh Linger, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of mine be closed eternally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together : and when he saw himself in her Arms, and understood by her words, that she was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of Armenia, he suddenly strove against weakness, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yielding Arms about the milk-white neck of the fair Rosina, and they joined their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter tears, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild

Beasts

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Beasts unto compassion? and then with a feeble and weak voice the wounded Knight said:

Oh my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my self, in enjoying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remain alive, and before my silly Soul doth depart the company of my dying Body: I do confess that I have been pitiless unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travel with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowful place with my dead Body pale and wan, yet before my death sweet Girl give me some few gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Mothers Grave, though it be far in distance from this unlucky Country.

Oh my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to give your Body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite, to seek some to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive me of your living company. And without strength to proceed any further in speeches, he kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighs, and having within her self a terrible conflict, he tarried for the answer of her dying Father, who with pain and great anguish of death, said:

Oh my Child, how happy should I be, that thus imbracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? then should I be joyful in thy company, and account my self happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her Favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his neck upon the Face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowful Lady saw that the Soul had got the victory and departed from the Body, she kissed his pale lips, and giving deep and dolorous sighs, he began a marvellous and most heavy lamentation, calling her self unhappy and unfortunate, and laid her self upon the dead body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

Oh my dear Father, said she, what small benefit have I received for all my travel and pain, the which I have suffered in seeking thee, and now in the finding of thee the more is my grief, for that I came to see thee die? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my mind

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when I saw that fatal Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? whereon was my thoughts? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatal blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should then have born thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your Dens and deep Caves, where are you now? why do you not come and take pity upon my grief in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selves pittiful, for that I do abhor this dolorous Life. Yet all this while she did not forget the promise that she made him, which was to give his body burial in her Fathers Tomb. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her lamentation, and taking unto her self more courage than her sorrowful grief would consent unto, she put the dead Body under a broad branched Pine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and green grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the boughs, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindness would assist her to intomb him. This done, here too will leave Rosana weeping o'er her Fathers Body, and speak of the Negromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found Leogers Armour hanging upon a Pine-Tree, kept by Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, betwixt whom happened a terrible Battel: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane creatures.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had Conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the Negromancer to preserve his life fled from the same, carryed by his Art through the Ayre, in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which Charriot he crossed o'er many parts and plains of the Eastern Climates.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himself into the thick

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thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, he never rested till he came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to be an arm of the Purple-coloured Ocean: there he alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himself, and took water with his hands and drunk thereof, and washed his face: and as he found himself all alone, there came into his mind many thoughts of his forepassed life, and how he was vanquish'd by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible sighs, and began to curse not only the hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the generation of Man-kind.

Likewise he remembred the great sorrow and trael that he ever since had endured, and what toyl travelling Knights do endure: In these variable cogitations spent he the time away till golden Proebus began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidental parts, and therewith drew on the dark and tenebrous night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more encrease: all that night he passed away with such sorrowful lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woeful exclamations, till that Sol with his glistering beams began again to recover the Earth.

The which being seen by the Magician, with a trice he arose up, and intending to prosecute his journey, but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed a great value and of a wonderful richness: so without any further circumspection or regard, he took down the Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voice that said: Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undo this Trophy, except thou prepare thyself to win it by the Sword.

The Magician at this unexpected noise, cast his Head on the one side, and espied Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep,
most

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most richly Armed with a strong Enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that he did not let to make an end of Arming himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, he went towards the Demander with his Sword ready drawn in his hand, inviting her to a mortal Battle.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did promise to defend herself and offend her enemy.

Oh my Muse, that I had but learned eloquence for to set out and declare the noble Encounters of these two gallant Warriors: Rosana though she was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in Heroical adventures as any Knight in the World, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visor of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance and forced him to bow his head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noise thereof it made a sound in all the Mountains. And so began betwixt them a marvellous and fearful Battle. Fortune not willing to use her most extremity, inclined the scale to neither party, nor as yet gave the Conquest to any, all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blows, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force she might strike and hurt her enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonished to the Earth without any falling.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her head in pieces, but with great discretion he cleared her Head in such sort that it was stricken in vain, and with great lightness he repassed, and struck

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struck the Magician so furiously, that he made him once again to fall to the ground all astonished, and there appeared at the bottom of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he revived and got up in a trice, with so great anger, that the smokes which came from his mouth seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

Then this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp Sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his Enemy, who (without any fear of his Fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blows at once: but it happened that the Amazonians blow did first fasten, with so great strength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into pieces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that he would be a means to convey her Fathers dead Body to an Island near adjoining to the Borders of Armenia, and there to intomb it in her Fathers Grave, as she promised when that his age of life flaked from his body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a readiness, wherein he laid the murdered Body of Leoger upon a pillow of Opisthotos, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entered, with necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled thow the Air more swifter than a Whirl-wind, or a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to express them.

But

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But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger increased, by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the skies and yield themselves unto their pleasure, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead body, carryed through the Air by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains, and Valleys Woods and Forests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange places and Countries.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Chartered Chariot, and bore Leoger's body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana's departure) over-grown with Moss and withered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly bleeding) upon his Ladies consumed Carcase: which being done, the Magician covered again the Grave with earth, and laid thereon green Turbes, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremonious Funeral, Rosana watered the Earth with her tears, never withholding her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, she fell into a sorrowful lamentation following:

Oh cruel Destinies (said she) with your rigours have bereaved me of both my Parents, and left me to the World, a comfortless Orphan, receive the sacrifice to my chastity, in payment of your vengeance, and let my blood here shed upon this Grave shew the singleness of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts be broken in pieces, that seek the downfall and dishonour of Ladies.

As she was uttering these and the like sorrows, she took forth a naked Sword which she had ready for the same effect, and putting the Pommel to the ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which she did with such furious violence and exceeding heat, that the Magician although he was there present,

sent,

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sent, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her self so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soul, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to express his passion. But at last (having taken truce with sorrow, and recovering his former speech,) he took up the dead body of R. Iana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave: and over the same hung an Epitaph that did declare the occasion, of all their deaths.

This being done, to express the sorrows of his heart for the desperate death of such a Magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the company of all humane creatures, he erected over the Grave by Magick Art a very stately Tomb, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed four Pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Crystal: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her breast pierced through with a Sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corset of fine Steel, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepherd and his Sheep-hook lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled tears: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murdered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great beast, headed like a Lyon, his breast and body like a Wolf, and his tail like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron. With four Gates for to enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamond: and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, where-

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on hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents where-
of were as followe:

So long shall breath upon this brittle Earth
The framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a Wondrous Birth
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name, as Fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of
Pluto's Legions, and maintained by their Devilish powers, but
the Necromancer inclosed himself in the Walls, where he conso-
led chisely with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed
upon his blood, and lest their damnable seals sticking upon his left
side, as a sure token and witness that he had given both his soul
and body to their Governments after the date of his mortal life
was finished.

In which Enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time
confering with his damnable Gates, and return to the Christian
Knights where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place
the King again in his Kingdom.

CAHP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian
King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were re-
ceived at Rome, where Saint George fell in love with the Em-
perours Daughter, being a professed Nun: of the mischief that
ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young Lucius Prince of
Rome.

The haliant Christian Champions having as you heard in the
Chapter going before, performed the adventure of the En-
chanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his
Kingdom of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

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But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peaceful and Princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace, nor likelihood of joyful and friendly welcome, for all the Country raged with intestine War, four feveral Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnatural causes and stirrers up to this blood-debouring controverſie, were four Noble men, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her death. And the breaking out into this bozlibozly grew first to head in this manner following:

Two years after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick Seat in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tidings of the King could be heard northward, standing to many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole possession of the Babylonian Kingdom.

To this end, they all made feveral Friends: for this had they contended in many fights; and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this main chance of War, intending to fight till they fell, and one remained Victorious over the rest: whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But of Treasons and Treason the end is sudden and Homelul: for no sooner had St. George (placing himself between the Betwixt) in a brief Oration shewed the adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and baling the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed him in his ancient dignity, their true, lawful, and long-lost King.

The King being thus restored, married Fidelity for her faithfulness: and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of St. Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertain those never daunted Knights, the famous wonders of Christendom.

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At that time of the year when the Summers Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable ornaments St. George (in company of the Emperour with the rest of the Champions) chanced to walk along by the sides of the Riber Tyber, to delight themselves with the Meadows, and beautiful prospect of the Country.

Before they had walked half a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Sunnery, which was very fair and of a stately Building, and likewise encompassed about with Crystal Streams and many green Medows, furnished with all manner of beautiful Trees and Fragrant Flowers.

This Sunnery was consecrated to Diana the Queen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single life, and to keep their Virginities forever unspotted.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter, lived as a professed Nun and exempted her self from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and Religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Monks of the Sunnery, how that the Emperour her Father with many other Knights, were coming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach she attyred her self in a Gown of white Sattin, all laid over with gold Lace, having also her golden locks of hair somewhat laid forth: and upon her head was knit a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers, which made her seem like some Celestial or Divine Creature.

Her beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her behavior exceeded the Paphyan Queens. Her could nature with all her cunning stream more beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright countenance Enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Sunnery, he was so ravished with her sight, that he was not able to withdraw his eyes from her beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosy coloured Cheeks, like unto one bewitched with Medusa's shadow. And to be short, her beauty seemed so Angelical, and the burning flames of

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of love so fired his heart, that he must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely means.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his grief, and revealed it not to any one, but departed with the Emperour back again to the City, leaving his heart behind him closed in the stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night he could not enjoy the benefit of sleep, but contemplate upon the Divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his mind with a thousand several cogitations how he might attain to her love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner spent he away the night, and no sooner appeared the mornings brightness in at the Chamber window, but he arose from his restless Bed, and attyred himself in watchet Welbet, to signifie his true Love, and wandred all alone unto the Monastery, where he revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Requests, as the Shies from the Earth, or the deepest Seas the highest Elements: for she protested while life remained with in her Body, never to yield her love in the way of Marriage to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of Diana's Train.

No other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to part in great discontent, intending to seek by some other means to obtain her love, so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the truth of all things that had happened: who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as she little mistrusted, and first with fair promises and kind speeches to seek her love, but if she yielded not, to fill her ears with cruel threatnings, protesting that if she will not grant to requite his love with like affection, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy liked well Saint George, though he intended not

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not to prosecute such cruelty: to the next morning by break of day he went unto the Munnery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, Armed in bright Armour with their glittering Swords ready drawn, which they carryed under their side Cloaks to prevent suspicion.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina (whom they found kneeling upon the bays kneeling at her Ceremonious Orisons) Saint George first proffered her kindness by fair promises, but finding that thereby he nothing preballed, he then made known his pretended unmerciful purpose, and thereupon all of them taking their bright Swords against her vertuous breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) that except she would yield to St. George her unconquered Love, they would bath their Weapons in her dearest blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with fear, sunk down presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her self, she lifted up her Angelical Face, shrouded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her mind:

Most Renowned and well approved Knight (said she) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my mind to yield to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddess Diana that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perured promise if I yield to your desires, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my dayes in this Religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yield the flower of my Virginity to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you bear to your native Countries, to grant me the liberty of seven dayes, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give answer to your demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chaste Goddess Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own Soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions in-

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continently without any more delay joyfully consented, and more
oher proffered themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and
so departed from the Monastery with extending great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the
rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole discourse of
her assaignment, where after amongst this Religious company
with the help of some other of their approved friends, they devised
a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion
that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have been commit-
ted.

The next morning after six days were finished, no sooner did
bright Phoebus show his golden Beams abroad, but the Nuns
began to prepare all things in readiness for the Sacrifice: for
directly before the door of the Monastery, they hired cunning
work-men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloath
of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was
placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloath of Gold,
and upon it a Chafin dish of Coals burning: all this being set
in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and
many other Roman Knights being present to behold the cere-
monious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after
happened.

The assembly being silent, there was straight-ways heard
a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and
sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entered first upon
the scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Kams, all
adorned with fine white Wool more soft in feeling than Arabian
Silk, with huge and mighty charged Bozars bound about with
Garlands of Flowers, after them followed a certain number of
Nuns attyred in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs
in the honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Mar-
tyrion in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their
hands the Image of Diana: and on the other side of her two an-
cient Nuns of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands
rich vessels of gold, full of most precious and sweet wines: then
after all this came the beautiful Lucina appaerled with a rich Robe
of state being of a great and inestimable value..

Thus

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Thus ceremoniously he ascended the Scaffold, where the Patron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafing-dish of Coals that was there burning: and the rest of the Buns continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Kams by cutting their throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned the inward parts in the Chafing-dish of Coals.

Thus with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the surfeiting Lober St. George, with the other six Christian Knights Armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

The Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the Company were still, he raised herself upon her feet, and with a heavy voice distilling many salt tears he said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosom we undefiled Virgins do recreate our selves: unto thy most Divine excellency do I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of thy most beautiful Train.

O Heavens, shall I consent to deliver my Virginity willingly to him, whose Soul desires to have the use of it? or shall I my self commit my utter ruine and sorrowful destruction, which proceedeth only by the means of my flourishing beauty? the which I would it had been as black as the Night-Ravens, or like to the Tawny-tanned Moors in the farthest Mountains of India.

O sacred Diana thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so Royal a Race as I am, should suffer the worthiness of her Predecessours to be sported by yielding her Virgin honour to the Conquest of Love, without respecting the Chast Vow I made unto thy Deity?

Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my self against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy Divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to cut off the flourish-

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flourishing Branches of these my dayes. For this I swear before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my Soul into the society and sacred bosom of that great Goddess, than to yield the Castle of my Chastity to the Conquest of any Knight in the World.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yield into thy hands my lifeless Body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovedst me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a merciful Champion suffer me to receive a Princely Funeral.

At last of all to thee Divine Diana do I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul, that with so much blood is offered to thee.

So in finishing this sorrowful speech she drew out a fair and bright shining Sword, which she had hiddden secretly under her Gown, and setting the Hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw her self upon the point of that Sword in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, and so rendred her Soul to the tuition of her unto whom she offered her most bloody and ruthless Sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrow and pittifull lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappie mischance? so great it was, that the Wall of the Monastery Echoed, and their pittifull sighs ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in mind than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them down on every side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead body of Lucina, he took her up in his Arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate voice he said: Oh my beloved joy, and late my only hearts delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy desperateness) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than thy self? is this thy respite that thou requiredst for seven days, wherein thou hast concluded thy own Death and my utter confusion.

Oh noble Lucina and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why didst thou not first Sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy Divine Beauty? Woe be unto me, and woe be

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unto my unhappy enterprize: for by it is the lost, who was made
Soveraign Lady of my heart.

Oh Diana, accursed be this Chance, because thou hast consented
to so bloody a Tragedy: for I do here protest that never more shalt
thou be Worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Country where
the English Champion cometh shall Lucina be adored. For from
henceforth will I seek to diminish thy Name, and blot it from
the godral of the Firmament; yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever,
so that there shall never more memory remain of thee for this thy
bloody Tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.

So sooner had he delibered these Speeches, but incensed with
fury he drew his Sword and parted the Image of Diana into two
pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls
the device of this bloody Sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extrem grief of the Roman Emperour so exceed-
ed for the murder of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a
senseless swoound, and was carryed by certain of his Knights half
dead with grief home to his Palace, where he remained speechless
by the space of thirty days.

The Emperour had a Son as valiant in Arms as any born
Italian except St. Anthony. This young Prince whose name
was Lucius, seeing his Sisters timeless death and by what means
it was committed, he presently intended with a train of an hun-
dred armed Knights which continually attended upon his Per-
son, to assail the discontented Champions, and by force of Arms
to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but espe-
cially the Emperours Son, that betwixt those two companies be-
gan as terrible a Battle as ever was fought by any Knights:
the fierceness of their blows so exceeded the one side against the
other, that they did resound Echoes, which yielded a terrible
noise in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battel did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce
for the space of two hours, by which time the valour of the in-
rened Champions so prevailed, that most of the Roman Knights
were discomfited and slain: some had their Heads parted from
their Shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and
some lay breathless, weltring in their own bloods, in which

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encounter many a Roman Lady lost her Husband, many a toldo was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left Fatherless, to the great sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many Noble Champions, he presently set spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of dust forced by a Whirlwind.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the Sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following.

Under this Marble Stone interr'd doth lie,
Luckless Lucina, yet of beauty bright:
Who to maintain her spotless Chastity,
Against the assaultment of an English Knight,
Upon a blade her tender Breast she cast;
A bloody offering to Diana chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and bade adieu to the unhappy Confiners of Italy, hoping to find better Fortunes in other Countries. In which Trabel we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which he like a raging Lyon traversed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, until such time as he entered into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his misfortunes. After he had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and buried it scornfully against the ground, the infernal Furies began to hiss him, and to sting his breath with motions of fiery revenge.

The Second Part of the

In the end he cast up his wretched eyes unto the Skies and said:

Oh you fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habilliments, to cloak my wandering steps in eternal darkness? Or shall I be made a scorn in Rome for my cowardise? or shall I return and accompany my Roman friends in death, whose blood methinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy? Me thinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight: therefore will I not live to be tearmed a fearful Coward, but die courageously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the conquest of my death, nor triumph in my fall.

This being said, he drew out his Dagger and clazd his heart in sunder. The news of whose desperate death, after it was brought to his Fathers ears, he interred his body with his Sister Lucina's, and erected ober them a stately Chappel, wherein the Rites and ceremonious Rites during all their lives, sung Dirges for his Childzens souls.

After this, the Emperoz made Proclamations through all his Dominions: that if any Knight were so hardy as to travel in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of Arms to bring him back, or deliver his head unto the Emperoz, he should not only be held in great estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his Decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the pursuit of St. George, but their attempts were all vain.

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seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilt's, and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople by the Grecian Emperour, and of the honourable adventures that were there achieved by the Christian Champions, with other strange accidents that hapned.

In the Eastern parts of the World the Fame and ballant Deeds of the Champions of Christendom was noised with their honourable Victories, Heroical Acts and feats of Arms, naming them the Mirrour of Nobility, and the types of bright honour. All Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were bzured) desired much to behold their Noble Personages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (hearing then his Court in the City of Constantinople) heard of their mighty and ballant Deeds, he thirsted after their sights, and his minde could never be satisfi'd with content untill such time as he had devised a means to train them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

The Emperour dispatched Messengers into divers parts of the World, giving them in charge to publish throughout every Country and Provinces as they went, of an honourable Turnament that should be holden in the City of Constantinople within six months following, thereby to accomplish his intent and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian Emperour (as he commanded) was speedily performed, with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the ears of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, what the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the honourable Triumphs.

At the same tyme likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and strength: among whom
was.

The Second Part of the

was the Prince of Algier with a goodly company of Noble Persons : and the Prince of Fez with many well proportioned Knights : likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state : and with no less Majesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Spanes. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose names I here omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that he was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs : so likewise they came to prove their fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the praise that belongeth to Adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the Company that the King of Sicilia would gain by his Protests the dignity from the rest, for that he was a Spane of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight : who determined not to Just, for that his Brother should get the honour and praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

For when the day of Tournament was come, all the Ladies and Damfels put themselves in places to behold the Justing, and attyed themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with people that came thither to behold the Triumphant Tournament.

What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the fair Alcida, who was of so great beauty that she seemed more liker a Divine substance than an earthly creature, and sat glittering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies like unto Phæbus in the Crystal Firmament, and was noted of all beholders to the fairest Princess that ever mortal eye beheld : so when the Emperour was seated upon his Imperial Throne under a Tent of green Welbet. The Knights began to enter into the Lists, and he that first entred was the Knight of Arabia, mounted upon a very fair and well adozned Courser, he was armed with black Armour, all to be spotted with silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights all appavelled with the same Liberty, and thus with great Majesty he rode round about the Place, making great obedience unto all the honourable Ladies and Damfels.

After him entred a Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria,
and

Seven Champions of Christendom.

and armed with Armour of Lyons colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Helmet of the same colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done he beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the Joust: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand, that they must prepare themselves ready to the encounter: whereto these two Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great fury, and closed together with courageous valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his encounter, and struck the Pagan without missing upon his Breast: but the Pagan at the next Race (being heated with fury) struck him so surely with his Lance that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and down with great pride and gladness.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowen, there entered into the Lists the King of Algier, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Spall, and a Breast-plate of bright Steel before his breast; his pomp and pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogance served: for at the first encounter he was overthrowen to the ground: in the like sort did that Pagan use fifteen other Knights of fifteen several Provinces to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the assembly.

During all these valiant encounters St. George with the best Christian Champions stood a far off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seen in the List.

But now this valiant Pagan after he had rode some five courses up and down the place, and seeing none entered the List, he thought to bear all the fame and honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entered the Noble minded Prince of Castile, being for courage the only pride of his Country, he was a marvellous well proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white Armour, brought with excellent harnes of Gold, and he brought in his company a hundred Knights, all attired in white harness, and riding about the place he shewed his valour.

The Second Part of the

diance unto the Emperoz, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noise whereof the two Knights spurred their Couriers, and made their encounters so strong, and tole such great surp, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonor.

Straightway entered the brave King of Sicilia, who was armed in a glistering Colley of hery for steel, and was mounted upon a valiant and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred knights, all apparell'd with rich Cloth of Gold havinge ebery one a liberal Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon a most delightful Melodey.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compass and curiole in the place, he locked down his Beboz, and put himself in readines to Fight.

Soe when the sign was given by the chief Herald at Arms, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first blow they made, their Lances splintered in the Ayre, and the pieces thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaves in a whirlwind.

At the second course the young Prince of Fez was carryed over his Horses buttocks, and the Saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great grief unto the Emperoz and all the company that did see him, for that he was well beloved of them all, and beloved of a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fez's overthrow, and was so enraged and furious, that in a small time he left not a knight remaining on Horse back in the Saddle that durst attempt to Fight with him, but ebery one of what Country or Nation heiber, he unhorssed in the attempt; so that there was no question among either Nobles or the multitude but that unto him the undoubted Honour of the Victorie in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great noise in the manner of a tumult drawing near, which was the occasion that he stood still; and expecting some strange accident, and looking about what it should be, he beheld Saint George entering

seven Champions of Christendom.

entering the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with his rich and strong Armour all of purple, full of golden Stars, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spain, and Scotland, all on stately Couriers, bearing in their hands four Silken Streamers of four several Colours: and there followed him the Champion of Wales, carrying his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lyon in a Sable Field; and the Champion of Ireland likewise carried his Spear being of knotty Ash, strongly bound about with plates of Steel: all which shewed the highness of his descent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when St. George had passed by the Royal Seat whereon the Emperour sat inlisted, in whose company were many Princes of great power, he rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours fair Daughter sat amongst many gallant Ladies and fair Damisels, richly apparelled in a Vesture of Gold, to whom he Waled his Bonnet, shewing them the courtesie of a Knight, and so passed, by Alcida, who at the sight of this Noble Champion could not refrain her self, but with a high and bold voice she said unto the Emperours: Most mighty Emperour and my Royal Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendom do put their Fortunes, and this is he whom the whole World admires for Chivalry. Which words of the lovely Princess although S. George heard them very well, yet passed he on as though he had heard nothing.

Now when he was come before the Face of his adversary he took his Shield and his Spear, and prepared himself in readiness to Fight, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to sound, whereat with great fury these two War-like Knights met together, and neither of them missed their blows at their Encounter: but yet by reason that St. George had a desire to extol his Fame, and to make his name resound, through the World, he struck the Giant such a mighty blow upon his breast, that he presently overthrew him to the ground, and so with great state and majesty he passed along without any shew of disdain, whereat the people gave so great a shout, that it resounded like an Echo in the ears, and in this manner said:

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The great and furious Boaster is overthrown, and his mighty strength hath little availed him.

After this many Princes probed their Adventures against the English Champion, and every Knight that was of any estimation Justed with him, but with great ease he overcame them all in less than the space of two hours. So at such time as bright Phoebus began to make an end of his long journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Lists the brave and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Spear in his hand, whose glimering point of Steel glittered through all the Court, he brought with him but only one Squire, attyred in Silber Mail bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Gyant, without any care of courtesie due unto the Emperoz or any of his Knights there present, entered the place, which being done the Knight that brought the other Spear, went unto the English Champion and said: Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant Gyant, my Lord and Master doth send unto thee this Warlike Spear, and therewithal he willeth thee to defend thy self to the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vowed before Sun-set, to be either Lord of thy Fortunes, or be Vassal to thy Prowess, and likewise saith that he doth not only desire thee in the Turnament, but also challenge thee to mortal Battle.

This braving Passage caused S. George to smile, and bred in his Breast a new desire of honour, and so returned him this answer: Friend, go thy ways and tell the Gyant that sent thee that I do accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very soul to hear his arrogant Defiance, to the great disturbance of this Royal Company, in presence of so mighty an Emperor: but seeing his stomach is gorged with so much pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge of my Knight-hood.

In saying these words, he took the Spear from the Squire, and delivered him his Gauntlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so putting himself to the standing, awaiting for the encounter.

At that time he was very nigh the place where the Emperors
sate, who heard the answer which the English Knight made unto
the Squire, and was much displeased that the Gyant in such sort
would desie S. George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to
mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this time the two Warriours (mounted upon their Steeds)
tarrped the sign to be made by the Trumpets, which being given,
they set forward their Coursers, with their spears in their rests,
with so great fury and desire the one to unhorse the other, that
they both failed in their Encounter.

The Gyant who was very strong and proud, when he saw
that he had missed his intent, he returned against St George,
carrying his Spear upon his Shoulder, and coming nigh unto
him, upon a sudden before he could clear himself, he struck him
such a mighty blow upon his Coffer, that his staff brake in pie-
ces, by reason of the fineness of his Armour, and made the En-
glish Knight to double his body backwards upon his Horses
Crupper.

But when he saw the great billany that the Gyant used against
him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Spear in
the same sort, he went towards the Gyant and said:

Thou furious and proud Beast, thou scorn of nature and enemy to
true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap me treacherously, and
to gore me at unawares like to a savage Boar? Now as I am a Chri-
stian Knight, if my knotty Spear have good success, I will revenge me
on thy uncivility.

And in saying this, he struck him so furiously on the breast, that
the Spear passed thorow the Gyants body and appeared forth
at his back, whereby he fell presently down dead to the ground,
and yielded his life to the conquest of the fatal Sisters. All that
were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondered great-
ly at the strength and force of S. George, accounting him the
fortunate Knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very pat-
tern of true Nobility.

At this time the Golden Sun had finished his course, ha-
ving

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hing nothing above the Horizon but his glistering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Turnament commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Jutes should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperoz descended from his Imperial Throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the Noble Champion of England, and desired him, that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which he could not make any denial, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperozs Daughter (in company of many Courtyl Virgins) likewise descended from their places, where Alcida bestowed upon S. George her Globe, the which he tooze for her labour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no honour by this Turnament, because they did not try their adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistress, and in their presence they long time fixed their chief delights, where we must leave the Champions in the Emperozs Court for a time, surfeiting in pleasures, and return to S. George's Sons travelling the World to seek out Adventures.

Amorous

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CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a Beautiful Maiden that had betrothed her self to the Emperours Son of Constantinople: and how she was rescued by Saint George's three Sons; and after how they were brought by a strange adventure into the company of the Christian Champions, with other things that happened in the same Travels.

THis Renowned Emperoz (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abodes) of late years had a Son named Pollemus, in all vertues and knightly demeanours equal with any sibling. This young Prince in the spring time of his youth, through the piercing darts of blind Cupid, fell in love with a Maiden of mean Parentage, but in beauty and other precious gifts of nature most excellent.

This Dulcippa (soz so was she called) being but Daughter to a country Gentleman, was restrained from the Emperors Court, denysed the sight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to set his affection so low, upon the displeasure of the Emperoz his Father: soz he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Laws of the Country: and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley betwixt two Hills, in distance from the Emperors Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoid of all suspicion) unite and fix both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to cross them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her careful Bed, and attyzed her self in rich and costly Apparell, as though she had ben going to perform her Nuptial ceremonies.

And

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And in this manner entred she the Valley, at such time as the Sun began to appear out of his golden Horizon, and to shew himself upon the Face of the Earth, glistering with his bright beams upon the silver floating RIVERS. Likewise the calmy Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the green leaves, and made a delicate harmony, at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed meeting.

But when she found not Prince Pollemus present, she determined to spend the time away till he came, in trimming of her golden hair, and decking her delicate body, and such like delightful pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a green Bank under the shadow of a Whittle Tree, she pulled a golden Comb upon her Head, where in her hair was twapped, letting it fall and disperse it self all abroad her back, and taking out from her Crystalline breast an Ivory comb, she began to comb her hair, her hands and fingers seemed to be of white Alabaster, her Face staining the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her body comparable to Hyacinths, upon whose lobe and beauty Mahomet did somewhat dote.

But now mark (gentle Reader) how frowning Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished joys into unexpected sorrows. For as she sat in this Divine and Angelical likeness, there fortuneed to come wandring by an inhumane Tyrant, named the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppressor of Infants, and an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with locks of hair. He had two Heads, two Mouths, and four Eyes, but all red as blood. Which deformed creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arms, and carried her away over the Mountain into another Country, where he intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince Pollemus, who at the time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betroathed Love: but coming to the place, he found nothing but a silver Scarf, the which

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which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearful frighting she took at the sight of the Two headed Knight.

No sooner found he her Scarf, but he was oppressed extreamly with sorow, fearing Dulcippa was murdered by some inhumane means, and had left her Scarf as a token that she infringed not her promise, but performed it, to the loss of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart he breathed forth this woeful lamentation.

Here rest thou near unto my true loving heart, thou precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to be hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her body, or my ears hear certain news of her untimely death, that I may in death consort with her.

Frown you glistering Lamps of brightness, that gave first light unto this fatal morning, for by your dismal light the pride of Earthly women is dishonoured. Come, come you wrathful Planets; descend the luckless Horison, and rain upon my head eternal vengeance, oppress my Body with continual misery, as once you did the woful King of Thebes; for by my slothful negligence and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath been committed.

And for her sake I vow to travel through the World, as far as ever golden Phœbus lends his light; filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her name, and making the Elements resound with Echoes of my lamentation.

In which resolution he returned home to the Emperour his Fathers Palace, dissembling his grief in such manner that none could suspect his discontented sorowes, nor the strange accident that into beauteous Dulcippa had hapned.

And so upon a day as he was meditating with himself, taking the small comfort that he took in the Court, considering the want of her presence whom he so much desired, he determined in great secret, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

Which determination he straight ways put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armoury very secretly, an exceeding good Cozlet, the which was all Rustet and Enamelled with black, and embroidered round about with a gilded edge, very curiously and artificially graven and carbed.

Also

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Also he took a Shield of the same making, saying that it was not graben as the Armour was, and commanded a young Gentleman that was Son unto an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that he should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined presence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that seeing the great friendship that he used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till he found convenient time to put it into a Ship very secretly.

So likewise he put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forth-with he gave the Prince to understand that all things were then in a readiness, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, with-drew himself into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his apparel, and when all the people of the Court were at their rest, and in their dead sleep, he alone with his Page, who was named Mercurio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Mariners of the Ship, who straight-way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entered, and went straight aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very fair, he commanded them to weigh their Anchors, and to hoist up Sails, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters: as he commanded, all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulfed in the main Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much: and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side, to know if there were any Ship that departed that night: And when it was told them that there was a Barque that had Anchored, and hoisted Sail, they supposed straight-way that the Prince was gone away.

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I cannot here declare the great grief and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his woeful heart for the absence of his Son, which a long time he alwayes suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was huzitted thozow all Constantinople all sports and Feasts ceased, and all the people of the Country were overcome with a general sorrow.

So Pollemus sailed through the deep Seas thre days and three nights with a very fair and prosperous forewind.

The fourth day in the evening being calm, and no wind at all, the Marriners went to take their rests, some on the Deck, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their weary Bodies. The Prince (who sat upon the Deck of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which straight-way was given him: and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most Heavensly melody, and being in this sweet Musick, he heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a Woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listening attentive ear to hearken what this sorrowful creature said, and by reason of the stillness of the night, he might easily hear as it were a Woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruel Tyrant this thy bold hardiness, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy tyrannous cruelty proffered me.

Then he heard another Voice which seemed to answer:

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeem thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could hear no more by reason that the Bark where-in they were passed by so swiftly, but he supposed that it was his Ladies voice which he heard, and that she was carried by force away. So (laying down his Lute) he began to fall into a great thought and was very heavy and sorrowful, in that he knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, he returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What, didst thou not hear the great lamentation that my

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Lady

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Lady Duleippa made (as to me it seemed) bring in a small Bark that it passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas? To the which the Page Mercurio, answered nothing, for he was still in a sound sleep! To whom the Prince called again, saying: Arise! I lay bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may launch their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Jupiter, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father, if I do suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same.

Mercurio would have replied unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not once to look upon his face: so he brought forth his Armour and buckled it on.

In the mean time the Parriners had lanced their Boat into the Sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty surp, and carried with him his Page and four of the Parriners for to row the Barque, and he commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phoebus with his glittering beams gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somewhat afar off.

So they laboured with great courage, till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Oars upon a Side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and he saw that there were in her three Knights in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud voice, saying: Most courteous Knights I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather held that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the Sons of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to set the King again in his Kingdom.

But now to follow our Widow, the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and

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and surp that he receiued, he took an Dar in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the water, that he made the boathful Barque to rise, and laboured so long at the Dars, that with a trice they were equal with the Gallie.

So leauing the Dars, with a light leap he put himself into the Gallie with his Helmet on, and his shield at his shouder, and being within, he said: Now shall you do that by force, which before (I using great courtesie) you would not yield unto.

This being said, one of Saint George's Sons took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the honor of Knighthood, by multitudes to assault him; so they two brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so balliantly, that it was a wonder to all the beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that he made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recoil backwards two or three steps, but he came quickly again to himself, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that he made all his teeth to charter in his head, which was pitifull to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought Battel, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them they strove with more courage and strength to finish their Battel.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce he made him to fall to the ground, and therewithal offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himself in that sort he threw his shield from him, and being strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling tumbling

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tumbling and wallowing up and down the Galley, breaking their planks and Masts, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for lights, which presently were brought them by the Sparriners, in the mean time these Knights did somewhat breath themselves, although it was not much. So when the lights were brought they returned to their old Combate with new force and strength.

Oh Heavens, said Pollemus, I cannot believe to the contrary but that this Mars the God of War, that doth contend in Battel with me, and for the great envy he bears against me, he goeth about to dishonour me. And with these words they thickened their blows with great desperateness.

And although this last assault continued more than two hours, yet neither of them did faint, but at last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell down upon the Planches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did believe her self that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Wounds, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Galley and Sparriners of the Bark, that they should consjoin together and trabel together Fortune should conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himself, with a loud voice he said; Oh Love, is it possible to be true that I am overthrowen in this first Encounter and assault of my Knight-hood? here I curse the day of my Creation, and the hour when first I merited the name of a Knight; henceforth I'll bury all my honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches. Oh unhappy

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happy Son of St. George, now a Coward and of little valour ; I know not how thou canst name thy self to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in the World, for that thou hast lost thy honour in this last assault.

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and rebealed each to the other their names and liking, and therefore they adventured to trabel ; the which when it was known, they sayled forthward that way whereas the dolorous woman went, so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the night that remained, till such time as the day began to be clear, and straightway they discerned Land, to which place with great hast they rowed.

And coming to Land, they found no used way, but one narrow Path, the which they kept : wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor simple Country man, with a new ground Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some Fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Country (said he) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further if you do esteem of your lives ; for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Country is a furious Monster, called the Two-headed Knight, and he is so famous in his Tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hands alive : And for proof of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady Prisoner, who at her first coming on Shoar, he all to be whipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pity her distress, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Polemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the Old mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa after whom he so long travelled : the grief he received at this report struck such a terror to his heart, that he fell into a swoond,

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found, and was not able to go any further. But Saint George's sons, who knew him to be a knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protected by the honour of their knight-hood, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and he safely conducted home into his own Country.

So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves down under a broad branched Oak Tree, they passed the night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his Beams upon the Mountain tops, these Martiall knights were not sleepy, but rose up and followed their journeyes.

After this they had not travelled scarce half a mile, when that they heard a pittifull Lamentation of a Woman, whose voice by reason of her loud Sighs, was very hoarse; so they staid to hear from whence that lamentable noise should come.

And presently after off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of faire and clear water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her Arms backward embracing it, with her Arms fast bound behind her. Her skin was so faire and white, that if it had not ben that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have ben an Image made artificially of Alabaster, and joynted to the Pillar.

These warlike knights laced on their Helmers, and came unto the place where she was, but when the Prince of Constantino-ple saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Mistress.

For by reason of the coldness of the night. and with her great lamentation and weepings, she was so full of sorrows and affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heart so pained at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost he could not look upon her for weeping.

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But yet at last, with a sorrowful sigh he said : O! cruel hands ! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischief, that whereas there is such great beauty and fairness, you should use such baseness and villany ? she doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evil intreated.

This woful Prince with much sorrow did he behold her white skin and back all to be spotted with her red blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Parriners, he threw it upon her and covered her Body, and took her in his Arms whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those hands, and in the Arms of her Lober. But yet she thought that she had been in the Arms of the monstrous Two-Headed Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible sigh, and saying : O Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou comest not to succour me ? and therewithal ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing of a great noise of a Horse, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grass in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Parriners, and so St. George's Son went towards the place whereas they heard that rushing noise, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld this Two-Headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to see if the Lady were alive, so to torment her a new.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an awful look he cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untied from the Pillar where he left her, and in the arms of another Knight, making her sorrowful complaint.

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The Two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great wrath he came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was near them he said: Fond Knights, what wretched folly and madness hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your blood in sacrifice upon my Fauchion! To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered said: We be Knights of a strange Country, that at the sorrowful complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to be a fair and beautiful Woman, and without any desert to be thus evil intreated, it moved us to put our Persons in adventure against them that will seem farther to mis-use her.

In the mean time that the Knight was speaking these words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his brows with the great anger he received in hearing his speeches, and with great fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him give so mighty a leap, that he had almost fallen on the English Knight: who with great lightness did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have stricken him, but the Beast passed by with so great swiftness, that he could not reach him.

Here began as terrible Battel between the Two-headed Knight and Saint George's Sons, as ever was fought by any Knights: their mighty blows seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible Thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had been from a Smiths Anvil.

During this conflict, the English Knights, were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody gore, and their Helms bruised with the terrible strokes of the Monsters Fauchion, whereat they grew more enraged, and their strength began to increase in such sort that one of them struck such an overthrowing blow with his trusty Sword upon his knee, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the Two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the

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the Earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and scree like a beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two Heads, whereby he was forced to yield to the mercy of imperious death.

There was another Knight that came with the Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great fear returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerors, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyful hearts they departed, with Conquest to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Warriors to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of his Banquet the Knights were very glad, and rejoiced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harm received.

So at the end of three days, when the Princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Countrey of Armenia, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ship lying at road, that carried them until their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Mariners hoisted Sail, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds served them so prosperously that within a small time they arrived in Greece, and Landed within two days journey of the Court, which lay then at Parus about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint George's three Sons, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For said he, unless I may with the Emperors my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dul-

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cippa, I will like unknown in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black hail for being known, and Pollemus in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about ten in the Morning entered the Palace: where they found the Emperoz, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of St. George's Sons thus spake:

Great Emperor and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loved her: in their Births there is great difference, so that their Parents cross their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her he hath and will suffer many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertful Lady in the World, himself the faithfullest Knight, against all Knights whatsoever, which with your Imperial leave, he, my self, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgement as we shall deserve.

The Emperoz condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those four overthrow more than four hundred Knights: so that St. George and the other of the Champions entered the Lists, and ran the violent Courses against the Black Knights, without mowing them: who never suffered the points of their Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperoz perceiving guessed them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgement, that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperoz received at the return of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tired senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and both

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Now all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the Seven Saints of Christendom.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and praise worthy Death of Saint Patrick, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the Irishmen to this day, do wear their red Cross upon Saint Patricks day.

Here must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had ran a long Race before these aforesaid thrice Honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Worthie Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end to all their Worldly Achievements, and to draw their Noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage (for Honour) to act his last scene out, thus it followed.

The Valiant Champion Saint Patrick feeling himself weakened with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely Achievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and down the World in poor Habillments; he came at last to the Country of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of partial Achievements, he offered up (in the Name of his Redeemer) devout Prayers, daily making petitions to the Deity of Glory, in behalf of his desired peace: a life more delightful to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired a reclusion to be made, and to be pent up in a strong Wall from the sight of all Earthly Objects. To which request of this Holy Father (now no Soldier but a man of Peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a four-square

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Hole of stone, without either Window or Door, only a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortal men. Also appointing others of the Country to bring him at convenient times food to maintain nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and (he the receiver) to be an honour to their Country, by the severe and strict course of life he put himself to. Thus lived he the servant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thence the Winters cold had tane departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheered up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and deformed, and the Nails of his Fingers (as it were seemed) like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own Grave, prepared against the hour of his death to be buried in: the which by process of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had lasted (as I said before) thirce twelbe Months in divine Contemplations by Inspiration (as it seemed) he said him down in the Grave that his own Nails had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the air of Life, he began to speak as followeth.

World (quoth he) thou hast been long my kind friend, and hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, and making me Famous in thy large Circumference: thou hast given me Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakened the boldness of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might be characterd amongst the rest of our Christian Champions, for which I have thought my life predestinated to a lasting happiness, in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. World (I say) fare thou well, my life lingereth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandisht Weapon against powerful Ragan, I need no Pompal Train of Princes to attend my Funeral, nor solem Chimes of Bells to ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Mour-

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Mourners in Sable Garments, to furnish out my Obsequy : my self here buries up my self, and all offices of Lamentations belonging to so bad a business is my own hand labour. Earth, I embrace thee : thou gentle Mould my Bodies covering, with humility I kiss thee : no difference is between thy cold nature and my Livers warm substance, we are both one. Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yield my self to thy mouldy bosom. I come, I come, sweet comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These and such like, were the last words that this good Champion delibered, so yielding to death, the Earth of it self as it were buried up his Body, in the Grave which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual custom was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the hole where he had went to receive it, they heard nothing but empty air blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that death had prevailed, and the fatal Sisters finished up their labours : so calling together more company, they made an entrance there-into, and finding what had hapned, how he had buried his own self, they reported it for a wonder up and down the Country being an accident of much strangeness : for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same place, builded in process of time a most sumptuous Chappel, calling it Saint Patricks Chappel, and in the place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial figures, most pleasant to behold : wherunto for many years after resorted distressed people, such as were commonly molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Orisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former healths. By which means the name of Saint Patrick is grown so famous through the World, that to this day he is intruded one of our Christian Champions and the Saint

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Saint for Ireland, to be in remembrance of him, and of his
Honourable Achievements done in his life time, the Irish men
as well in England as in that Countrey, do as yet in honour of
his name keep one day in the year Festival, holding upon the
same a great solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a
Cross of red silk, in token of his many Adventures, under
the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History at
large discoursed. Whose Noble deeds both in life and death we
will leave sleeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our next
renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to
St. David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Cam-
bera-Britannia.

*The second pt. of
most pleasant & delectable
History of the seven
Chrystenome*

*Second
part to the same
Tune*

CHAP.

*The famous
Champions of*

seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the Honourable Victory won by Saint David in Wales : of his death, and cause why Leeks are by custom, of Welshmen, worn on Saint Davids day : with other things that hapned.

Some certain Months after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard befoze in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fired with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable Achievements, and although age and time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his adventure in the Field of Mars, and seal up his honours in the records of Fame with a Noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himself for a knightly Enterprize, he took his leave of the other Champions, and alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Habilliments, for so brave an enterprize, he began a Journey home towards his own Countrey, accounting that his best joy, and the toyl of most comfort.

But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the distresses thereof : how Wales was beset with a people of a Savage nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdom : and how that many Battels had been fought to the disparagement of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himself with true resolution, he went forward with a courageous mind, either to redem the same, or to lose his best blood in the honour of the adventure.

Whereupon all the way as he travelled, he drew into his ayd and assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of Noble rewards, and such entertainment as belitted so worthy a fellowship. By this means befoze he came on the Borders of Wales, he had

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had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such Noble resolutions, that all Christendom could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battel, entered the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruined, Fields of Corn consumed with Fire; yea, every thing so out of order, as if the Countrey had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved mind we see the Region of his Birth place so confounded, and nothing but uprores of murder and death sounding in his ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battel Array, to trabel high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them people of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joys so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but revenge. The rest of the Knights that came with St. David, perceiving their forces and numbers to increase, purposed a present onset, and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assaultment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion, being then their General and leader, called his Captains together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time, brave Martialists, or never, to be Canonized the Sons of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our names in obscurity: let not chill fear, the Cowards Companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where the Adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: we are to trample in a Field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Pagans power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdoms, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent Blood. To Arms, I say, brave Followers, I will be the first to give death the onset, and for my Colours

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er Ensign do I wear upon my Burgonet (you see) a green Leek beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) hereafter be an honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worn by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof: which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royal Army of every degree and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a green Leek upon their Hats or Heabers, which they wore all the time of the Battel; and by that means the Champions Followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before Saint David and his Companions beheld descending from the Mountains, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed numberless, People of such mighty stature, whose sights might then have daunted their noble resolutions had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely encouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battels joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bats of Steel, so layd about them, that had not our Christian Army ben preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had ben made of the Champion and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured Saint David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, ben Darts, and Arrows shot from their quick Bows, and Welsh Hooks in great abundance, the Sun also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the Noble Champion won a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carcasses, the Grassy Fields changed from green into red colour; with the mingled blood that ran from Horse and Man thus murthered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battel to wear green Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only Saint David himself excepted, who being Victoz, in the highest pride of his glory was last banquished. Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his honour that was the only Darling of honour! Help me Melpomene to bewep! his loss, that having won all, lost his

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order life, a life that the whole world might well have miss of. Oh fatal chance! for coming from the Battel, over heated in blood, a sudden cold congealed in all his lifes members, that without recovery he was forced to yield unto death, to the great grief of all Knights and Followers, who for the space of forty days mourned for him in great heaviness, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the Honour of his Name they ordained a custom, that the day of his Wittoz should be Canonized, and called in all after Ages Saint Davids day, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise be worn by all Well-willers to the same Country, certain green Laks in their Hats, or on their bosoms, in true Honour of this Noble Martiall, which is still a praise worthy Custom in these our Northern Climates, which time beloved Souldier, we will now leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace, and go forward in our other intended Tragical Discourses.

I. Joseph

Joseph of Warner

Samuel Daniell

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CHAP. XIX.

How Saint Dennis was beheaded in his own Countrey and how by a Miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kingdom of France received the Christian Faith.

Saint Dennis being the third in this our Pilgrimage of death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which he had not sen in many years, and purposing a toptome Travel to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so Noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his mind, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of Knight-hood: and so parting they to their Princely Habitations, and he to his restless Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with habiliments of Knight-hood, as any Partisane in all Arabia, in which Countrey he was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfie his desires, he travelled day by day toward the Kingdom of France, without any adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the Borders of that fair Countrey that he had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome he expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remaining in the French Kings favour a Knight of Saint Michaels Order who in former times hearing of the Honourable Adventures of this Noble Champion Saint Dennis, and thinking this same to be a disparagement to his Knight-hood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a final overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and, that there was come into his Kingdom a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time

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would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the worship of a strange God: and that in despite of him and his Countrey, he would establish a falsified opinion: and that he wore upon his breast the Christians Cross, with many other things contrary to the Laws of his Kingdom.

Upon these aforesaid false informations, the King grew so enraged, that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight Saint Dennis, to be attached in his Bed-chamber, otherwise a score of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him speedy death, and by Martial Law (without any further Trial) to receive the same.


The good Champion Saint Dennis, even in death having a most Noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redeemer, he most willingly accepted of the same judgement, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruel King, think not but this thy exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange manner: thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him whose Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and this my death seals up the obligation of all my comforts. And thou sweet Country where I first took life, receive it again as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosom, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewel Knight-Hood, farewell Honourable Adventures and Princely Achievements. Never may this dauntless arm brandish Weapon more in the honour of the Christian Cross: for death awaiteth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereunto.

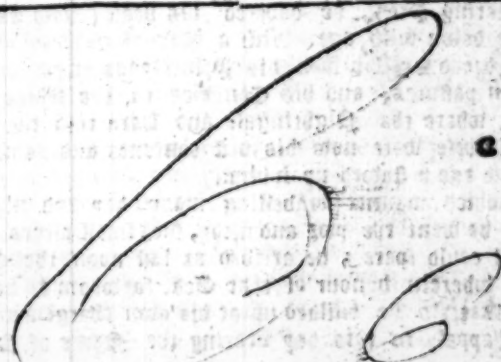
These speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his body to the fatal stroke, where his head being laid upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion lifeless, but the Elements, beset with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a

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terrible Thunder-clap, that struck presently dead the Knight of Saint Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attardment; at which strange and fearful spectacle the King himself grew to amazed, that he deemed him to be a blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully, and how his cause for which he so willingly rendered up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in. Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan, the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed throughout all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great man. And likewise in the place where he suffered, he caused with all speed to be built an Hermitage of relief, for poor Pilgrims to find succour in, and such as travelled in the honour of that God, in whose name this good Champion died. Thus received hence the true Faith in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of Saint James the Spanish Champion, and how he died.





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CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous death that the Spanish Champion was put unto : and how God revenged the same in a strange manner : and of other things that hapned.

Here gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to gibe entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by tyrannous and cruel dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For age and time, as upon the former grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chibslir, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour : wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his days in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance : which as the other did, he quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himself to travel toward the Country of his first being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Jennet : but poor and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which he had sowed up in the patches of a Rustie Giberdin, the better to travel with : where instead of a bright shining Curle-Are, his Pilgrims staff served him to walk with and for his Burgonet of glittering Steel, he covered his head (now as white as White down with age) with a Hat of gray colour, beset with a broad scallop-shell, his Princely lodgings, were changed to green pastures, and his Canopies to the Shies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told the times past. These were now his best contents and comforts, that time and age bestowed upon him.

In which manner travelling many day and night, giving still as he went the poor and needy, such small pieces of silver as he well could spare ; he arrived at last upon the Confines of Spain : where for honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battels, he builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappel, to this day bearing the Name of Saint J. ques Chap.

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Chappel : and for the maintenance thereof purchased others Lands adjoining : with Musickers to sing day and night therein Alleluiah to his Redeemer.

This Celestial gift and glorious custom so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very name of this noble Champion won greater admirations than the high Titles of their Countries King, who being then a cruel Tyrant and a proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereof, that he caused good St. Jaques, with the whole Quire of his Celestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chappel which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to death. No bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty ! a deed of more terror than ever was heard of. Next in ripping up his Mothers Womb to see the Bed of his Creation, was not half so cruel. But to be froze, hunger preballed, and they dead, their bodies purified and in time consumed away to dust and mould, whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his labour, and the love of Heaven, inflicted such a light in the Chappel, that it shined day and night with such a glorious brightness, as if it had been the glorious Palace of the Sun : and likewise continually was heard therein (though no creature remaining) such a quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had been the sound of Celestial Music. Which strange pleasures both to the eyes and ear, bred so great an amazement to the whole Country, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murdered : but especially the Noble St. Jaques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countries Saviour and Champion till the worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving how his own subjects, and his Commons bore against him for this deed doing, for such an immoderate conceit of grief, that without taking any food ever after, by languished away and died : Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spiritual Champions whom he hath committed to the same Arms of Execution, and pass on further to more dreadful Accounts.

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CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and worthy death of the Italian Champion,
how in the height of pleasure in his own Country, death by a
Prophetic seized upon him

After all these aforesaid proceedings. Nature the com-
mon Griefe of us all, so wrought in the heart of Saint
Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next
Tragical Enterprize, and leading Saint George with Saint
Andrew, resting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court
of Constantinople, where they lately atchieved so many praises
of Knight-hood, he took his journey towards Italy, and knowing
by the course of nature, that his days were not many, he pur-
posed there to set up his liberties rest, and in death to finish up all
Earthly troubles. So coming after long Journey to the City
of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court,
and the City being then in her chiefest pomp and glory, won
great desire in the Champions mind to see the Monuments of
the same.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up
and down the Streets with great admiration, and sed his eyes
with many delightful objects. First, with great wonder he
stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the Ho-
nour of all their famous Emperors, Consuls, Dictors, and
Conquerors, things which yielded him great pleasure. The
next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the
twelve Sybils, a most miraculous building: in which Temple
were all their Prophecies insouled as also the beginning and
ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as Mars,
Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and such like, with their manner of wor-
ship. The next that he saw was the house of Remus and Romu-
lus that builded Rome, a building of much worthiness. Next
unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the
man

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man lay that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but with searcht, yet was kept a libe a long space by sucking of his Daughters breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theatre, reputed one of the nine wonders of the World: the Emperour Neroc's Tomb maintained with disgrace, for the offence he did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, he spent many days in viewing the Martyrs Tombs and other Reliques brought from Jerusalem, amongst many other delightful sights, he came into a Chappel dedicated unto himself, called The Honour of St. Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Alabaster Pictures, the true forms of all the Champions of Christendom, with the histories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Warres, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophecie, that the Patron of this Chappel it could ever live unconquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witnesses of the same Portrayures, which in golden Letters were subscribed over the Chappel door of entrance. All which when St. Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inspiration himself to be the man, with a meek mind embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappel, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Death had cut off the thread of his old days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperour caused him to be Intombed in the same Chappel: and over his Grave to be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many years after, the Roman Conquerors received their Laurel rewards of Martial Victories, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: so with high Honour and Fame, both lived and died this praise worthy Champion St. Anthony of Italy.

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CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what means Scotland was brought unto the Christian Faith.

Saint George and St. Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained between them two: but yet rusty Time, with his swift course would needs part them, and break this their united fellowship. For the summons of honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to see his Native Country, and to behold the place of his first being. For leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of St. George and his three Sons, in great sollicitude of mind he travelledth Month by Month, week by week, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdom of Scotland: where having not ben in many years before, he received such entertainment as if he had ben the greatest Emperour of the world: for all the Streets and passages as he went, were furnished with people of the best regard, to give a gracious welcome to his native home: especially the King himself, who for the love and Honour he bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and Proclaimed for his Noble welcome, a Princely Turnament to be holden for the space of fifteen days: in which time all the Nobility and Martial Knights of Scotland performed such well approved Atchievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Jerusalem could equal them in the least regard: but Saint Andrew being now grown aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sat as a beholder, censuring of the best deserber, and gave such due commendations as befitted so gallant a company: and for a farewell of such time Honoured Pastimes, he desired leave of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his Soul, and to wash away with the water of true penitence, all the blood he had spilt in his Travel

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Rabel about the world; in the maintenances of Knight-hood : a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leave of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and Knights there present he departed up to a Mountain far remote from the Kings Court, under which by nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained therein for the space of a year studying Divinity, and the commands of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Country, where the common sort of people inhabited, by which means he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some one place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil tidings. Whereupon those misbelieving people by a common consent (taking him for some subtil conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a deed of much deserved commendations. Which inhumane cruelty when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this good man, and with all speed in revenge of his death, raised a power of his best resolved Knights of War, putting every one to the sword, both man, woman, and child, that in any manner consented to the Champions Martyrdom : and after in process of time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where he died, causing the whole Kingdom to be brought in subjection to a quiet Government, and Christianed in the right belief of this Holy Father. This was the last deed of Saint Andrew, by whose death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

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CHAP. XXXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by Saint George : how he received his death by the sting of a venomous Dragon : and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being Entitled our English Patron of Knight-hood.

IN THIS Manner my weary Wife, for she is come unto her latest

Age, whereof she is now George is summoned to the Bar of Death, where so magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Record to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sons Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his mind, that he could not rest nor sleep : Sometimes supposing his companions were in great distress : otherwhile how they had won the chiefest goal of Honour, little needing his valiantly service and assistance : sometimes one thing, sometimes another troubled him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the Grecian Emperor and requested that they might all four depart with his leave and liking, for valiantly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some foreign Region where Noble Achievements were to be performed ; but where and in what Country his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in habilliments of shining Steel, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, until they came into England ; then called Britain, whose chalybe Cliffs Saint George had not seen in thirce twelke years, and now coming with a sweet embracement of his native Country, he gave his three Sons thereinto a most joyful welcome, shewing them (to their great comfort) the brave

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seven Champions of Christendom.

Situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleasant prospects of the Fields as they passed, until they came within the sight of the City of Coventry, where he was born, and received his first being: upon whose glittering Pinnacles no sooner casting his eye sight, but the Inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable Delights with a doleful Report, how upon Dunsmore-Heath, as then, remained an Infectious Dragon, that so annoyed the Country, that the Inhabitants hereabouts could not pass the Heath without great danger: and how that seven Knights of the Country had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppress the same. Also giving him to understand of a Prophecy, That a Christian Knight never born of a Woman, should be the destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for accomplishing the Adventure, should be holden for an eternal Honour to the Kingdom. Saint George no sooner hearing thereof, and what wrongs his native Country received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so encouraged, that he purposed presently to put the adventure in trial, and either to free his Country from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt; so taking leave of his Sons and the rest there present, he rode forward with as noble a Spirit, as he did in Egypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So coming to the middle of the plain, where his infectious enemy lay couching the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange instinct of nature knowing his death to draw near, made such a yelling noise, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had shook with a terrible Exhalation, so coming from his Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such fury against him, as if he would have deboured both man and Horse in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such way, that he mist him, and with his sting ran full two foot into the Earth, but recovering, he turned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost torn his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no fear of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his

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his fet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Boote standing upon him fighting as you see in the Picture of Saint George, with his Lance gozing him thorow in divers parts of the Body; and withal contrariwise the Dragons King annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no longer slain and weltred in his Venemous Goze, but Saint George likewise took his deaths wound by the deep throaks of the Dragons King, which he receivd in divers parts of his Body, and bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeble, and grow weak; yet retaining the true Nobleness of mind, ballantly returned Victoz to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great Royalty to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who no sooner arrivd before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Country, but what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Sons Arms to yield up his breath, for whom his three Princely Sons long lamented making the greatest moan that ever was made in any Kingdom, and again they were accompanied with the grief of the whole Country, that all the Land from the King to the Shepherd, mourned for him for the space of a Month, which heavy time being ended, the King of this Country being a Vertuous and Noble Prince, advanced St. George's three Sons to Noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earl of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Household. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer, and Controller of all his Revels and delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Country, upon the 23. day of April, naming it St. George's Day, upon which day he was now solemnly interred in the

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seven Champions of Christendom.

City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many Battels in the Honour of Christendom. All which we see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who no doubt) resteth in eternal peace, with the other renowned Champions of Christendom: so God grant we may do all. Amen.

Amen Amen London

William *John Kay*

Thomas Key

Peter Smith
F I N I S

1730 *John*

John

William

John

Don Quixote